April 17, 1989

THE NEW YORKER

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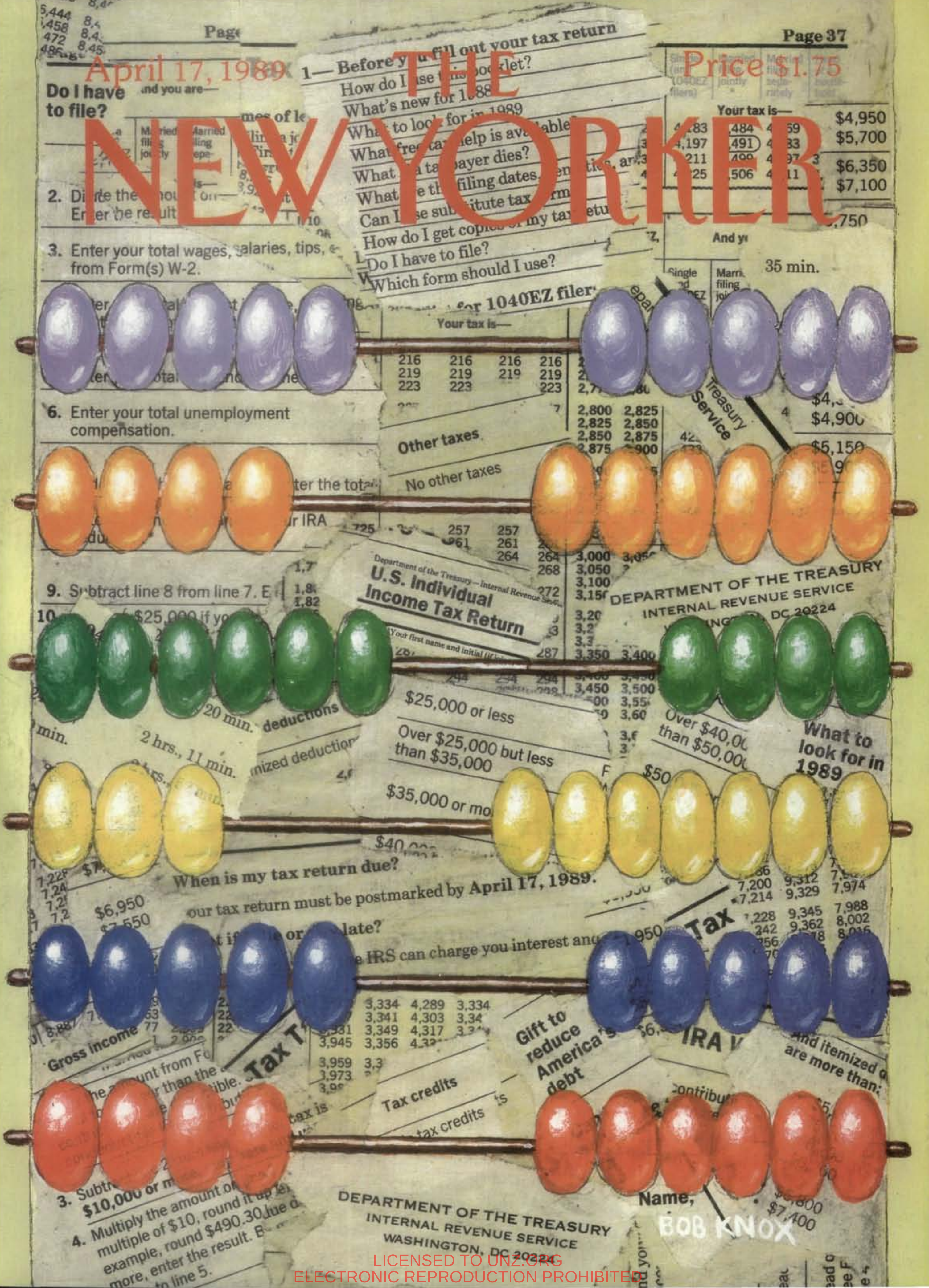

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1—Before you fill out your tax return
How do I use this booklet?
What's new for 1988?
What to look for in 1989
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What if a taxpayer dies?
What are the filing dates
What are the substitute tax forms
Can I use substitute tax forms
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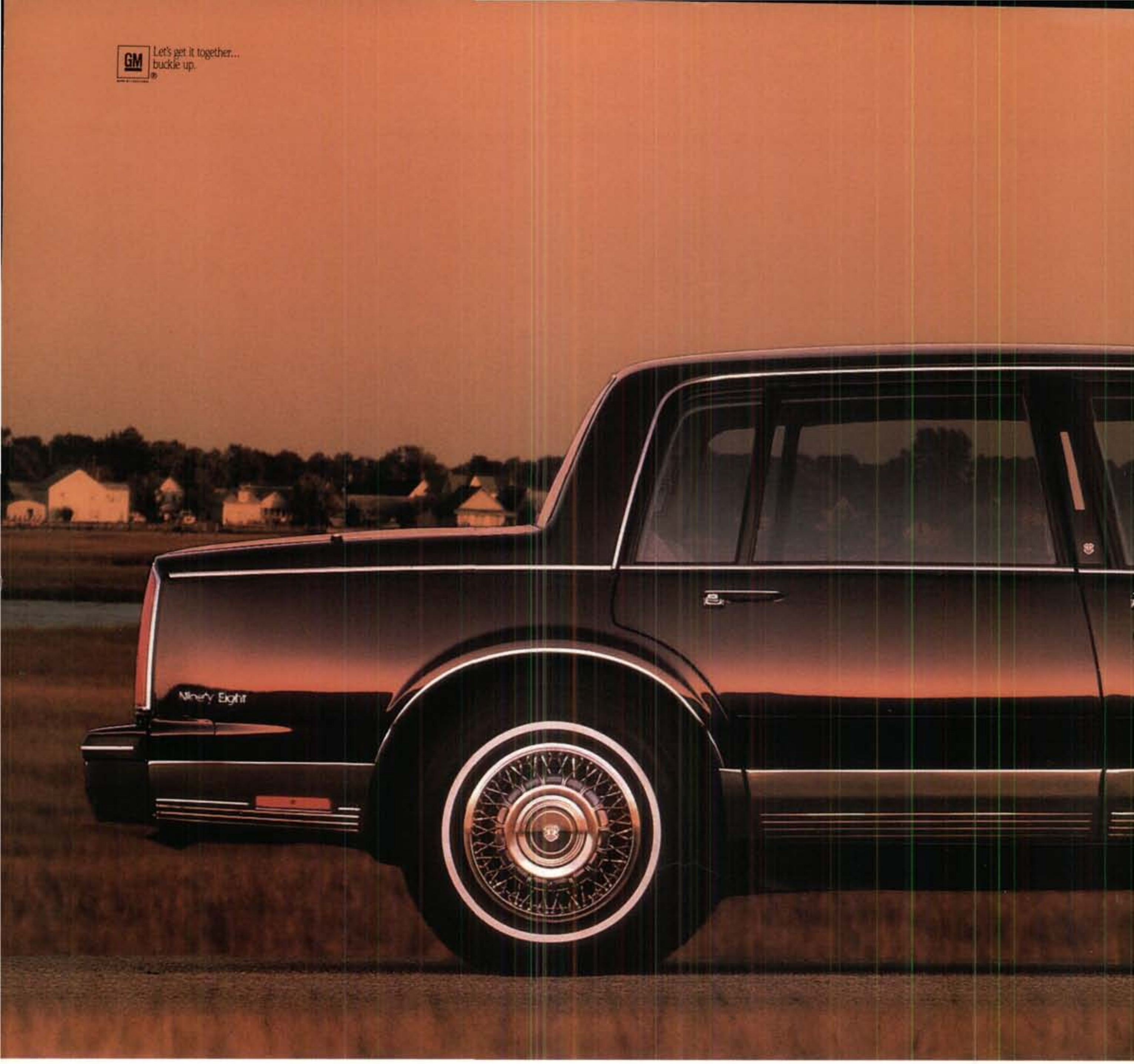

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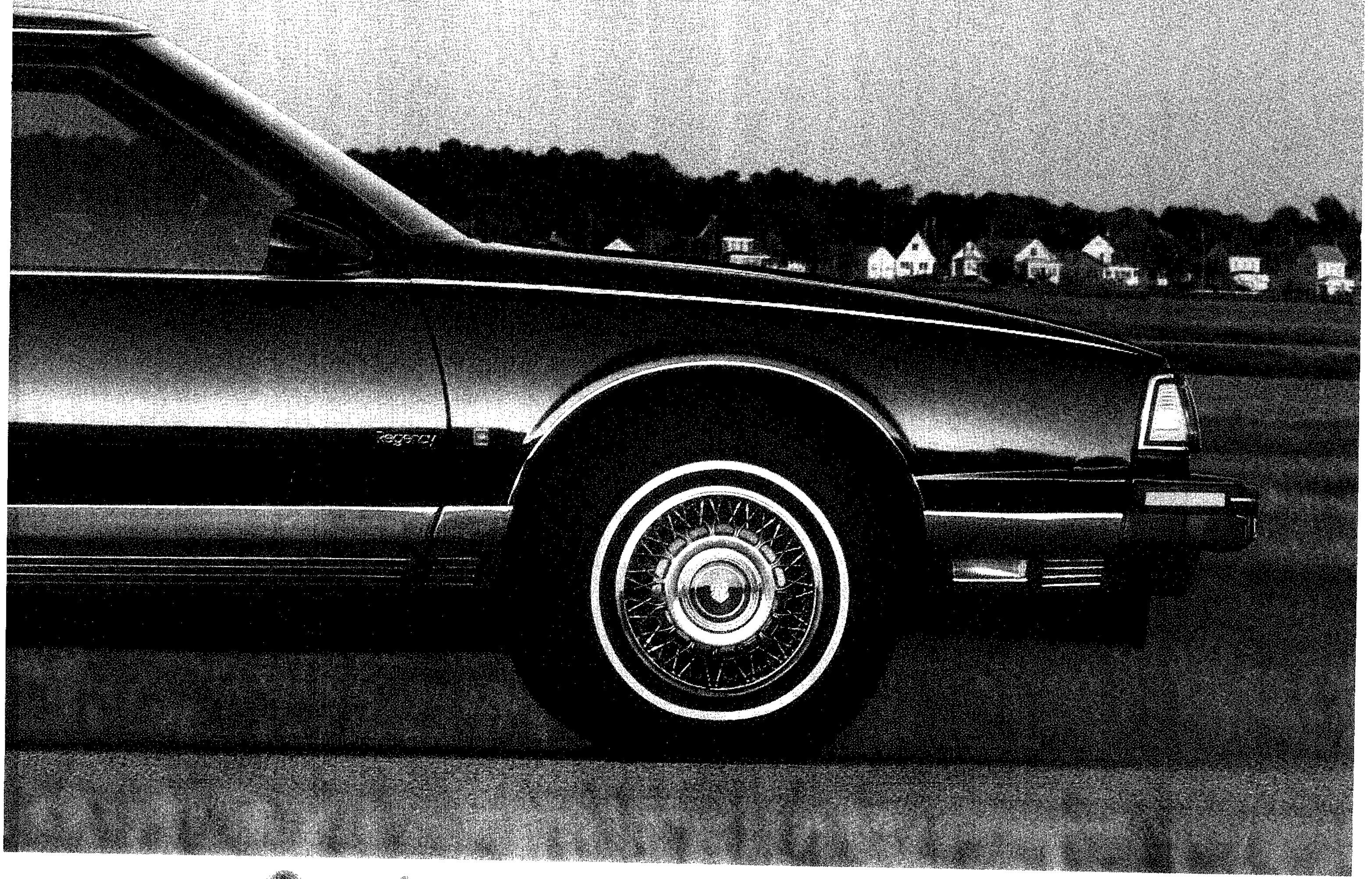

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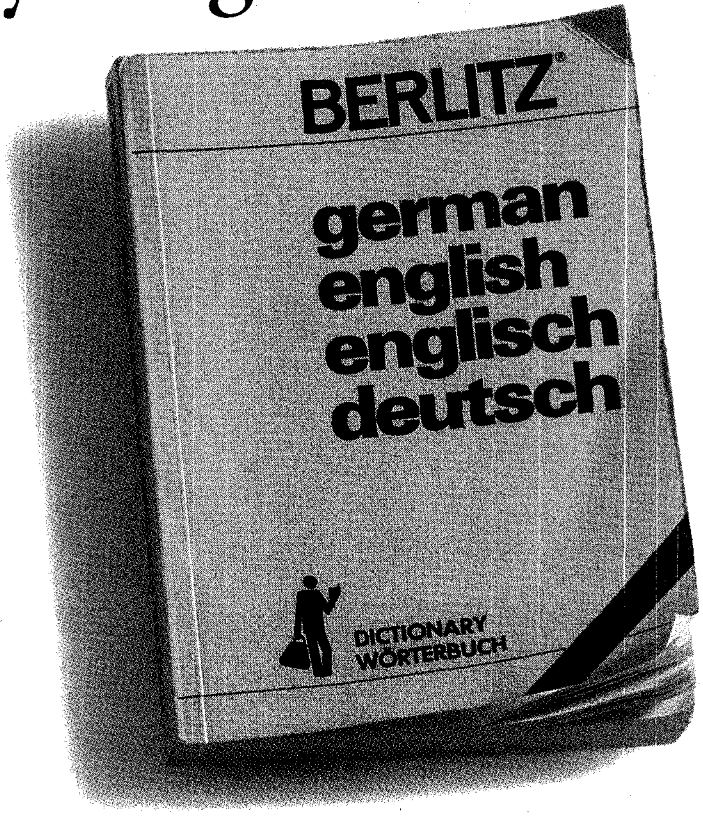

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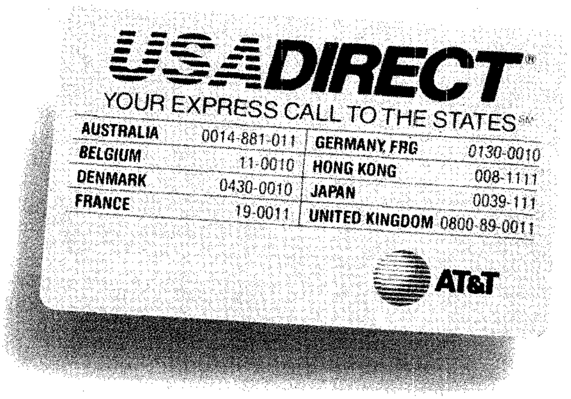
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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A FLYER on our desk sporting a photograph of Ira Siff—dressed in a nightie and looking afraid of his own tiara, under the slogan, "Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the opera house"—reminds us that Siff's parody opera company, La Gran Scena, will be performing at the Ballroom starting April 11th. We've seen La Gran Scena twice—at the Ballroom and at Don't Tell Mama—in the company of opera buffs and operaphobes, and the troupe seems to delight both categories of person. Indeed, the quality of singing is so high—in both senses—that one expert we know said he feared the men might do themselves a mischief. The company—Keith Jurosko, Philip Koch, Charles Walker, Bruce Hopkins, Carlo Thomas, Daniel Gundlach, and Mr. Siff himself—are all masters of nuance and gesture. In mocking opera, of course, what they're really mocking is some of the stupidity and high seriousness that surround it.

This year, in the persons of (among others) Raquelle Scandale (soprano), Fodor Szedan (baritone), Mme. Tonnoziti-Casseruola (the oldest living diva), Philene Wannelle (mezzo), Boris Pistoff (basso profundo), and Dame Emily Post-Morddum (contralto), they will perform a program of Verdi to the deadpan accompaniment of Maestro Folinari-Soave-Coglioni (Ross Barentyne), the company's musical director. Mr. Hopkins will once again preside as the retired diva Sylvia Bills. Mr. Siff, of course, will appear as the world-famous Russian diva Vera Galupe-Borszkh. La Gran Scena performs Tuesday through Saturday evenings at nine, and runs through April 29th.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

Approaching Zanzibar—Jane Alexander and Harris Yulin in a new play by Tina Howe. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Aristocrats—A play by Brian Friel, originally done at Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1979. With Niall Buggy, Margaret Colin, John Pankow, and Kaiulani Lee. A Manhattan Theatre Club production. Previews begin April 14. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 645-5590.)

Brimstone and Treacle—A play by Dennis Potter, based on his screenplay for the 1982 film of the same name. With Frank Lazarus. Previews through April 15. Opens April 16 at 8. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050.)

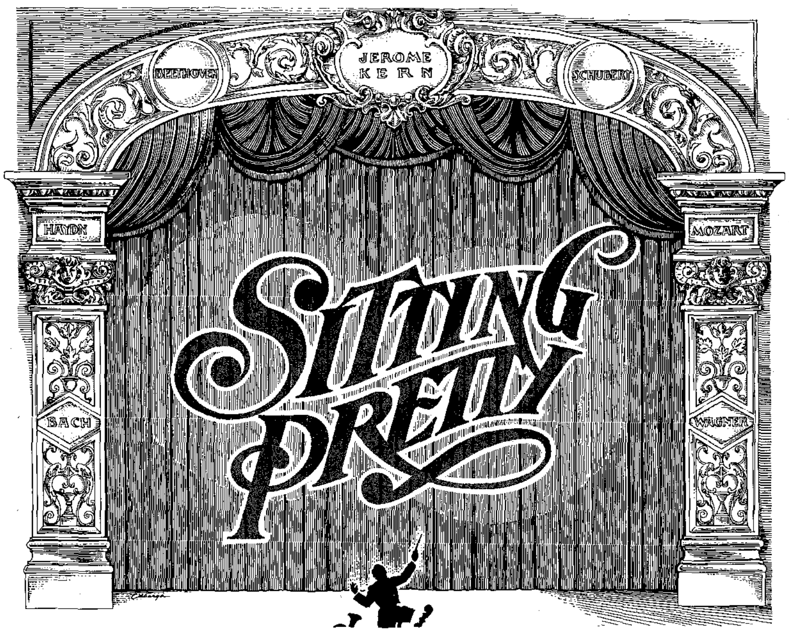
Brothers, Mothers and Others—Two one-act plays, both set in Spanish Harlem, by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld. Previews begin April 13. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Early One Evening at the Rainbow Bar and Grille—An apocalyptic play by Bruce Graham. Previews April 11-12. Opens April 13 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Equity Library Theatre—The latest offering is **the thirteenth chair**, a 1916 whodunit by Bayard Veiller. Opens April 13 at 8, and will run through April 30. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. 663-2028.)

Ghetto—A play by the Israeli writer Joshua Sobol, set in Vilna, Lithuania, in 1942-43. Donal Donnelly, Avner Eisenberg, Stephen McHattie, and Helen Schneider are in the cast. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Hamlet—Shakespeare's tragedy, with Shan Sullivan in the title role. Preview April 11. Opens April 12 at 8, and will run through April 26. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)



Sitting Pretty—A concert version of Jerome Kern's 1924 musical, with Kim Criswell, Davis Gaines, Jason Graae, Paula Laurence, Robert Nichols, Paige O'Hara, and the Princess Theatre Ensemble Orchestra (John McGlinn conducting). It's a brief engagement: the show opens April 13 at 7:30, and runs through April 16. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

Starmites—A musical about a young girl who is transported to the world of her favorite comic-book characters. The score and lyrics are by Barry Keating, and the book is by Stuart Ross and Mr. Keating. In previews. (Stage Right at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Welcome to the Club—Avery Schreiber and Marilyn Sokol have the leads in a ten-character musical comedy that takes place in an alimony jail. Cy Coleman composed the score, A. E. Hotchner wrote the book, and they collaborated on the lyrics. Previews April 10-12. Opens April 13 at 6:30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Amulets Against the Dragon Forces—A new play by Paul Zindel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Born Yesterday—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Cantorial—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Chu Chem—A small Jewish delegation visits China in the fourteenth century and finds traces of another, larger delegation that went there a thousand years before that. This musical is probably harmless if you can manage to ward off the cutes. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 246-0102.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Don Juan of Seville—Ghastly. Carey Perloff's gimmicky staging of Tirso de Molina's "El Burlador de Sevilla" (the original Don Juan play) uses scaffolding, modern dress, and otherwise jokey costumes (Day-Glo seventeenth-century collars and such, worn over tracksuits and crop tops) to soup up a classic. Jeffrey Nordling is inexpressibly vulgar in the title role—like a refugee from the Broadway cast of "The Three Musketeers"—and easily matched by those around him. It's hard to tell which is worse: Lynne Alvarez's effortful, self-conscious translation or Elizabeth Swados's irritating, sententious music. Produced in conjunction with Intar. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Forbidden City—Gloria Foster and Akili Prince in a play by Bill Gunn, who died last week. Directed by Joseph Papp. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, which recently won the Pulitzer Prize, looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at

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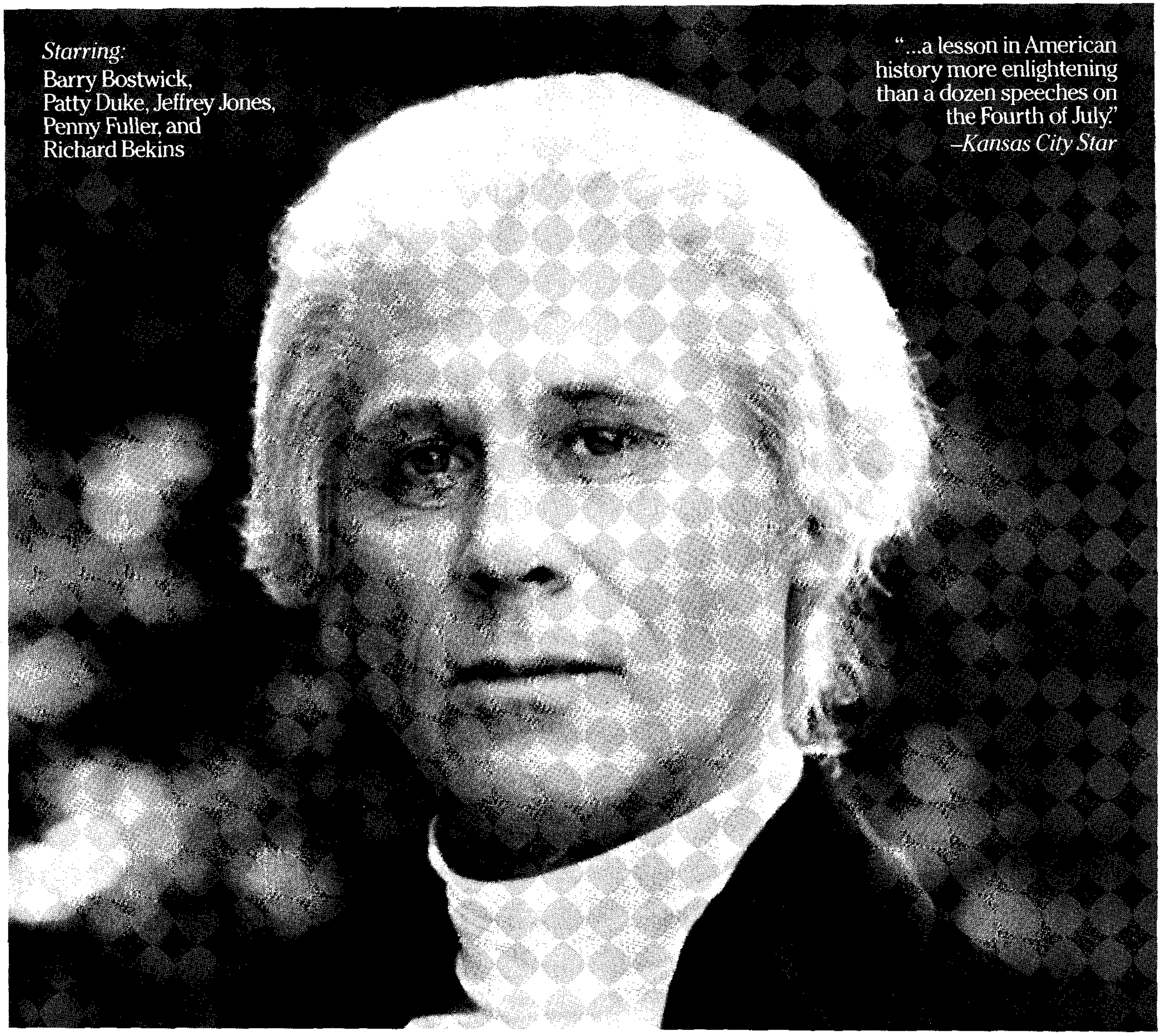

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the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Ladies—A theatre work by Eve Ensler, based on her experiences working in city shelters for the homeless. Presented by Music-Theatre Group and the Women's Project. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes April 22.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this funny farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks's stunning direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. April 10 at 8: John Heard and Marsha Mason; April 16 at 7: Christopher Walken and Blythe Danner; and April 17 at 8: Richard Thomas and Maria Tucci. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

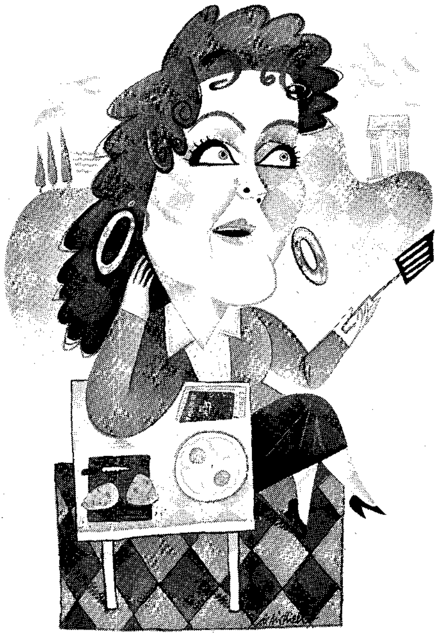
Measure for Measure—This is one of Shakespeare's most adult, Shavian, and unsettling plays, but you wouldn't know it from Mark Lamos's bloodless and soporific production. It tries to find modern visual equivalents for the characters and situations in the play, rather than trying to realize them morally or dramatically. Len Cariou and Kate Burton are hopelessly bland as the Duke and Isabella. (3/27/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Member of the Wedding—Esther Rolle's tart humor adds to her strong performance as Berenice Sadie Brown, the family cook and pivotal character, in this good revival of Carson McCullers' play, which is directed by Harold Scott. The acoustics in the theatre leave much to be desired. (4/10/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Night Hank Williams Died—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem, Darren McGavin, and Matt Mulhern. (2/20/89) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Mercedes Ruehl is fine, too, as his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)



Pauline Collins in "Shirley Valentine"

The Pajama Game—This musical seems as chipper as ever in its current revival by the New York City Opera, though at times it is overwhelmed by the imposing theatre. Even the familiar numbers—"Hey There," "Steam Heat," and "7½ Cents" among them—sound fresh and tuneful. With the ebullient Judy Kaye in the lead, and Richard Muenz, Avery Saltzman, and Brooks Almy in support. (3/20/89) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Closes April 16.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the good play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Temptation—The American première of a play by Václav Havel. With Bill Moor and David Strathairn; directed by Jiri Zizka. Translated from the Czech by Marie Winn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 16.)

Walkers—A psychological mystery by Marion Isaac McClinton, who co-directed with Steven Ramay. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

What the Butler Saw—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Angela Thornton in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (3/20/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run, which turns twenty-nine in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Kathy Beaver, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE TAFFETAS:** Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292.)

DANCE

BIG BERTHA is the name of a real eighteen-inch doll that once performed its mechanical dance on a band-music machine. (You dropped in a nickel, the tinkling tune was activated, and she went to work.) "Big Bertha"—Paul Taylor's compact but

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DANCE–Cont'd

highly charged dance-drama of 1970, revived for the Taylor company's current City Center season—reconstructs the doll's milieu with key changes. Taylor's Bertha is life-size and seems to exert a larger-than-life influence. Under her spell, a nuclear family, the wide-eyed, innocent B's, splits up into atoms of misery. One senses an ironclad, if devilish, justice at work here, as in a Grimms' tale. *One keeps sneaking back to the theatre*, trying to pin down the elusive laws.

"Big Bertha" has been in and out of the Taylor rep since its première. This revival, however, will be the first to be performed without anyone from the original cast. The most notable absence will be that of Bettie de Jong in the title role. Tall and willowy, with a steely gaze and a handsome jaw, de Jong originated a gallery of powerful roles during her twenty-seven years with the company; she has come to seem the mother lode both of its muses and of its monsters. But de Jong is not entirely absent; she is now Taylor's rehearsal supervisor, and she has restaged "Big Bertha" for the new cast. Her replacement, Sandra Stone, is of middling height, but de Jong notes that "high heels and a box to stand on always help."

Paul Taylor Dance Company—April 11 at 7: "Airs," "Sunset," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues" (New York première), and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ April 13 at 8: "Airs," "In Transit" (première), "Big Bertha," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ April 14 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair" (première). . . . ¶ April 16 at 3: "Airs," "Big Bertha," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ April 16 at 7:30: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Phases of the Moon" (première), "Post Meridian," and "Last Look." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Diggity," "Counterswarm," and "Musical Offering." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through May 7.)

"The Imperial Bells of China"—A program of ancient Chinese music and dance, performed by the Hubei Song & Dance Ensemble. With a taped narration by Gregory Peck. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. April 11-12 at 8.)

Margaret Beals and Solomons Company/Dance—In a joint engagement. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. April 14-16 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)

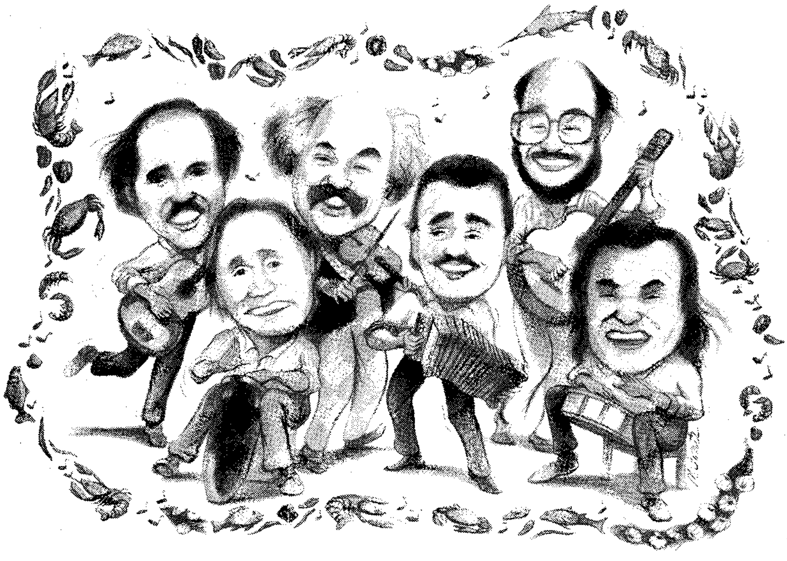
Donald Byrd/The Group—Presenting contemporary dance works. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 619-1980. April 12-15 and April 19 at 8; April 16 at 3 and 8. Through April 23.)

Margaret Jenkins Dance Company—A San Francisco-based group in a brief engagement. April 18 at 7:30: "Rollback," "Steps Midway," and "Shelf Life." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Miss Jacobi Weeps" (première), "Light Fall" (première), "Shorebirds Atlantic," and "Shelf Life." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 23.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

NIGHT LIFE

THE Lone Star Café, an old hangout for cosmic cowboys and roots-music lovers on lower Fifth Avenue, *will cease business this weekend, barring* a major change in the thinking of the landlord, who has offered to raise the rent by three hundred per cent. We went there a few nights ago, drank a bottle of beer, remembered some good times (Levon Helm singing "Rag Mama Rag" with his Arkansas buddies the Cate Brothers; Irma Thomas singing an Otis Redding lament) and some times when we couldn't see too much (there aren't many unobstructed views in the room, a former Schrafft's), and then went upstairs to the souvenir stand, where we decided to buy a blue bib for a baby we know. The saleswoman said we were in luck—she wasn't quite out of stock on that item.



Beausoleil at the Lone Star Roadhouse

Later on, we talked to Mort Cooperman, a former Madison Avenue adman who is co-owner of the Lone Star, about the imminent demise of his establishment. He wasn't happy about it—he'd spent a dozen years tending to his little patch, he said, getting it to flourish, only to see it tromped on by some rough beast—but he could comfort himself with the thought that he had opened a midtown branch of the Lone Star last summer and that the new place (more legroom, better sight lines, fancier grub) was doing O.K. He could also comfort himself with his memories of the old place: King Juan Carlos of Spain trooping through; the wake for Big Joe Turner; the wake for John Belushi; the wake for Paul Butterfield ("We're good on funerals"); Jerry Brown knocking on the door of the basement office (where his sweetheart, Linda Ronstadt, was shooting the breeze with Roy Orbison), saying, "Let me in. I'm the Governor of California."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My *Fair Lady" here, and of Karen Mason, who* is singing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. La Gran Scena (see page 4) takes on Verdi at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays. **LINDA HOPKINS**, a big-voiced singer who can be seen on Broadway in "Black and Blue" (playing Miss Irresistible Blues Diva), can be seen here at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays throughout April and on Thursday, April 13.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. called Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and, sporadically, Charlie Parker himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, neon wading birds, and jazz musicians of various modern schools. A slew of Charlie Parker's associates and admirers—including **MAX ROACH, JIMMY HEATH, EARL COLEMAN**, and the little-known singer **BYRDIE GREEN**—perform on April 13. Blue Note, a record label that has been around for fifty years, presents some of its new finds on Mondays. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **BILLY ECKSTINE**, whom Duke Ellington called "the sonorous B," and whose voice still rumbles impressively, sings April 11-16. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, it's **RIDERS IN THE SKY**, three gentlemen in Western wear who sing songs of the range and bunkhouse and only rarely show signs of what is known as "state-fair burnout," on April 10; the **ORIGINAL SOUL STIRRERS** (the gospel group that Sam Cooke started in) and **TAJ MAHAL** on April 11; **TANITA TIKARAM**, a young, wordstruck, English folk-rock sort, on April 13; **PHOEBE SNOW** on April 14; and the Indigo Girls, a couple of Athens, Georgia, singer-songwriters, on April 16. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, tucked between a supermarket and a greengrocery. In 1969, when Bradley Cunningham and a partner bought it, it was called the Stirrup. Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern light and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano, which Paul Desmond bequeathed to Mr. Cunningham, has been played by many first-rate musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Tommy Flanagan, and Dave McKenna. Saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** leads a trio through April 15; **DAVID AMRAM'S** threesome is here on April 16. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature jazz bands led by Ellington alumni. **JIMMY HAMILTON,** who played impeccable clarinet in the Master's band from 1942 to 1968, leads a foursome Tuesdays through Sundays. Music from nine-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. Dixie Carter, a Southern belle known to many as Julia Sugarbaker in the TV sitcom "Designing Women," sings at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. The dancers are young, old, semi-pro, one hundred per cent amateur, happy, earnest, in love; shoe styles (men's) run from white bucks to clodhoppers to gleaming patent-leather jobs. **BUCK CLAYTON,** who joined Count Basie not quite fifty-three years ago and played regal trumpet for him until 1943, devotes himself nowadays to composing, arranging, and conducting a big band. The band, which includes many fine New York players (**JIMMY KNEPPER** and **HOWARD ALDEN,** for instance), will be here on April 16 from eight to midnight.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **WALLACE RONEY,** a young trumpeter who passed through Art Blakey's hard-bop academy, directs a quintet April 11-16. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a stride-oriented pianist, works with alto saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** and guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** April 11-13. **RAY BRYANT,** a pianist whose playing is full of boogie-woogie and the blues and is marked by good cheer, will be here April 14-16 and April 18-23. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. The lineup: April 11, Chunk, a percussion-and-electronics group; April 13, Frank Maya, a Babylon, L.I., monologuist, whose favorite subjects include Angie Dickinson (a "vewee scawee" person, in his Elmer Fuddish opinion); April 14, the Kölner Saxophon Mafia, a German new-jazz group; and April 17, Papa Susso, a Gambian kora player. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The last night at this place is April 15 (see above). **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS,** a Chicago R. & B. band fronted by a large man with a barrelhouse baritone, provide wake music April 14-15. Activity after nine. Hot vittles.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned establishment, but soon to be the only Lone Star in town. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars and a take-your-own-photo booth —and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and a few men wearing dozer caps. **RUTH BROWN,** who likes to remind her audiences that the initials "R" and "B" don't stand only for rhythm and blues, performs on Mondays. Royal Court of China, a blustery hard-rock band, holds forth on April 11. **BEAUSOLEIL,** a vibrant Cajun band led by fiddler **MICHAEL DOUCET,** has the floor on April 13. **LEVON HELM,** a pillar of the country-rock estab-

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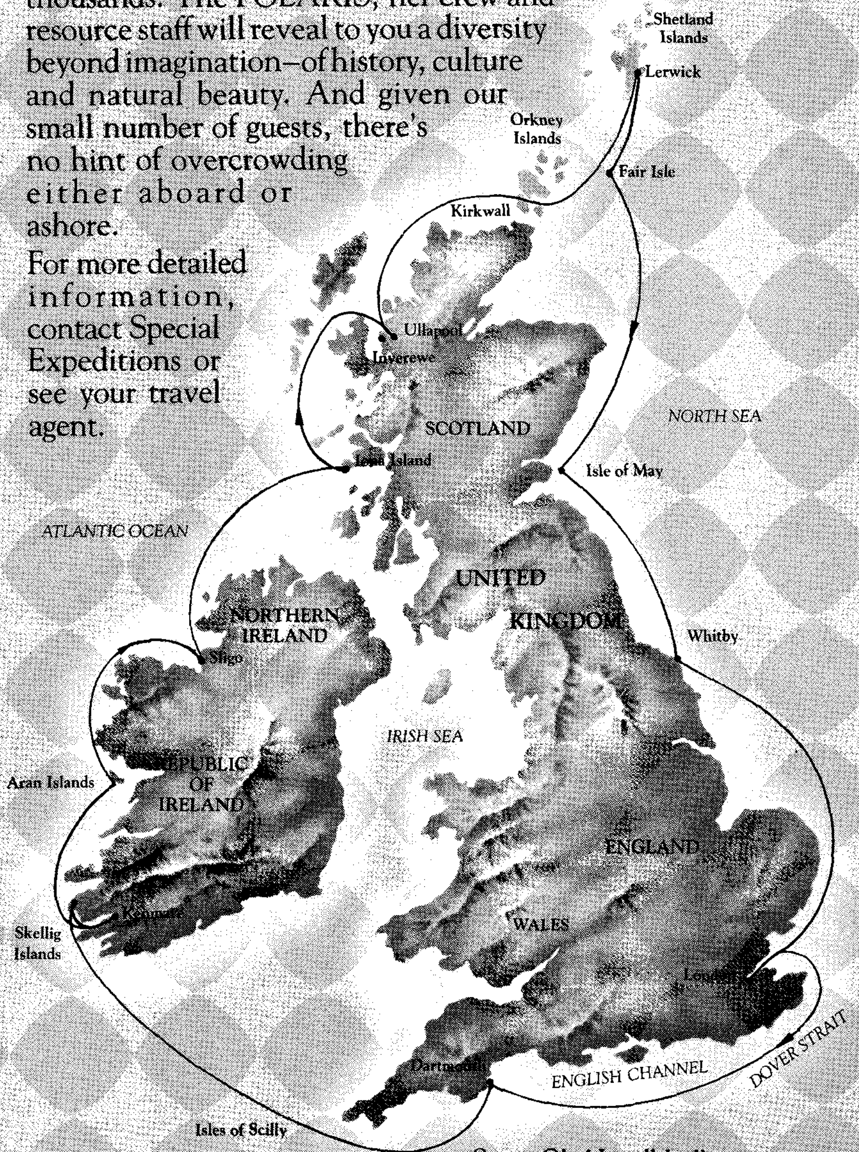

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

lishment, is here on April 15. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **JULIE WILSON** on the bandstand. Miss Wilson is concentrating on the proper nouns and risqué verbs of Cole Porter—something she's been doing off and on since the late forties. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be a cocktail lounge. The performers, working in a shallow well in the center of the room, do unwitting battle with the bejewelled backdrop of Central Park, Lenox Avenue, the G. W. Bridge, and points north. The Broadway songs of **JERRY HERMAN** are the subject of a show starring Lee Roy Reams, Karen Morrow, and the songwriter himself. Sets at nine and eleven-fifteen April 11-15. Dining.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This very large rock concern has abandoned its Lower East Side ballroom for the fringes of the theatre district and the swell former premises of Studio 54. When visiting places such as this one, it is advisable to wear a sturdy pair of shoes, because standing up for long stretches is part of the price you pay to hear big-time rock. **EDIE BRICKELL & NEW BOHEMIANS,** a Texas-born cutie and her pop band, perform April 11-12; **STEVE FORBERT,** a Mississippi boy who was singing for nickels and dimes in Grand Central when Edie Brickell was just a wee thing, opens. The **GO-BETWEENS,** an Australian folk-rock band, play on April 14. **DAVID CROSBY,** an old, wised-up head, holds forth on April 16. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A mid-Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. Two old-timers are here over the weekend. **JOHN HERALD,** who sang and picked with the Greenbriar Boys in the glory days of Village folk music, performs on April 14, and **DAVE VAN RONK,** who is sometimes referred to as the Mayor of Greenwich Village, sings in his rough, engaging way on April 15. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ART BLAKEY,** the drummer and hard-bop kingpin, will be in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) with his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** for five nights beginning April 11. Blakey's drumming swaggers and shouts, and he likes young players who will shout back. **PAUL BLEY,** a Montreal-born pianist whose doggedly austere music is packed with difficult silences, arrives with a quartet on April 18. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans brought here on Mondays—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now being fronted by his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, Latin-jazz bands play for listening and dancing on Mondays after nine. Blues is the theme on Fridays and Saturdays; **LOWELL FULSON,** who wrote "Tramp" (a hit for the raucous soul team of Carla Thomas and Otis Redding in 1967), performs April 14-15 at nine and eleven.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. A quartet run by **FRANK WESS,** who played saxophone and flute for Count Basie during the fifties, will be here April 11-16. Starting April 18, **MILT JACKSON** taps out some rich blue figures on his twinkling vibraphone. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **JOHN CAMPBELL** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** are on duty through April 15. Sundays are reserved for **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

SATURDAY, 6 P.M.: A young man storms out of the Video Room, because others have beaten him to all the tapes he wanted to rent.

SATURDAY, 6:10 P.M.: The man's frustration mounts upon his arrival at a nearby Chicken Kitchen. The line for takeout presses against the door. He settles for fruit at the Korean market, goes home, and stays there.

SUNDAY, 10:30 A.M.: At the Cottonwood Cafe, he sits down next to two couples looking great enough to have been puffed out of the Emporio Armani catalogue, who gleefully exchange the acid-washed insults that Sophia flung at Rose on the previous evening's television installment of "The Golden Girls."

Saturday night is when many of New York's funphiliacs bolt their doors and refuse to leave home until it's time to pick up a brunch menu. "I'm not strong enough," says a distaff member of the Cottonwood foursome. "After a week on the subway, I declare an elbowing moratorium on weekends."

A Video Room patron says that when he used to go to the movies on Saturday night "it took me so long to get popcorn I missed the opening credits. I hate missing opening credits." He bought a popcorn popper.

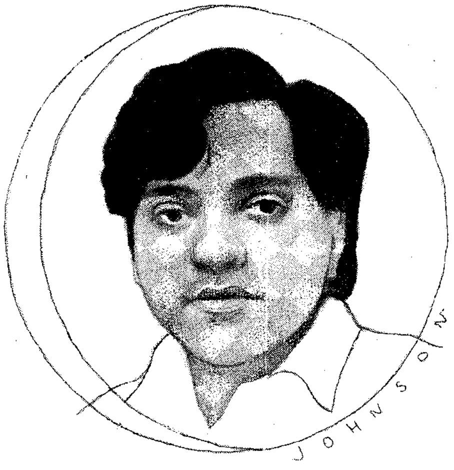
"Maybe I don't have the right to complain," says a young woman who spent the night at home so she could hit the track round Central Park's Reservoir before the late-morning stampede, "since my mom still lives in Hicksville. But I can see the traffic coming over the bridge from my apartment window. Find me somewhere the kids in bleached denim or Mom's best friends aren't on Saturday night, and I'll be there." Maybe the apartment of the guy who didn't make it into Chicken Kitchen? But just in case she thinks she's missing something, we called Stephen Saban, nightlife chronicler for *Details*, to describe a fun night in town. Without hesitation he replied, "Thursday. I never want to go anywhere on Saturday."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-nineteenth edition—the last with lion, tiger, and elephant trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Through April 23.)

JIM REVA AND LISA WEGER—In a performance that entails the stacking of toast and the burning of newspapers. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. April 14-15 at 8:30.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Tony Brown and Kari Margolis's Adaptors Movement Theatre in "The Bed Experiment One:" Eight people moving around on a gigantic bed. No dialogue. April 13-15 at 8, and April 16 at 3. . . . ¶ Watchface's latest work depicts children conjuring the ghost of Bloody Mary. April 14-15 at 11. Through April 29. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)



Anish Kapoor

ART

ELAINE REICHEK is best known as the pioneer of the knitted documentary. Her breakthrough ethnographic work, the "Dwellings" series of 1985, consisted of blown-up and hand-tinted photographs of tents and thatched huts, mostly from East Africa and the South Seas, each accompanied by an architectonically exact but deflated double, made of yarn and sundries, hung on a peg alongside. In other words, each picture came with an empty knitted bag of itself. It also came with another, invisible bag of suddenly skewed perceptions. Here, for instance, was the whole idea of exoticism—of Kipling—turned inside out, with a trip to the library and an afternoon's browsing in Manhattan's notions district in lieu of some far-flung colonial mission or jungle safari.

Over the last few years, in metaphorically mixed collages as well as in full-scale installations ("Revenge of the Cocoanuts," "Desert Song"), Reichek has turned her quizzical eye on such amusing, if easy, targets as Tarzan epics, Victorian lady adventurers, American Express-style harem fantasies, leopard-spotted vinyl raincoats, Gauguin-mania, and chimps in drag. She has also taken to knitting men—in particular, the images of now vanished Tierra del Fuego tribesmen—and these new conceptual photographic-cum-craft works are on view at Lamagna through April 22nd. The yarn figures seem far more real, more embodied than those in the pictures, and while Reichek doesn't literally breathe new life into her long-gone subjects, her highly calculated, labor-intensive approach does suggest an absurdist, counter-colonial new erotics.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Musical instruments acquired over the past ten years, including two of Segovia's guitars and a set of Carleen M. Hutchins' contemporary violins. Through July 30. . . . ¶ "The Masterworks" of Frederic Remington. Through April 16. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era. Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Michael
"LES MISERABLES"

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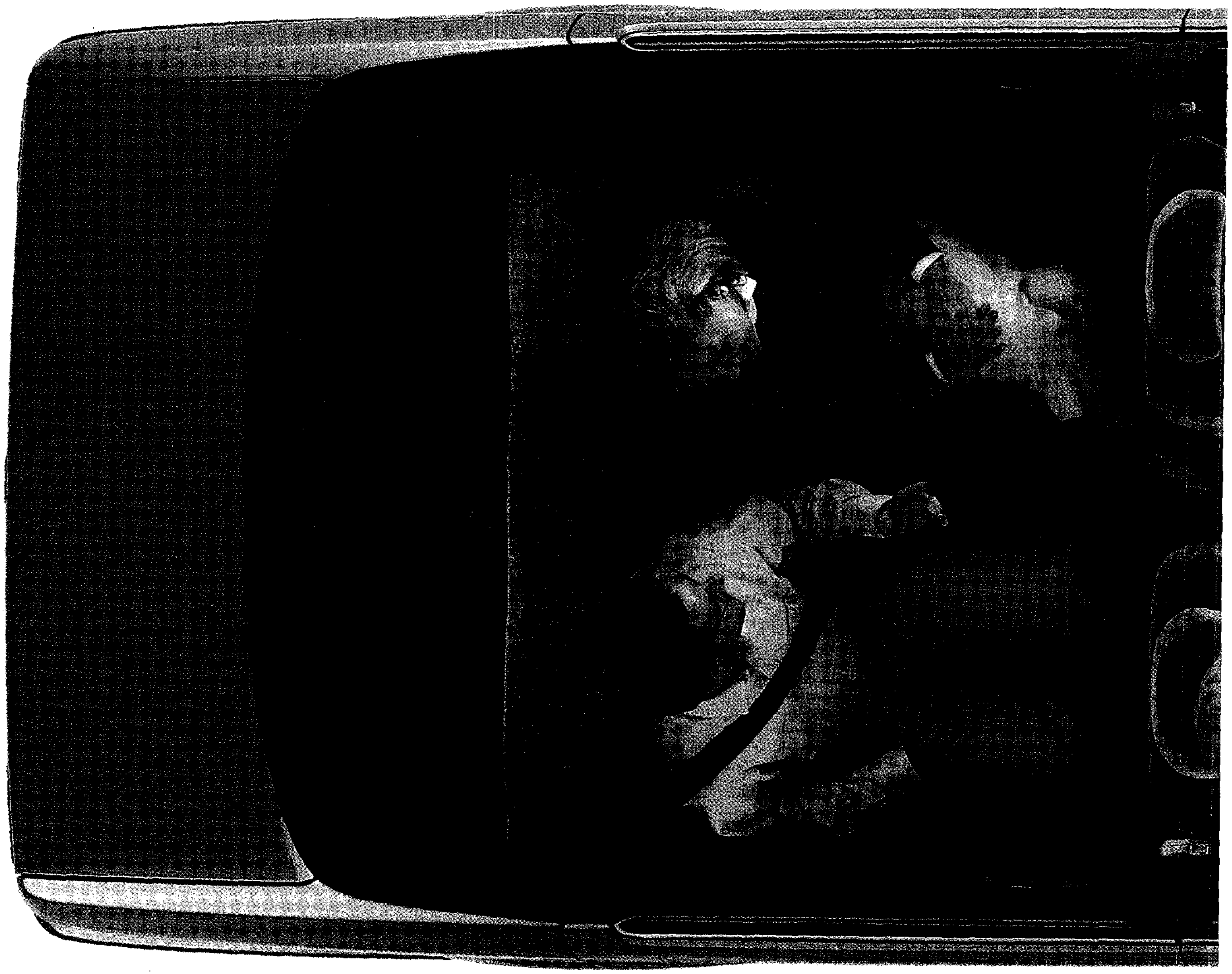

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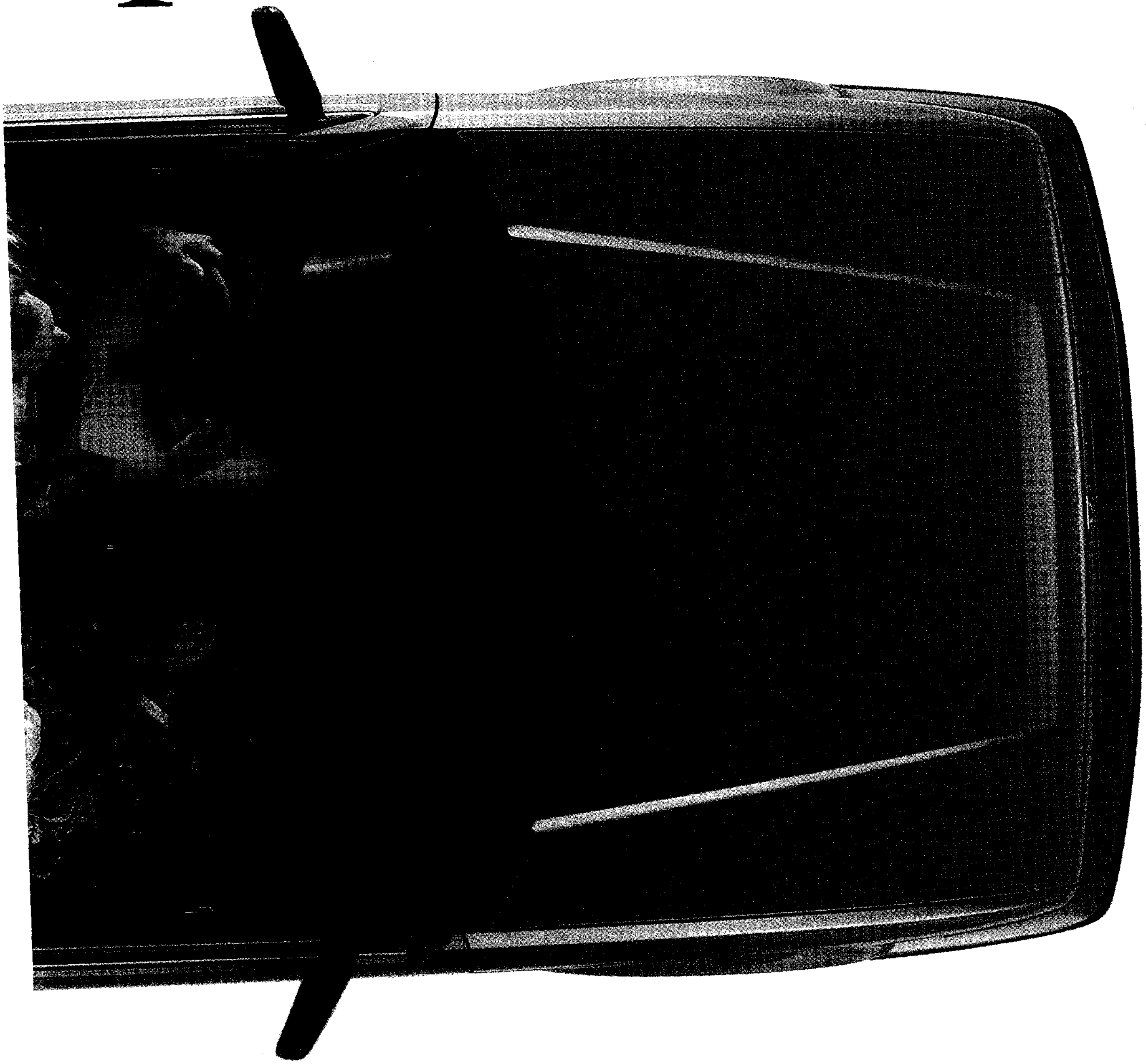

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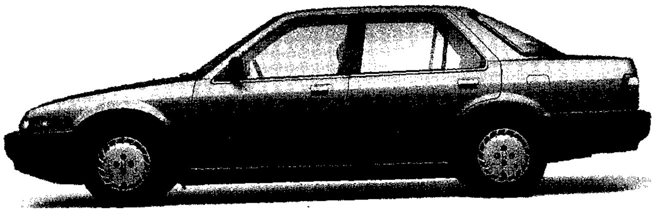

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ART–Cont'd

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Andy Warhol retrospective. Through May 2. A complementary show is at the Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Pl. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Refigured Painting: The German Image": A haphazard onslaught of Expressionism which attempts to make sense of German painting today but desperately needs editing in some areas and amplification in others. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An eye-opening retrospective of the work of Frederick Kiesler, including a reconstruction of the Surrealist room in Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery. . . . ¶ A selection of sculptures from the sixties by Yoko Ono. Concurrently, films and videos by Ono are on view on the second floor. (See Film Libraries, below, for schedule.) Both shows through April 16. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures by four American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and John Newman. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from the often overlooked island of Madagascar. Blending influences from Africa, Indonesia, and Europe, the people had rice spoons with handles carved in the shape of naked men, and they wore cornrowed wigs in battle. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Finnish art objects made of wood; a loan show from Helsinki's Museum of Applied Arts. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Highlights of the Zurich banker Pierre Uldry's collection of Chinese cloisonné. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of two hundred years' worth of French design, mounted in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Furniture, fashion, silver, ceramics, textiles, wallpaper, and jewelry are included. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating a new exhibition space—a former public plaza, now completely enclosed, which the museum has a ninety-year lease on—is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Starts April 13. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes, with photographs and drawings, the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Starts April 11. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Robert Colescott is one of the few black artists to take on the mainstream (white) art world successfully. His parodies of art history, in which he interprets landmark paintings by substituting black figures for white ones, are acerbic and entertaining attacks on racism and sexism. Through April 16. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The role of the newly free press in the French Revolution is explored in an exhibit of pamphlets, books, broadsides, playing cards, and an early printing press, along with a working press of similar design manned (from 2 to 3 Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays) by printers turning out bilingual copies of "The Declaration of the Rights of Man." Through April 29. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open weekdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Sixteen tiny works on paper made in 1947 for the magazine *Verve.* They are sweet and low-key, but convey little of the vibrant sensuality of this artist's paintings. Through April 29. (Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St.)

Michael David—Crusty midnight-blue paintings incised with circles and diamonds suggest the cosmos; small panels set into them are like windows into other zones. A few gimmicks, but mostly powerful paintings. Through April 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Delaunay rarely strayed from her narrow vocabulary of colorful swirling arcs and circles within circles—and the world is richer for it. From large canvases to small commercial designs, this selection displays her talent successfully, if somewhat haphazardly. The small watercolors, including designs for costumes and advertisements, are gems. Through April 15. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

LOVE SEAT

In New York, the first romantic urges of spring arrive with the onset of tax time. Oh, to whisk away on a magic carpet, discerning minarets in the moonlight. But one's journey to an exotic locale is more likely to be to an accountant's office than to the Casbah, and after an hour of going over the books a cab ride may seem an indulgence.

Indulge yourself. A dazzlement to rival Istanbul at sunset is just south of the eastern base of the Brooklyn Bridge: the New York skyline—the skyline that gave Frank and Gene and Jules reason to sing, helped Diane and Woody fall in love, and caused That Girl's eyes to widen so far her fake lashes almost touched her brows. Right beside the River Café (temporarily off limits unless the I.R.S. is sending you a refund) is what people in the neighborhood call "the old fireboat pier," and a U-shaped bench from which two can embrace the majesty of the Woolworth Building in its jade-and-white illumination, the twinkle of the Seaport, and the combined power of a dozen undistinguished office buildings forming a sparkling curtain that doesn't shroud the comforting banality of the Trade towers. The best and sometimes most romantic things in life are free.

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A respectable selection of watercolors and drawings, mostly from the twenties. Today's retro fashions and street conditions make some of these early works seem smoothly up-to-date. Through April 29. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jim Peters—New figurative paintings, most with glass or wire appurtenances, some with Joseph Cornell-ish box constructions. Recurring concerns, apart from tinkering, include the artist-model relationship and coital queasiness. Peters' style is psychologically probing, bummed out, and smudgy. In "Sunday Morning," for instance, a grimy young odalisque eyeballs us tauntingly, having put aside a copy of the Boston *Globe.* Through April 29. (CDS, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

William Trost Richards (1833-1905)—Pristine watercolors by an uneven American landscape artist. Through April 15. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

C. C. Wang—Descended from a family of Chinese artist-scholars dating back to the Sung dynasty, Wang, who has lived in New York City since 1949, is reputed to have the finest private collection of Chinese scrolls in the world. His own beautiful landscape scrolls, in the traditional style but with an awareness of Post-Impressionist painting, are displayed here exquisitely, as if at the Met, alongside antique brush pots, brush washers, armrests, bronze weights, and other scholar's implements from his own collection. Through May 27. (China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Barbara Zucker—The first show in four years by a fine sculptor whose work has great presence and its own unmistakable dignity and grace. Zucker's newest works repeat a horned shape in wood and plaster—singly and in grids, on tables and on small sets of stairs—and were inspired by Biblical descriptions of objects in the first tabernacle. Through April 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

The Julian Academy—An entertaining, thoughtful salon-style exhibition that assembles scores of paintings and drawings and a few sculptures by artists who taught or studied at the famous French art school from 1870 to 1930. Among the standouts are works by Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant, Fernand Khnopff, Emile Bernard, and Louis Michel Eilshemius, and a wonderful study by Henri-Georges Charrier of a rude-looking young male model whose crooked elbow, high on the left, rhymes with an offhand sketch of Paul Gauguin's profile. Through May 13. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Group Shows—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER FOLK,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: This show juxtaposes geometric Navajo blankets with works by Donald Judd, Frank Stella, and Kenneth Noland, and hopes to make a point in the process, but doesn't provoke much visual dialogue. Through April 15. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: A sense of style (and a preoccupation with virility) was everything to the sculptors Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, and Reuben Nakian, according to this delightful display of Art Deco silhouette drawings of bullfighters, women, and bulls, and of sculptures, including Diederich's fire screen of prancing horses nipping each other's tails. Through April 15.

Short List—**GIORGIO CAVALLON,** McCoy, 19 E. 71st (through June 1); **GRACE HARTIGAN,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through May 6); **HENRY MOORE,** Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through May 27).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Nell Blaine—Hardly anyone could get away with making paintings of landscapes and floral bouquets in an American Impressionist idiom in the late eighties, but veteran painter Blaine's pictures are infectiously likable. Through April 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Two stunning shows of new sculptures by this impish artist. In one, we are treated to some sumptuous slabs of white and pink marble, which have been chiselled into hilariously kitschy configurations of baby legs, dolls' arms, lingams, and larvae. It is a bit as if the neoclassical Antonio Canova had collaborated with the fetishist Hans

ART—Cont'd

Bellmer. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The title of the other show, "Progressions and Regressions," refers most obviously to two big staircase pieces, "No Exit" and "No Escape," but also to the fact that in the enormous, symphonic "Clouds and Caverns" the artist has amplified one of her best-known older motifs. The emotional pitch here is very grand, almost Lear-like. This work, it seems, addresses mortality. Both shows through April 22. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney / Stanley Boxer—New paintings. The portraits and sketchy-looking pieces are good. The Matisse, Gauguin, and van Gogh takeoffs are literal and heavy-handed. Through April 22. / These abstract paintings have an accomplished, if somewhat hackneyed, vitality when viewed from afar, but up close they look noisy with color. Through April 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent abstract works on paper, made with egg tempera and gouache. This artist's strong biomorphic forms and lapidary palette-knife painting technique have been very influential. He seems now to be trying to loosen up his surfaces and liberate his shapes, but these works, unfortunately, seem somehow depressed. Through April 22. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson (1900-88)—Larger than life, the late, great lady of American sculpture forged her own irrepressible style in arrangements, such as those on view here, of broken bannisters, chair spindles, type trays, and other orphan materials. Through April 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Several of these heavily painted relief sculptures provide a compassionate portrait of an overlooked theme: the elderly. A series of large pastel drawings of lonely people emerging from dark grounds make their point most directly. Through April 22. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Timothy Woodman / Konrad Cramer (1888-1963)—Cutout and painted aluminum wall reliefs, on a variety of figurative and narrative subjects, ranging from the Biblical to the cheerfully mundane. As the technical articulation of this artist's work increases, so do its traditionalist Yankee airs. Through April 29. / Paintings, drawings, and prints from the nineteen-thirties. Still-lifes and flower paintings with Cubist tendencies, they seem to have been inspired by Juan Gris, but are so flat and sere that they also seem to be High Plains Midwestern. Through April 22. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Work by three disparate sculptors. Shigeo Toya's massive, elegant, plainly carved wood pieces have a heroic intensity. Magdalena Abakanowicz' headless figures, now overexposed, are losing their dramatic punch and have begun to seem like Eastern European existential clichés. Jenny Lee's busy, skittish-looking steel-and-wood constructions are mostly pastiches of assorted modernist themes, such as Rust Belt constructivism and tribal art. Through April 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**CHARLES BIEDERMAN,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 29); **ROBERT GOODNOUGH,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through April 22); **JOHN HELIKER,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 29); **ROBERT HUDSON,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 29); **BRYAN HUNT,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 29); **ELAINE REICHEK,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 22).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Siah Armajani—These large sculptures, called "Elements," are composed of what look like painted metal trusses, storage bins, upturned tables, and piles of bricks supported by metal wheels and aluminum sawhorses. Many resemble bridges (recalling the artist's distinguished public art); all evoke a somewhat anachronistic industrial America. Through April 29. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Multipanel paintings of hyperactive cubes, some of them caught in a vortex, rendered with the commitment and compositional richness usually associated with profound mythological and Biblical depictions. Through April 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Bordo—Small oils on linen, several of which depict airmail envelopes. Pleasant-looking and very, very faint. Through April 15. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

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	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

Gregory Botts—Three huge new paintings, with insets and flower motifs. This artist may be a late bloomer. His work is hardy and good-natured, but covers a well-worn beat. Through April 15. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Carolyn Brady—Large watercolors of delphiniums and lupines in the landscape are traditional and luscious—a pleasant burst of spring. Through April 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gene Davis (1920-85) / **Ron Nagle**—In these five paintings, the multicolored candy stripes are pushed to the sides, like bookends for more attractive stretches of blank canvas. / Bottomless ceramic mugs, some of regular size, others two feet tall, with energetic surface textures and magnificent cracked glazes. Through April 22. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution with red-white-and-blue fluorescent-light sculptures as triumphant as a military parade and as arousing as fireworks. Through April 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Julio Galán—Wonderfully gaudy new paintings by a stylish young Mexican artist who works a lot in New York. They resemble *retablos*, and are also influenced by Francis Picabia, Frida Kahlo, Francesco Clemente, and Hieronymus Bosch. One is made entirely of feathers, and all are quite hot. Through April 12. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Gilbert & George—These postcard "sculptures" (small grids of tenuously linked old postcards) are amusing trifles, and the closest this British duo comes to drawing. Through May 5. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Dick Higgins—Schematic paintings of old maps and other historical artifacts paying tribute to the way early geographers and explorers, from Ptolemy to Stanley, expressed their perceptions of the world. They are not nearly as engaging as the thinking that inspired them. Through April 15. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Anish Kapoor—This splendid, meticulous sculptor has distanced himself from the Hindu-inspired shapes and bright colors that were his virtual trademarks for about eight years. Natural stone and the picturesque illusion of majesty are the Romantic essences of three of these boldly ambitious new pieces, while the fourth, made of fibreglass and ultramarine pigment, unexpectedly echoes the perception-bending works of Larry Bell. Through April 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Komar & Melamid—Recently naturalized, this once Russian team now celebrates Bayonne, New Jersey, and its brass foundry, in paintings, drawings, and photographs; in sculptural arrangements of industrial garbage in terra-cotta planters; and in bottles of "Absinthial Vodka" made from "genuine Bayonne wormwood." These rueful, soulful scavengers have picked up on Andy Warhol's metallic "oxidation paintings" and, while they're at it, seem to demythologize the site and non-site pieces of New Jersey's Robert Smithson. Tours of Bayonne with the artists may be arranged at the gallery. Through April 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Bill Komoski—Deceptively simple paintings consisting of dark-blue streaks on silver canvases, which look as if they were produced with darkroom chemicals. A wall painting—a wide pumpkin-colored vertical band—is as rich as pure pigment and looks like a column of light. Through April 22. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Attila Richard Lukacs—Huge, heroic, homoerotic paintings in a social-realist style depict skinheads (some of them partially clothed) ready to rumble. It's as if Ben Shahn had moved "The Forge of Vulcan" into a Soviet gay bath. Through April 15. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

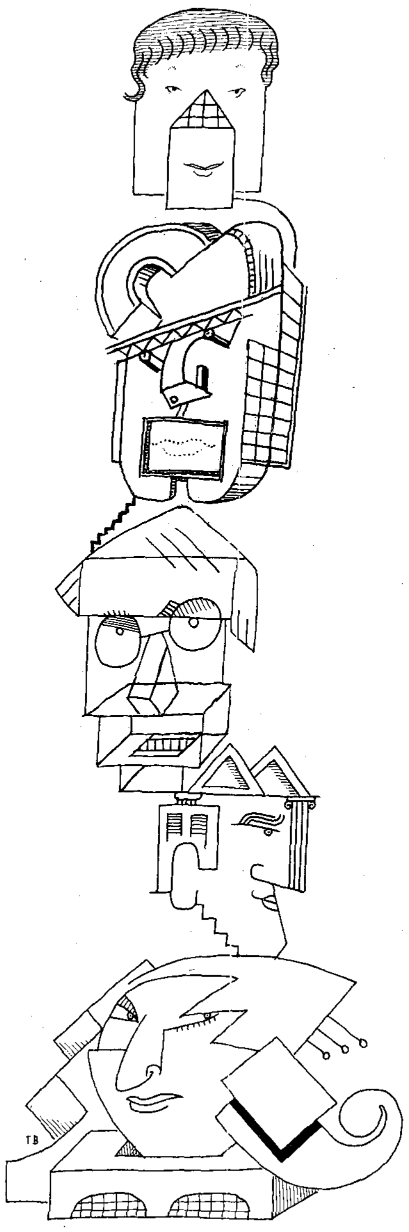
Dona Nelson / Archie Rand—Intensely lyrical, often luminous figurative paintings with a strong American flavor and a highly idiosyncratic poetic voice. / Energetic but heavy-handed, Rand's paintings create some interesting fantastical montage effects. Through April 29. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Phillips—Abstract constructions, including wall and floor pieces, made of a variety of upholstery materials, including suède and satin, along with cast iron and bronze. These are prime, perfectly produced exemplars of a genre, pervasive right now, that mixes the frigid composition of Neo Geo painting with homey or heraldic-looking patterns, in order to achieve the interior-design effects of automobiles and coffins. Through April 15. (Rubin, 155 Spring St.)

Sigmar Polke—Wizard and prankster, maker of beautiful paintings and of parodies of beautiful paintings, Polke now demonstrates the two sides to every story with delightful transparent paintings on wooden stands. The sketchy and dotted images include baroque decorations, brains, and a hobo Gilles. The surfaces (resin on silk) are viscous, like glue, and as shiny as ice. Through April 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Pat Steir—New "Waterfall" paintings, in dripping silver and gold tones. Splashy and dazzling. Through April 15. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

B. Wurtz / (Art)ⁿ—Rudimentary houses drawn in nails on junked-up wood boards, T-shirts printed on bits of canvas, cans scratched on metal sheets, and other juvenilia by Wurtz are cute, vibrant, and brain dead. / Brilliant-colored 3-D computer simulations of viruses and space-travel vehicles by the collaborative (Art)ⁿ look like mini sci-fi movies and are at least as interesting as much of today's organ-obsessed abstraction. Through April 22. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)



A Deconstruction of Architects: Isozaki, Tschumi, Eisenman, Bofill, Hadid

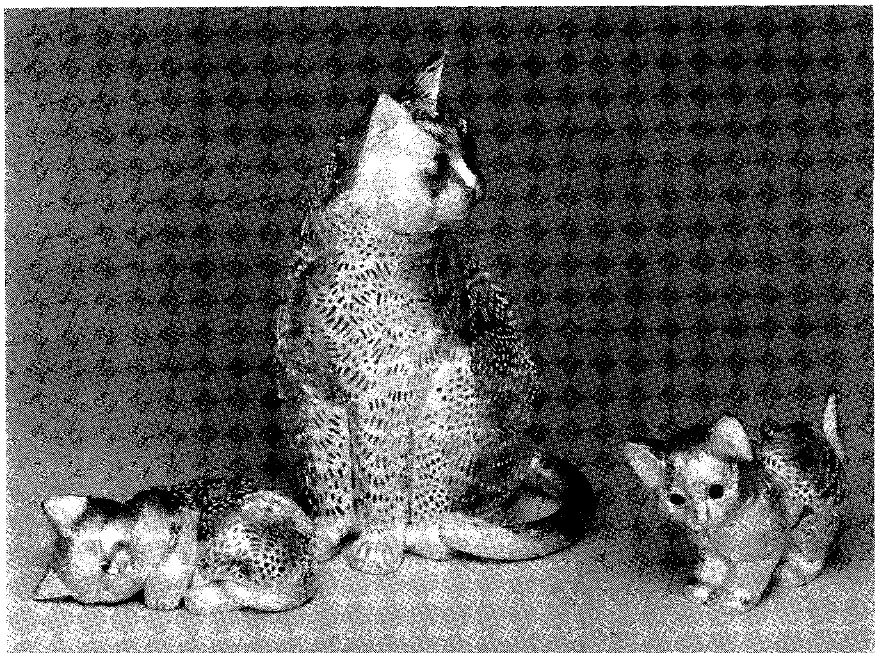
TUNNEL VISION

Rubbernecking may cause delays for Jersey-bound commuters in the days ahead, but what their heads will be swivelling to see is a pileup of art. "Holland Tunnel Drive-In Billboard," a work by Leni Schwendinger, is a computer-programmed show of painted images projected onto an eighty-by-sixty-foot sign at the tunnel's Manhattan entrance, where an earlier public-art project, Terry Fugate-Wilcox's "Weathering Wall," has been weathering nicely since 1983. A montage of floating skyscrapers, wooden fences, woodsy abstractions, and interlacing highways, Schwendinger's piece depicts the spinning state of mind induced by the daily swing between city and suburb. This inspired reason to avoid rush hour is a project of Creative Time and will be on view April 13-16, from 8 P.M. *to 11:30* P.M. *For those who'd rather walk over than drive in, the corner of Hudson and Watts is the vantage of choice.*

Architecture—Many speak of the global community of art, but nowhere is the new internationalism more evident than in this show of drawings for architectural projects by some of the most interesting architects working today: Ricardo Bofill, Peter Eisenman, Zaha Hadid, Arata Isozaki, and Bernard Tschumi. And no wonder. The proposed projects include a sports complex for Abu Dhabi designed by an Iraqi living in London (Hadid) and a new airport for Osaka designed by a Swiss national residing in New York (Tschumi). Through May 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Wayfarers All—If Bruce Chatwin had been an artist, he probably would have been Richard Long. Some of this compelling artist's most recent wanderings have produced a circle handmade with mud from the River Avon and a long, undulating curve of arrows which documents the changing direction of the wind during a walk from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Coasts in Portugal and Spain. Through April 14. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Hamish Fulton, another peripatetic Englishman, went on a twelve-and-a-half-day walk on Baffin Island and brought back four words—"rock," "fall," "echo," "dust"—which are painted in sturdy red and black letters on a tea-biscuit-colored wall in the tower of The Clocktower. The piece is pleasantly evocative and suggests something ponderous, on the order of "If a tree falls in the forest . . . " The Dutch artist Stanley Brouwn is more of a conceptual wayfarer: he begins each day by measuring his first step. The Clocktower is marking the length of each day's step in pencil on the walls of its main gallery. It is anticipated that by the end of the show Brouwn will have circumnavigated the room. Through May 7. (108 Leonard St., thirteenth floor. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**CARL ANDRE,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through April 29); **CAROL ANTHONY,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through April 29); **JAMES BROWN,** Castelli, 578 Broadway (through April 22), and Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. (through April 29); **CHUCK CONNELLY,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through April 22); **THOM COONEY CRAWFORD,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through April 15); **SONIA GECHTOFF,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through May 20); **MIMI GROSS,** Katzen Brown, 475 Broome St. (through May 6); **JAN GROTH,** Brown, 560 Broadway (through April 29); **RICHARD HUNT,** Dorsky, 578 Broadway (through April 29); **MARGARET ISRAEL,** Twining, 568 Broadway (through April 22); **INIGO JONES,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (through July 22); **DENNIS KARDON,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through April 22); **ITALO SCANGA,** Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through May 3); **ALAN SARET,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through



Cats from the Silverlace Collection.
Left, $65. Center, $125. Right, $65.

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SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW • NAKED ZEBRA

Original Frames from the Christofle Collection.
Left, 5" x 7", $210. Center, 5" x 7", $185. Right, 3½" x 5", $160.

Christofle
Paris

GARFINCKEL'S • MACY'S, FLORIDA

ART—Cont'd

April 22); **SUSAN SMITH,** Roeder, 545 Broadway, closed Tuesdays (through April 29).

OTHER GALLERIES

James Lee Byars—For this, Byars' second installation this month, the gallery was painted a dense and velvety black, and the artist acted as his own docent during the opening. It includes some beautiful Japanese-style scrolls and miscellaneous mysterious magic stuff in vitrines. Through April 15. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Frank Holliday—Four big and zestful abstract paintings, titled "Zuzu," "Gloria," "Rumba," and "Madame B." This artist, who for a while limited himself to monochromes, has burst into color. Keeping his basic theme of zigzags, grids, and drips, his rhythmic variations now allude to a Josephine Baker-era Jazz Deco motif and to the woven geometric patterns of classic kimonos. Through April 15. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

Jenny Holzer—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Annette Lemieux—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Using old postcards, Adirondack furniture, and antiquated objects like hat presses, Lemieux, in her light but penetrating way, makes a strong art about vulnerability. Through April 15. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.)

Gerry Morehead—New paintings. Weird, almost affectless, not quite surreal landscapes taken from highway vistas, down-at-heel English towns, empty swimming pools, and lush green forest paths. In some, there is the ineffable feeling that a carnival is about to appear en caravane. Through April 15. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Andy Warhol (1930-88)—" 'Success is a job in New York . . .': The Early Art and Business of Andy Warhol" is full of magazine tearsheets, illustrated books, catalogue sketches, vermouth ads, Christmas-card and shoe designs, etc., as well as some revealing pre-New York sketches and paintings. The influence of Warhol's early Slavonic style, full of flourishes, together with the ecumenical free forms of Alexander Calder, led to the graphics of flower power—sixties optimism at its fanciful best. Through April 29. The Museum of Modern Art has a complementary show. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

CONNOISSEURS of nineteenth-century photography left a stone unturned with Gertrude Jekyll. She has been acknowledged as a great in English garden design (she collaborated with Edwin Lutyens and influenced Vita Sackville-West's gardens at Sissinghurst) yet she's not credited in the history books as a photographer—so what else is new? This showing in the lobby of the PaineWebber Building (Sixth Ave. at 52nd St.; through May 5th) and its accompanying book should change all that. Jekyll's pictures are charming—an unfattening pleasure. Their winding paths and garlands of flowers take us to a dream past, not in as big or as profound a way as Proust does but maybe as deliciously. They give us a peek into a world that might have floated away like a bubble if Jekyll hadn't documented it.

In photographs, Jekyll synthesized all her arts-and-crafts talents. She had been a landscape painter, and she went at her garden designs as though she were still painting, except on a three-dimensional canvas, with real flowers and plants as her palette; in turn, the photographs framed and stilled these living images. The pictures are in black-and-white, so one's imagination does the colorizing. Jekyll took pictures indoors, too. Her photographs of cut flowers in vases are still-lifes that appear to be breathing. They have that sense of a once-in-a-lifetime performance which Japanese flower arrangements offer, but they're less operatic, more English—lots of Michaelmas daisies.

Allan McCollum—Part of an ongoing series of photographs, each of which, like McCollum's ongoing series of paintings, is like an Everyman of abstract art. The photographs, in brown and black, are essentially Rorschachs—all blotches and grain. We think of Constable's clouds, Turner's skies, and Gerhard Richter's landscapes when we look at them, but more theoretical types see post-postmodernism. Through April 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Burr McIntosh (1862-1942)—A small, mildly interesting show, titled "Polite Society 1900-1910." McIntosh was clearly an ingenious character who got around, with and without his camera. His pictures of turn-of-the-century social life are more fun than they are revealing. Through June 10. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cindy Sherman—Over the past few years, Cindy Sherman has gone from being a one-woman Hollywood to a photographer whose repulsive pictures make exorcism look like a pleasant alternative. This show is a wonderful camp on our culture as well as a gold mine for gallery psychologists, who haven't had this kind of opportunity since the Surrealists adopted the unconscious. Through April 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

" 'Life': Through the Sixties"—Surely they had better pictures of hippies in the *Life* archives. This is a strong show despite the organizers' unsuccessful balancing act, which attempts to offset passages of tragedy with a bit of everything else, because it contains photographs—notably of civil-rights demonstrations, of Vietnam, and of the assassinations of the sixties—that still break the heart. Through May 21. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

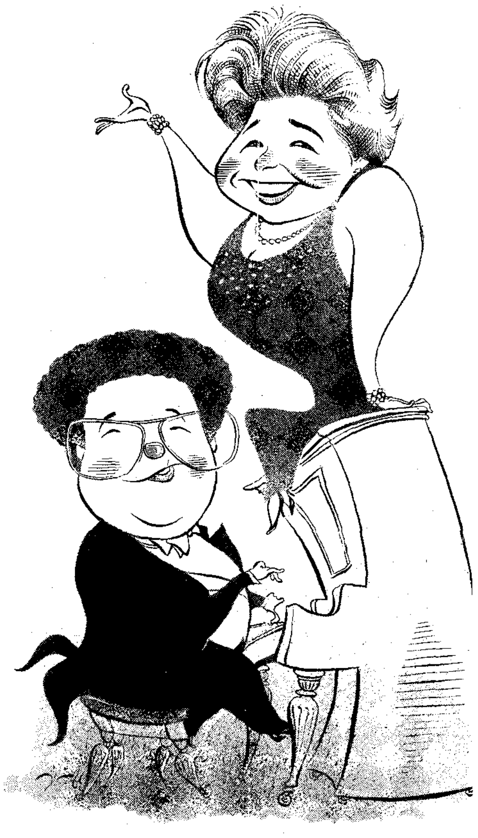
Short List—**VICTOR BURGIN,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through April 22); **ROBERT CAPA,** Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **SARAH CHARLESWORTH,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through April 29); **KONRAD CRAMER,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through April 22); **SKEET MC AULEY,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St., opens at noon (through April 29); **ROSAMOND WOLFF PURCELL,** *Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through* April 13).

MUSIC

WE know Pietro Mascagni as the young composer who set all the world cheering and inaugurated the verismo movement in 1890 with his fiery, vulgar "Cavalleria Rusticana" and spent the rest of a long career striving vainly to recapture the preëminence for which he had seemed destined. "I was crowned before I was king," he often said. But he was never king; Puccini was, and after Puccini's death, in 1924, no one succeeded to the throne, even though Mascagni had two bitter decades left to live.

His early post-"Cavalleria" years, though, were not the unbroken span of failure one would imagine from the absence of his operas in the repertory today. Without ever composing another international success, he contributed three or four scores that thrived decently in Italy for a decade or so. One of these—the first after "Cavalleria" (which, by the way, is being done by the Amato Opera this month)—is an exquisite work, worlds apart from its predecessor in tone: "L'Amico Fritz," a sweet tale of village life concerning a shy young girl, a confirmed middle-aged bachelor, and a friendly rabbi who helps move things along. It is revived occasionally, but since the very first Fritz and Suzel sang it at the Metropolitan, in 1894, no major New York company has tried it. Juilliard's Opera Center gives the work three performances, on April 12th, 14th, and 16th, staged by Christopher Mattaliano and conducted by Nello Santi, one of the few conductors left with the touch for Italian music of this era. (Mr. Santi is also completing a run of "Rigoletto" at the Met.)

Mascagni was eventually reduced to scheming and grumbling, and reached his nadir in the thirties, when he wrote an opera on Nero at least in part to flatter Mussolini and was snubbed by him. But none of this is foreshadowed in the youthful freshness and generous confidence of "Fritz."



James Levine and Christa Ludwig

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**RIGOLETTO,** with Sumi Jo, Leo Nucci, and Jerry Hadley; conducted by Nello Santi. (April 10 at 8.) . . . With Sumi Jo, Frederick Burchinal, and Jerry Hadley; Nello Santi. (April 13 at 8.) . . . **BILLY BUDD,** with James King, Thomas Allen, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Thomas Fulton. (April 11 and April 14 at 8.) . . . With Richard Cassilly, Thomas Allen, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Thomas Fulton. (April 17 at 8, final performance of the season.) . . . **MADAME BUTTERFLY**, with Leona Mitchell, Diane Kisling, Bruno Beccaria, and Brian Schexnayder; Myung-Whun Chung. (April 12, April 15—a nonsubscription performance—and April 18 at 8.) . . . **SIEGFRIED**, with Hildegard Behrens, William Johns, Horst Heistermann, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (April 15 at 12:30.) . . . **GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG**, with Hildegard Behrens, Kathryn Harries, Christa Ludwig, Toni Krämer, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (April 19 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through May 6.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—Presenting Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz." (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. April 12 and April 14 at 8, and April 16 at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 15 at 7:30 and April 16 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Joseph Flummerfelt conducting Haydn's "Creation," with Sylvia McNair and Edith Wiens, sopranos; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Benjamin Luxon and James Michael McGuire, basses; and the New York Choral Artists. (April 11 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Gunther Herbig conducting a Haydn-Mozart-Tchaikovsky program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (April 13 at 8, April 14 at 2, April 15 and April 17 at 8, and April 18 at 7:30.)

GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA OF LEIPZIG—Kurt Masur conducting, with André Watts, piano. At Avery Fisher Hall, April 10 at 8: Beethoven and Schubert. . . . ¶ At Carnegie Hall, April 14 at 8: Beethoven and Bruckner. . . . April 15 at 8: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting works by Mozart, Strauss, and Dvořák. With Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. April 11 at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. A première by John Cage is on the program; at the composer's request, it will be played without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. April 12-13 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet conducting Mahler's Third Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. April 16 at 3.)

"NEW MUSIC ORCHESTRAL PROJECT"—Jorge Mester conducting premières by Christopher James, Brian Fennelly, Martin Herman, and Todd Levin. With David Shifrin, clarinet. Presented by the National Orchestral Association. (Carnegie Hall. April 18 at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—George Rothman conducting Brahms, Stravinsky, and a première by Paul Cooper. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 13 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRA OF THE YEHUDI MENUHIN SCHOOL—In its first concert here. Peter Norris will conduct, and Colin Carr will be the soloist in David Barlow's "Variations for Cello and String Orchestra." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. April 14 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost conducting an evening of Italian music. With Scott St. John, violin, and Andrea Griminelli, flute. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 W. 59th St. 355-6105. April 14 at 8.)

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY—Presenting the Hartt School of Music Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Manuel Alvarez. With Jeremy Menuhin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 15 at 3.)

BACH ENSEMBLE—Joshua Rifkin conducting works by Bach and Vivaldi. With Julianne Baird, soprano; Steven Hammer, oboe; and Stanley Ritchie, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. April 16 at 3.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program. With Pamela Frank, violin, and Gwendolyn Mok, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 17 at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducting an all-Mendelssohn program. With Paul Peabody, violin; James Winn and Cam-

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April - May

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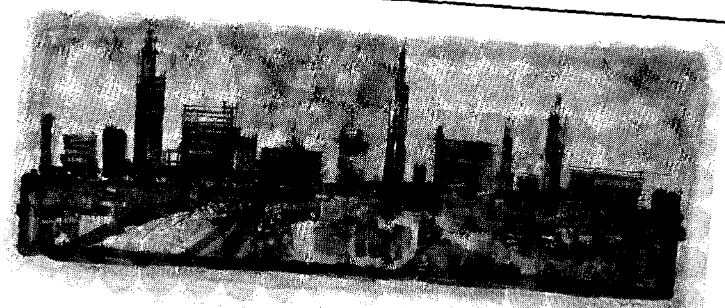

Joe Jones, *New York Skyline*, watercolor; 25 x 61 inches

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on the 200th anniversary of their revolution

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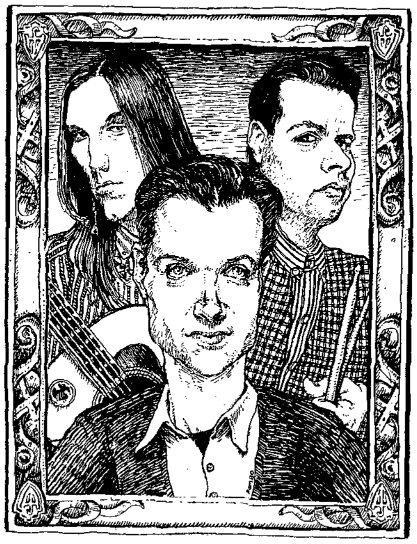

Violent Femmes

eron Grant, duo piano; and the Taghkanic Chorale. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 18 at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing works by Mozart, Brahms, Bach, and Ronald Roseman. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 12 at 7:30.)

"Meet the Moderns"—Four choral groups (the Brooklyn Philharmonic Singers, the Florilegium Chamber Choir, the Talent Unlimited Chorus, and Western Wind) performing works by Paul Hindemith, Robert Starer, George Perle, Ronald Gold, William Schuman, and Robert Dennis. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. April 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 622-1000.)

RECITALS

New York Chamber Ensemble—Presenting Anne Azéma, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 12 at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Playing Schubert quartets in D major, D minor, and C major. (Metropolitan Museum. April 13 at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Performing English baroque music. (Alice Tully Hall. April 13 and April 15 at 8.)

Contemporary-Music Festivals—Two concerts by the Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble. Featured composers include Elliott Carter and Oliver Messiaen (both of whom turn eighty this year), Iannis Xenakis, George Crumb, Anne LeBaron, and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. April 13 and April 18 at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Two more concerts, these performed by the Mannes Contemporary Ensemble and the Mannes Percussion Ensemble. Compositions are by Toru Takemitsu, John Cage, Oliver Knussen, Ursula Mamlok, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. April 17-18 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Christa Ludwig and James Levine—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 14 at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—In an all-Beethoven program. (Metropolitan Museum. April 14-15 at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Two programs of new music from the States and Germany. With musician-composers Karlheinz Stockhausen, John Cage, Pauline Oliveros, Carola Bauckholt, and others. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. April 15 from 2 to 5 and from 6 to 10.)

Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, and Lynn Harrell—Violins and cello, in Beethoven string trios. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 15 at 8.)

Rie Schmidt and Benjamin Verdery—Flute and classical guitar, in contemporary works. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 15 at 8:30.)

Emerson String Quartet—With the Hartt Wind Symphony. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 16 at 2.)

Music and More—Presenting the first of four Mozart-based concerts-cum-commentary. With Israela Margalit, piano; Clamma Dale, soprano; the Canterbury Trio; and Martin Bookspan, commentator. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 16 at 3.)

Composers String Quartet—In works by Haydn, Britten, and Ravel. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 16 at 3.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. April 16 at 8.)

Early Music—Frans Brueggen, transverse flute and recorder; Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; and Anner Bylsma, baroque cello, will play music by three Bachs in the Medieval Sculpture Hall. (Metropolitan Museum. April 16 at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 17 at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in classical and contemporary works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 17 at 8.)

Vladimir Viardo—Piano, performing works by Scarlatti, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, and Shostakovich. (Carnegie Hall. April 17 at 8.)

Nigel Kennedy and Ken Noda—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 18 at 8.)

André Emelianoff—With Wu Han, piano, and a percussionist, in the première of Bright Sheng's "Variations on a Chinese Folk Song." (Merkin Concert Hall. April 18 at 8.)

Irina Arkipova and Vladislav Pyavko—Mezzo-soprano and tenor from the Bolshoi Opera. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 18 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Violent Femmes—"Marvin Gaye, he was shot by his father, O my father, have mercy on me," sings Gordon Gano, the Violent Femmes' guitarist and songwriter, on their fourth album, "3." This Milwaukee band (the other two Femmes are Brian Ritchie, the bassist, and Victor DeLorenzo, the drummer) is known for ingenious lyrics and moody, ragged music. It is a sound that is rich in disturbing Americana and when played live has a creepiness that any David Lynch fan would appreciate. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 13-14 at 8.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, Lester Bowie, Malachi Favors, and Don Moye continue to probe the outer reaches of jazz, remaining true to their motto: "Great Black Music—Ancient to Modern." Underpinning the Art Ensemble's liberal use of hundreds of instruments, including celesta, kelp horn, conch shell, African drums, gongs, bicycle horns, sirens, and chimes, is a traditional jazz group with saxophones, trumpet, and double bass. They won't need any help from Bishop Moore in bringing the spirits down from the upper regions of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and beyond. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. April 15 at 8.)

Music of Nubia and Mali—This concert features Hamza El Din, a Nubian-born oud and tar virtuoso. (The oud is a short-necked lute and the tar a tambourine-like drum.) Opening for Mr. El Din is the twenty-four-year-old Toumani Diabate, descended from a family of distinguished Malian musicians. His instrument is the kora, a twenty-one-string harp-lute. Presented by the World Music Institute, whose productions are strictly about the music itself: no ostentation and no staging, but plenty of unexpected pleasures. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. April 15 at 8.)

Barry Manilow—It's been over a decade since he sang "I write the songs that make the whole world sing" (actually, he didn't write that one—Bruce Johnston did), and in the eighties Manilow has seen his status slip from superstar to Las Vegas entertainer. His luxurious orchestrations, coupled with his dramatic tendencies as a performer, add up to a night that could put a listener into sugar shock. But to anyone whose taste in music runs to the bombastic and sentimental it sounds nice and sweet. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. April 18-19 at 8. 586-6510. Through May 14.)

Balkana—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 14 at 8.

Stanley Jordan—With Gato Barbieri. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. April 14 at 8.)

Oregon—Town Hall. April 15 at 8.

Third World and the Wailers—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 947-5850. April 15 at 8.

Highlights in Harmony—The Dells, the Chi-Lites, Blue Magic, and Ray, Goodman & Brown. (Beacon Theatre. April 15 at 8 and midnight.)

Paco Peña—Town Hall. April 16 at 7:30.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, April 12 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, April 14 at 8.

Nets—Vs. the Chicago Bulls, April 14. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, April 16. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, April 18. (Game time: 7:30.)

Mets—Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, April 17-19 at 7:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, April 10-12 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Twins, April 14 at 7:30, April 15 at 1:20, and April 16 at 1:30.

(Home base for the Knicks is Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; for the Nets, Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; for the Mets, Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—HOCKEY

Stanley Cup Playoffs—If the Rangers-Penguins series goes to six games (and we're hoping for that, at least), they'll meet at the Garden on April 13. Tickets are no longer available through the box office, but the scalpers on Seventh Avenue are at least as persistent as Mario Lemieux.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

In Bloom—A message from the organizers of the upcoming Greater New York Orchid Show: "At last year's show, judges from the American Orchid Society stunned orchid growers by awarding 'First-Class Certificates'—the highest honor the society can bestow—to three orchid plants." It is further noted that "at most shows not one is given out." Expect to find more than sixty exhibitors pining for prizes at this year's show. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. 220-8700. April 13-16.) . . . ¶ The British garden designer Hazel Le Rougetel will chart the history of the rose in a lecture at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. April 16 at 2:30. Tickets at the door. The garden's cherry trees will blossom toward the middle of the month.)

Lectures, Etc.—Kate Simon speaks on "Times Square Theatre in the Thirties." (La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews. April 13 at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Calvin Trillin talks at the annual benefit for Yaddo, the artists' colony. (Equitable Center, Seventh Ave. at 51st. St. April 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 355-0356.) . . . ¶ Adventures in translation: Howard Stern addresses the delights and dilemmas of translating Rilke; Paul Schmidt tackles the work of the Russian poet Velimir Khlebnikov. (Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. 477-2714. April 15 at 5:30.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

April 11-13: "Voyage to Cythera" (1984, directed by Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

April 14: "Brightness" (1987, Souleymane Cissé; a Malian film, in Bambara).

April 15: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The six-and-a-half-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting.

April 16: At 2, "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary; and, at 8 and 10, "Brightness."

From April 18: "Brightness."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through April 13: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr. From April 14: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Theatre 3: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"New York Stories" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Dream Team" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

"Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through April 13: "Working Girl" (†).

From April 14: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through April 13: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).

From April 14: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through April 13: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

From April 14: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen and Rubén Blades.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through April 13: "Working Girl" (†).

From April 14: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through April 13: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

From April 14: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: Through April 13: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long. From April 14: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

Theatre 2: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 2: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Dream Team" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Rain Man" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 13: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

From April 14: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through April 13: (Matinées only) "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman. From April 14: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen and Rubén Blades.

Theatre 2: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through April 18: "Egg" (directed by Danniel Danniel; in Dutch); and "Stones and Flies: Richard Long in the Sahara" (Philip Haas).

From April 19: "Avanti Popolo" (1986, Rafi Bukaee; in Arabic, Hebrew, and English).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Heat and Sunlight" (Rob Nilsson), with Nilsson.

Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with *Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig* Dommartin; and "Exquisite Corpses" (Temistocles Lopez).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Dream Team" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 13: "Working Girl" (†). From April 14: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 13: "True Believer" (†). From April 14: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Dark Habits" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Dressmaker" (†).

Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 13 (tentative): "In a Glass Cage" (Agustin Villaronga; in Spanish). From April 14: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Theatre 2: "The Dream Team" (†).

Theatre 3: "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (Stephen Herek), with Keanu Reeves.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"New York Stories" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Cameron's Closet" (Armand Mastroianni), with Cotter Smith and Mel Harris.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Through April 13: "84 Charlie Mopic" (Patrick Duncan).

From April 14: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

Through April 13: "Heat and Sunlight" (Rob Nilsson), with Nilsson.

From April 14 (tentative): "Lódź Ghetto" (Kathryn Taverna and Alan Adelson).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through April 13: "Crusoe" (†).

From April 14: "A Few Days with Me" (Claude Sautet; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through April 13: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

From April 14: "Working Girl" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Rain Man" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through April 13: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†). From April 14: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian).

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The Dream Team" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 3: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 4: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 5: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 6: Through April 13: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†). From April 14: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen and Rubén Blades.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through April 13: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker. From April 14: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through April 13: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From April 14: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Theatre 2: Through April 13: "Mississippi Burning" (†). From April 14: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Dead-Bang" (directed by John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 2: "The Toxic Avenger: Part II" (Michael Herz and Lloyd Kaufman).

Theatre 3: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

Theatre 4: Through April 13: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund). From April 14: "Edge of Sanity" (Gerard Kikoine), with Anthony Perkins.

Theatre 5: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.

Theatre 6: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through April 13: "The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington.

From April 14: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen and Rubén Blades.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 3: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 4: "Cameron's Closet" (Armand Mastroianni), with Cotter Smith and Mel Harris.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Dream Team" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 13: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase. From April 14: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through April 13: "I Madman."
From April 14: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.
Theatre 2: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
April 10: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, directed by William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.
April 11-12: "Stella Dallas" (1937, King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, and John Boles; and "Ball of Fire" (1942, Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Dana Andrews, and Dan Duryea.
April 13: "Mystic Pizza" (1988, Donald Petrie), with Julia Roberts, Annabeth Gish, and Lili Taylor; and "Mr. North" (1988, Danny Huston), with Anthony Edwards.
April 14-15: "Oklahoma!" (1955, Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.
April 16-17: "These Three" (1936, William Wyler), with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea; and "Dead End" (†).
April 18: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946, William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, Dana Andrews, and Harold Russell.
April 19: "The Dark Angel" (1935, Sidney Franklin), with Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall; and "Splendor" (1935, Elliott Nugent), with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Helen Westley.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 11: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983, Godfrey Reggio); and "Powaqqatsi" (1988, Reggio).
April 12-13: "The Lair of the White Worm" (1988, Ken Russell); and "Savage Messiah" (1972, Russell), with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony.
April 14-15: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970, Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (†).
April 16: "Doctor Zhivago" (†).
April 17-18: "Bedazzled" (†); and "The Bed Sitting Room" (1969, Richard Lester), with Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, and Michael Hordern.
From April 19: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978, Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "Distant Thunder" (1988, Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through April 11: "Fanny" (1961, Josh Logan), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, and Horst Buchholz; and "Topaze" (1952, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.
April 12-13: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (1940, Pagnol; in French), with Raimu, Fernandel, and Josette Day; and "Port of Seven Seas" (1938, James Whale), with Wallace Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Beal, and Frank Morgan.
April 14-15: Cartoons made by Tex Avery at Warner Brothers; and a collection of cartoons within cartoons.
April 16: Cartoons made by Chuck Jones at Warner Brothers; and a collection of Warner Brothers cartoons made before 1935.
April 17: Cartoons made by Frank Tashlin at Warner Brothers; and cartoons in the style of murder mysteries, film noir, Westerns, and detective stories.
April 18: Warner Brothers cartoons made during the Second World War; and cartoons made by Friz Freleng at Warner Brothers.
April 19: Offbeat cartoons made by Chuck Jones; and a miscellaneous group of Warner Brothers cartoons.

deMichiell

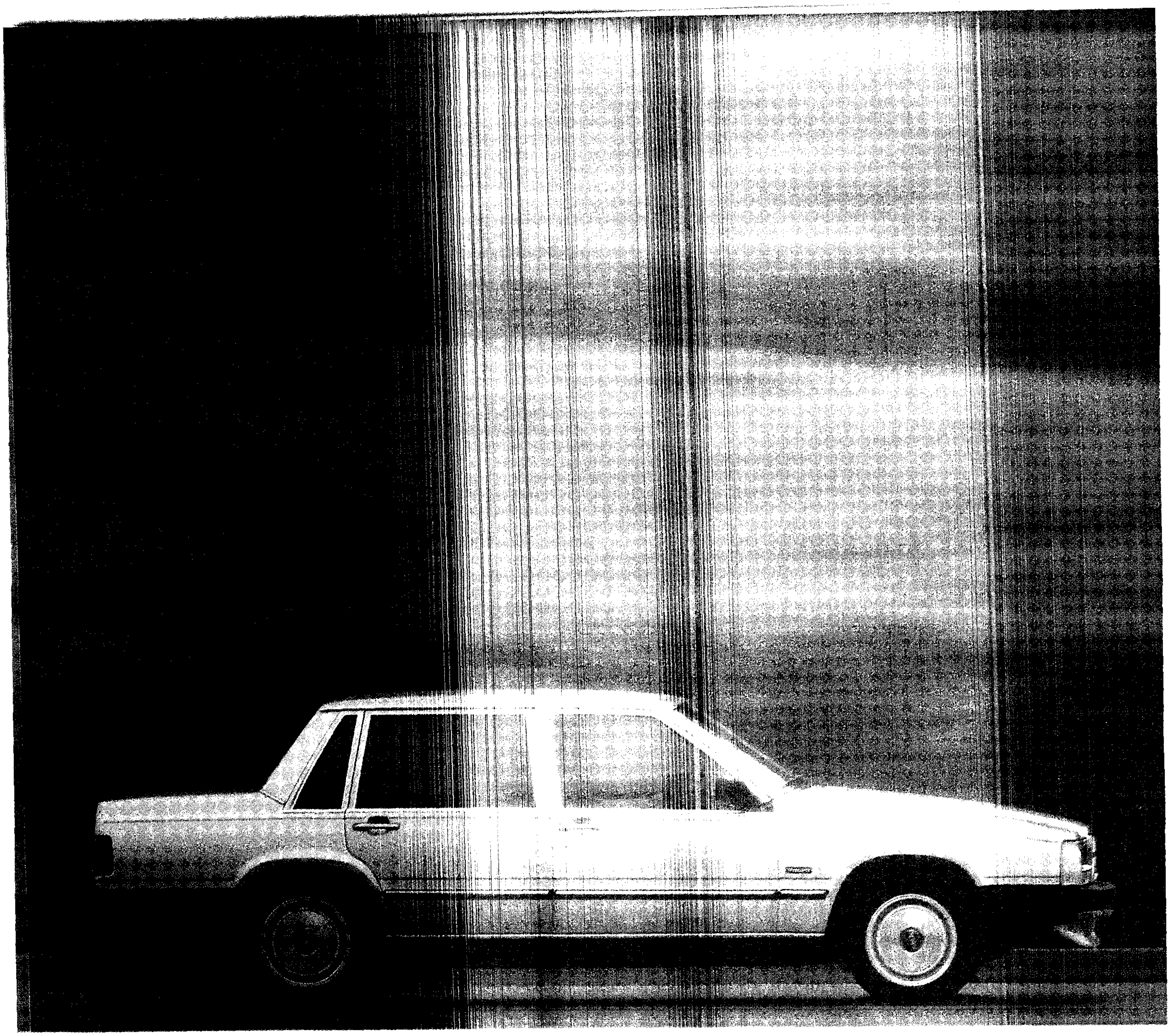
"The Dream Team"

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
April 10: "Imagine: John Lennon" (1988, Andrew Solt), a documentary; and "Don't Look Back" (1967, D. A. Pennebaker), a documentary about Bob Dylan.
April 11: "My Sister Eileen" (1942, Alexander Hall), with Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair; and "His Girl Friday" (1940, Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
April 12: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
April 13: "Frantic" (1988, Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966, Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac, and Lionel Stander.
April 14-15: "The Last Emperor" (1987, Bernardo Bertolucci), with John Lone.
April 16: "Gervaise" (1956, René Clément; in French), with Maria Schell, François Périer, and Suzy Delair; and "Le Plaisir" (1952, Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
April 17: "The Marriage Circle" (1924, Ernst Lubitsch; silent), with Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost; and "Madame DuBarry" ("Passion"; 1919, Lubitsch; silent), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings.
April 18: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Club de Femmes" (1937, Jacques Deval; in French), with Darrieux.
April 19: "Lost Horizon" (1937, Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 10: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952, Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
April 11: "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (1933, James Whale), with Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas, Walter Pidgeon, and Frank Morgan; and "Laughter" (1930, Harry d'Arrast), with Nancy Carroll and Fredric March.
April 12: "Rififi" (1955, Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960, François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
April 13: "The Wild Bunch" (†); and "Straw Dogs" (1972, Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
April 14-15: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
April 16: "The Misfits" (1961, John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.
April 17: "October" (1927, Sergei Eisenstein; silent); and "Potemkin" (1925, Eisenstein; silent).
April 18: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931, Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936, Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.
April 19: "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police" (1938, James Hogan) and "Bulldog Drummond in Africa" (1938, Louis King), both with John Howard as Drummond.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: April 10 at 2:30: "Le Bon Plaisir" (1984, directed by Francis Girod), with Catherine Deneuve, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Michel Serrault. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6 and April 11 at 2:30: "Looks and Smiles" (1981, Ken Loach), with Graham Green, Carolyn Nicholson, and Tony Pitts. . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Masks" (1986, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Robin Renucci, and Bernadette Lafont. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Mélo" (1986, Alain Resnais; in French), with Sabine Azéma, Pierre Arditi, and André Dusollier. . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: "Every Man for Himself" (1980, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "The Chaplin Revue" (1958), which includes the short films "A Dog's Life" (1918), "Shoulder Arms" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923), all silent films, directed by Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ April 14



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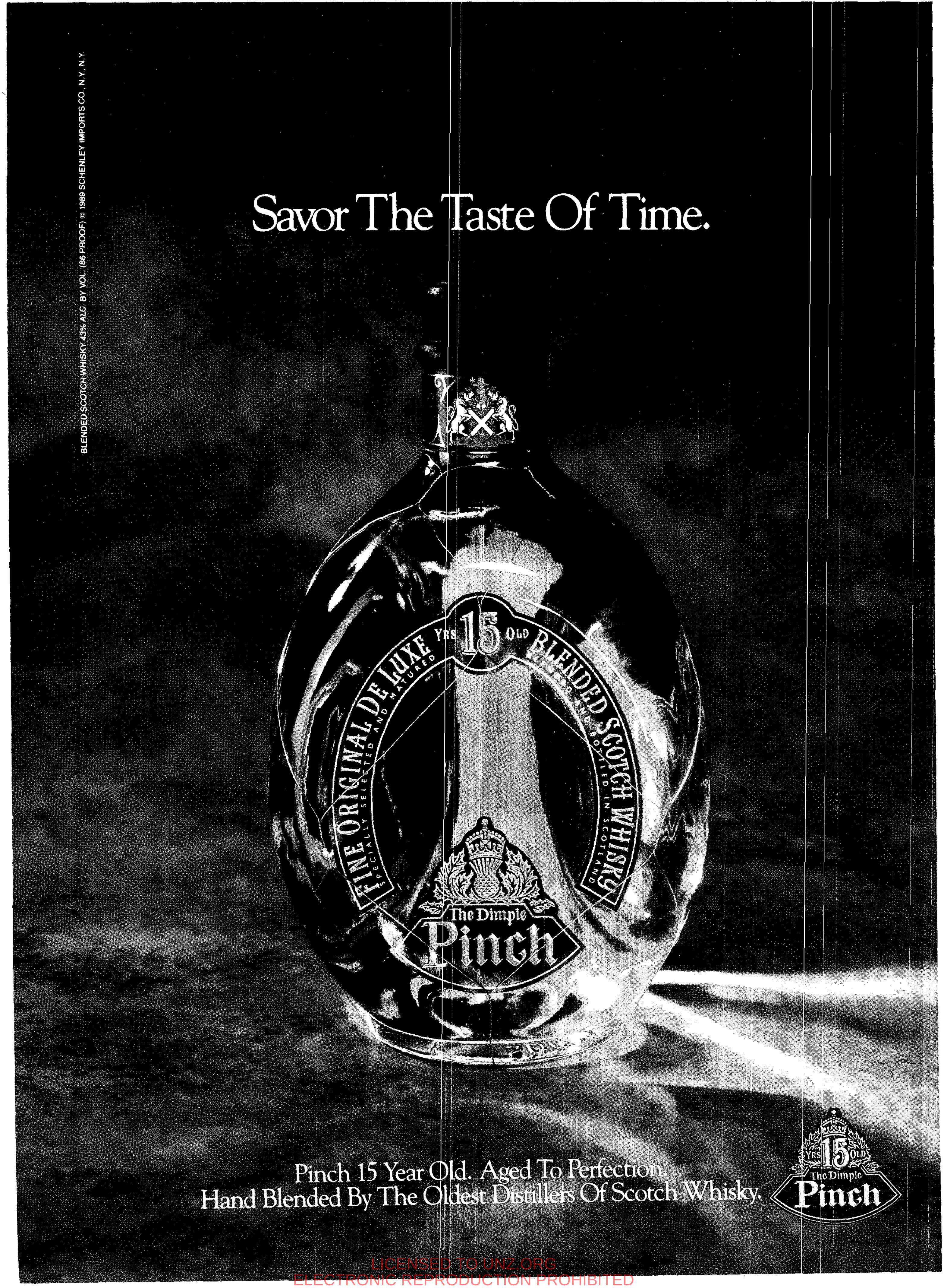
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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

at 6: "Sunnyside" (1919, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin and Edna Purviance; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923, Chaplin; silent), with Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller. . . . ¶ April 15 at noon: "The Idle Class" (1921, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Purviance, and Mack Swain; and "The Kid" (1921, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, and Purviance. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2: "The Gold Rush" (1925, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Swain, and Georgia Hale. . . . ¶ April 15 at 5: "The Chaplin Revue." . . . ¶ April 16 at noon: "The Idle Class" and "The Kid." . . . ¶ April 16 at 2: "Sunnyside" and "A Woman of Paris." . . . ¶ April 16 at 5 and April 17 at 2:30: "The Circus" (1928, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Allan Garcia. . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "The Gold Rush." . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "City Lights" (1931, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers. . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Modern Times" (1936, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Chester Conklin.

THEATRE 2: April 11 at 3 and 6: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1968, Andy Warhol), with Viva, Taylor Mead, and Joe Dallesandro. . . . ¶ April 13 at 3 and 6: "Ika Hands" (1988, Robert Gardner), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 14 at 3: "The Wall" (1983, Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish). . . . ¶ April 14 at 6: "No Man's Land" (1985, Alain Tanner; in French). . . . ¶ April 15 at 3 and 5:30: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (1988, Etienne Chatiliez; in French). . . . ¶ April 16 at 3: "Mélo" (1986, Alain Resnais; in French), with Sabine Azéma, Pierre Arditi, and André Dusollier. . . . ¶ April 16 at 5:30: "The Wall." . . . ¶ April 17 at 2:30: "No Man's Land." . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "The Beekeeper" (1986, Theo Angelopoulos; in Italian, with French subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ April 18 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of 1988 award-winning films by university students.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Cecil B. De Mille silent films, made between 1919 and 1928, about sex and marriage. April 12 at 2:30: "The Affairs of Anatole" (1921), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Fool's Paradise" (1921), with Dorothy Dalton. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "The Ten Commandments" (1923), with Edythe Chapman. . . . ¶ April 14 at 7:30: "Triumph" (1924), with Leatrice Joy. . . . ¶ April 15 at 1: "The Golden Bed" (1925), with Lilian Rich. . . . ¶ April 15 at 4: "The Road to Yesterday" (1925), with Joseph Schildkraut. . . . ¶ April 15 at 7:30: "The Volga Boatman" (1926), with William Boyd. . . . ¶ April 16 at 1: "The King of Kings" (1927), with H. B. Warner. . . . ¶ April 16 at 4: "The Godless Girl" (1928), with Lina Basquette. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "The Volga Boatman."

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre: April 12 at 6: "The Wind" (1928, Victor Seastrom). . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: Four films by Christopher MacLaine. . . . ¶ April 14 at 7: "Steamboat Bill Junior" (1928, Charles Riesner), with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ April 14 at 10: Five films by Peter Hutton. . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: "Nibelungen, Part I" (1924, Fritz Lang; silent). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8: "Nibelungen, Part II." . . . ¶ April 17 at 8: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Alain Resnais; in French), script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8 and 10: "L'Immortelle" (1962, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Trans-Europe-Express" (1966, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: Ten short films made by Stan Brakhage in 1976. . . . ¶ April 19 at 10: "Last Year at Marienbad."

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—April 10 at 8: "The Big Combo" (1955, Joseph H. Lewis), with Cornel Wilde, Richard Conte, and Jean Wallace. . . . ¶ April 11 at 8: "La Habañera" (1937, Douglas Sirk; in German). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "White Heart" (Dan Barnett), and "Endless," a work in progress by Barnett. . . . ¶ April 13 at 8: Seven films, 1950-69, made to show high schoolers the limits of acceptable social behavior. Presented by Rick Prelinger. . . . ¶ April 14 at 8: Joan Braderman presenting three of her works—"No More Nice Girls," "30 Second Spot," and "Joan Does Dynasty." . . . ¶ April 14 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: A panel discussion with Steve Fagin, Ken Jacobs, and Leslie Thornton, moderated by Mark McElhatten, about lost and found footage. . . . ¶ April 15 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8: "A Perfect Pair (Lust)" (Valie Export); "Calling Dr. Petrov" (George Kuchar); "Sucker" (Tony Oursler); "The Act of Seeing with One's Own Eyes" (Stan Brakhage); "Nearing the Big Chakra" (Anne Seversen); and "Dead Ringers" (1988, David Cronenberg), with Jeremy Irons. . . . ¶ April 17 at 8: "On Dangerous Ground" (1952, Nicholas Ray), with Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Three Crowns of a Sailor" (Raul Ruiz). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Baara" (Souleymane Cissé).

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 14 at 6:30 and 8:20: "Okoto and Sasuke" (1961, Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese); based on the novel by Junichiro Tanizaki.

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films from Vietnam. April 14 at 3: "A Quiet Little Town" (1986, Le Duc Tien). . . . ¶ April 14 at 7: "The Abandoned Field—Free Fire Zone" (1979, Nguyen Hong Sen).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—The film section of "Yoko Ono: Objects, Films" is showing in the Film/Video Gallery on the second floor. April 11-16: "Rape" (1969). Tuesday at 1:30, 3:30, and 6:15; Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30, 1:30, and 3:30; and Sunday at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30.

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—April 12 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Baton Rouge" (1985, Rachid Bouchareb; in French), with Jacques Penot and Pierre-Loup Rajot. . . . ¶ April 19 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Golem: The Legend of Prague" (1936, Julien Duvivier; in French and Yiddish), with Harry Baur, Roger Karl, and Ferdinand Hart.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad"; the Baron and the ten-year-old girl (Sarah Polley) who accompanies him voyage to a city on the moon, fall into the fire god Vulcan's foundry inside the belching Mt. Etna, and are swallowed by a monster fish. Yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. Gilliam's hip silliness is deflating; his gifts—his gagster's prankishness and his sense of beauty—don't harmonize. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, Sting, Valentina Cortese, Bill Paterson, Winston Dennis, Jack Purvis, Alison Steadman, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (4/3/89) (Coronet, and Art Greenwich Twin.)

"The Bitter Tea of General Yen"

ALICE—The Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words. He animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. The director—a self-described "militant Surrealist," who has been making short films since 1964—brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material, and his approach sometimes seems overly formal, a little rigid. But this is an extraordinary piece of work. There are sequences that are small miracles of stop-motion animation: the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. "Alice" is a brilliant demonstration of the connection between a child's imagination and the lonely, obsessive craftsmanship of a great animator. Alice is played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová; she's the only human being in the movie.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Collective for Living Cinema; April 14-15 at 11 P.M.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—Dudley Moore and Peter Cook probably did their best screen teamwork in this movie, written by Cook, from a story they devised together, and directed by Stanley Donen. It's a very deft and silly and likable Faustian vaudeville—a series of skits in which the tall, skinny Cook, as the Devil, makes a sucker of the shy, little-boyish Faust (Moore). Moore starts out as a timid, working-class fellow who's helplessly in love with a girl (Eleanor Bron) who likes intellectuals; he sells his soul for her, and of course he never gets her. The Devil grants him the fulfillment of seven wishes, and the fun of the plot is in Moore's seven different incarnations and in the Devil's cool deviousness and the pleasure he takes in frustrating him. The movie is no more than a novelty, but it may surprise you by making you laugh out loud a few times. With Raquel Welch, who appears briefly as Lust, Barry Humphries as Envy, and Lockwood West as St. Peter.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 17-18.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). The screenplay, by Edward Paramore, was adapted from a story by Grace Zaring Stone.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 19.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. The movie is all nuances—the pointed, unmistakable kind that allow audiences to congratulate themselves for having picked them up. Denis certainly knows how to attenuate erotic tension; then, with a sort of dry, academic sadism, she leaves it unresolved. Her picture is nothing but a long tease, high-toned but low-minded. In denying the dignified sufferer Protée any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. Also with François Cluzet, Cécile Ducasse, Mireille Perrier, and Emmanuelle Chaulet. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Crusoe—With Aidan Quinn, directed by Caleb Deschanel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris; through April 13.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, and Festival. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through April 13.)

Dark Habits (1983; "Entre Tinieblas")—This amusingly erratic convent farce by the Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar shows us his naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his later movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) Cristina S. Pascual plays Yolanda, a Madrid night-club singer, who hides out from the police in a convent that specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies. The Mother Superior (Julieta Serrano) is so avid to recruit sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) The jokes are sometimes labored; still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma. And he catches something very appealing in the musical numbers, especially at the convent party where three singing nuns (including Carmen Maura, of "Law of Desire," on the bongos) serve as backup singers for Yolanda. In Spanish.—P.K. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontations of rich and poor, and it features a gang of streetwise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster, with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girlfriend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. Directed by William Wyler; cinematography by Gregg Toland; screenplay by Lillian Hellman.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 16-17.)

There's an acute case of centennial fever over at the film department of the Museum of Modern Art. A few weeks ago, the museum used the hundredth birthday of Carl Dreyer as an excuse for mounting a full retrospective; for the next couple of weeks (April 14th through April 27th), the party boy is Charlie Chaplin. This time, the curators haven't been quite so comprehensive: all of Chaplin's feature films will be shown, but only a handful of his shorts—none earlier than 1918, when he began to produce his own movies (he was already writing, directing, and starring in them). In a sense, MOMA's series begins too late and ends too late: the two-reelers he made for Mutual in 1916 and 1917 (the likes of "Easy Street," "The Rink," and "One A.M.") are as brilliantly funny as screen comedy can be; and the three pictures that followed "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947) are pretty awful. (Glimpses of Chaplin's pre-1918 work can be seen in the museum's video gallery, where the first part of the Kevin Brownlow–David Gill documentary "The Unknown Chaplin" is showing.) Still, as James Agee said, "Anyone who saw Chaplin eating a boiled shoe like brook trout in 'The Gold Rush,' or embarrassed by a swallowed whistle in 'City Lights,' has seen perfection." These centennial extravaganzas are a good deal. Let's hope that someone at MOMA checks the calendar and notices that Jean Cocteau and Abel Gance came into the world in 1889, too.

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director, David Lean, surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. The picture isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. Though not in itself a disgraceful failure, it does have one disgraceful effect: the final shot of a rainbow over the huge dam where Zhivago's lost daughter is working. This banal suggestion that the suffering has all been for the best and that tomorrow will be brighter is not only an insult to the audience, it is a coarse gesture of condescension to the Russians. With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski. From the novel by Boris Pasternak.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 16.)

The Dream Team—With Michael Keaton, Christopher Lloyd, Peter Boyle, and Stephen Furst; directed by Howard Zieff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and National Twin.)

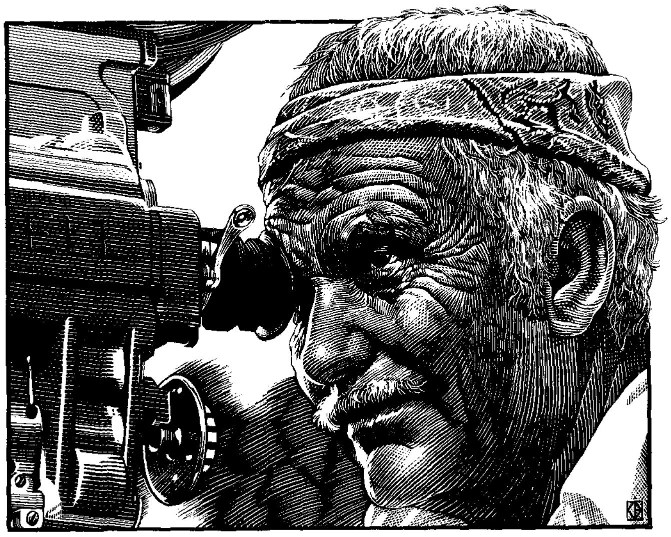
The Dressmaker—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have become the nakedest of performers. With Peter Postlethwaite, Pippa Hinchley, and Rosemary Martin.—P.K. (12/12/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Heathers—With Winona Ryder and Christian Slater, directed by Michael Lehmann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina and Sandra Milo, Valeska Gert, Lou Gilbert, José-Luis de Villalonga, Sylva Koscina, Valentina Cortese, and Friedrich Ledebur. Written by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Brunello Rondi. In Italian.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 14-15.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)



Sam Peckinpah

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it).—P.K. (12/26/88) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Olympia; through April 13.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through April 13. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting April 14.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

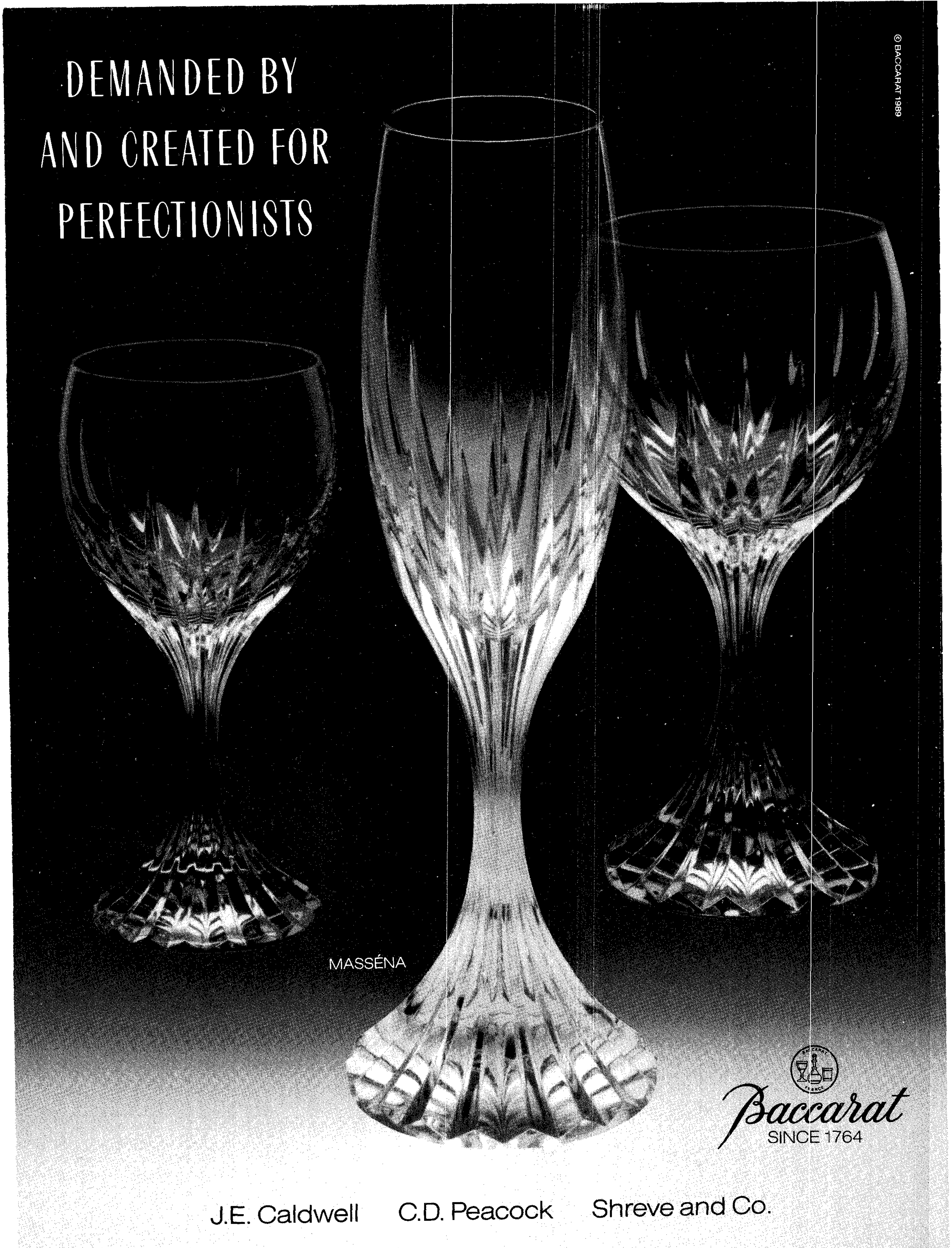
The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence. (On March 1, 1989, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals overturned the conviction of Randall Adams; he was released from prison shortly thereafter, and the Dallas District Attorney's office announced that it didn't intend to try the case again.)—T.R. (9/5/88) (Eastside Cinema; through April 13.)

True Believer—A nifty thriller—fast and tense—about a Manhattan lawyer (James Woods) who was a hero of the counterculture but is now defending drug dealers and getting paid in cash. When he's goaded by his new law associate (Robert Downey, Jr.) into taking on a murder case, his eyes widen at the bare possibility that the man he's defending might be innocent. The movie makes us share the lawyer's energy and charge as he investigates the crime. He doesn't want to sleep; he lives off the excitement of having a cause. It's a pick-me-up of a movie. Nothing great, nothing terribly distinctive, but the aliveness of the texture can quicken your senses and keep you fascinated. Directed by Joseph Ruben, from a script by Wesley Strick.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Art Greenwich Twin; through April 13.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation; the film is perched right on the edge of incoherence, yet it's comparable in scale and sheer poetic force to Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai." There are images of great subtlety and emotional sophistication: a blown-up bridge, with horses and riders falling to the water in an instant extended (by slow motion) to eternity; a vulture sits on a dead man's chest and turns his squalid, naked head to stare at the camera. Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson, Edmond O'Brien, and Warren Oates. The script is by Walon Green and Peckinpah, based on story material by Green and Roy N. Sickner.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, and Joan Cusack. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, and Waverly; through April 13. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 14.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

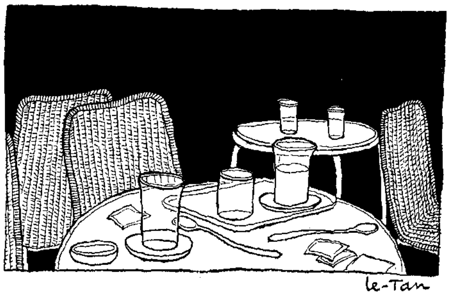
A FRIEND in Washington writes:

Contrary to the impression you may have received from news reports labelling our city the murder capital of the United States, gun battles aren't being fought outside the Supreme Court Building every night, nor are all District of Columbia residents taking their lives in their hands every time they walk to the store for a carton of milk. In fact, in the vast majority of Washington's residential neighborhoods life goes on pretty much as it always has. And the parts of the city inhabited by official Washington and frequented by tourists—Capitol Hill, Georgetown, the Mall, and so on—are probably among the safest urban spaces in America.

I point this out not to diminish the horror but to clarify it. The fact that an overwhelming percentage of our neighborhoods are free of gunfire is no comfort to citizens living in those that aren't. In 1988, there were three hundred and seventy-two murders in the District of Columbia, a record high. This year, bodies are piling up at nearly twice last year's pace. Most of the victims have been young black men, and most of those squeezing the triggers have also been young black men. The violence is a direct outgrowth of the flourishing trade in illegal drugs—especially crack—which is virtually the only form of economic activity in the city's most depressed areas. The majority of the murders have been, in effect, calculated, gangland-style assassinations.

By its nature, the drug business is conducted out of sight of the law, so there is little that the police can do to prevent the killings, and when they investigate afterward, potential eyewitnesses are often afraid to coöperate. One officer recently told me about responding to an emergency call at the open-air drug markets along Drake Place, Southeast, one of the deadliest strips in the city—the site of six fatal shootings in the first three months of this year. "We pull up and ask people what happened, and nobody's talking, because they're afraid if they do they'll be next," he said. Maurice Turner, the District of Columbia police chief, said on a local talk show, "Eventually, the turf will be divided, they will go out and sell their drugs, people will pay their drug bills on time, and we're not going to have all these shootings." That may sound fatalistic, but it's hard to accuse the police of laxness; they've made more than forty-six thousand drug-related arrests in the last two and a half years.

Nevertheless, the murder epidemic has provoked criticism of the police, and of the District government, by federal officials, for whom Washington is, after all, home. For example, Senator Warren Rudman, whose opinion carries special weight, because he is the ranking Republican on the subcommittee that oversees federal drug enforcement, has raised the possibility of replacing the local police force with a federal constabulary. There have also been murmurings about revoking home rule.



Local business and political leaders, too, are agitated. Fearing that Washington's violent image will scare away the tourists who annually inject some two billion dollars into the local economy, the Greater Washington Board of Trade recently rebuked the District government for having gained a reputation for "inefficiency and inconsistency" in handling the crisis. Earlier this year, the City Council passed a curfew law that mandated that people aged seventeen and younger be off the streets by eleven o'clock during the week and by midnight on weekends. A federal judge blocked the curfew on constitutional grounds, and the Council has just approved a less strict measure. Meanwhile, the city's mayor, Marion Barry, his own reputation tarnished by allegations of cocaine use, of friendship with reputed drug figures, of misappropriation of public funds, and of other forms of corruption, denies that the city is as dangerous as news reports suggest. He blames the federal government for the easy availability of drugs and says that a curfew wouldn't be necessary if parents only kept their children home at night.

President Bush and members of his Administration talk a lot about drugs in Washington—indeed, William Bennett, the director of the newly created Office of National Drug Control Policy, has announced that Washington will be the first test case in his war on drugs—but they don't seem very interested in the *why* of drug addiction, and so they advance policies that, for the most part, address merely the symptoms of the underlying disease. Even if Bennett's forthcoming crackdown succeeds in putting hundreds of District drug dealers behind bars, victory will be temporary unless demand is reduced.

For the last four years, I've lived in a mainly black working-class neighborhood in northwest Washington. From the White House it's a ten-minute drive up Sixteenth Street, the north-south artery that divides the white, affluent part of town from the black majority. (Because tourists tend not to spend time in the non-official sections of Washington, most of them remain ignorant of a central fact about the nation's capital: geographically, at least, it is racially segregated.) It's also a ten-minute walk from some of the most dangerous drug-dealing blocks in the District. One morning not long after Mrs. Reagan began preaching her "Just say no" gospel, I overheard a conversation outside my neighborhood bicycle shop between two black men in their early twenties. They were full of energy and were having a good time competing to see who could come up with the most withering insult. Eventually, the wittier of the two fastened on the subject of his friend's jacket, declaring it "the ugliest jacket I ever saw." "Where'd you get that jacket, out of the garbage?" he asked, and before his buddy could reply he said, "I just say no to that jacket! I just say no." Both of them laughed and laughed.

"Just say no" is ridiculed in my neighborhood not because residents think drug abuse is a joke—they, of all people, know better, for they see the toll in wasted lives and desperate crime all around them—but because they recognize how irrelevant it is to the facts of life in the ghetto. Why should a ghetto kid say no to drugs when he has nothing else in life to say yes to? A friend of mine recently observed, "If you're born into poverty, with a confused teen-ager for a parent, and your neighborhood looks like Hiroshima after the bomb hit, and your chances of becoming a computer programmer are about as remote as those of becoming a nuclear physicist, when someone comes along and offers you a chance to forget your troubles by taking crack, or a chance to buy a BMW by selling crack, you'll probably do it."

My friend, who used to work in the Justice Department, was among those who warned in the aftermath of the urban riots of the nineteen-sixties that leaving America's inner cities to fester in their misery would be a form of national suicide. The warnings went unheeded. For twenty years, the wretched of our inner cities were effectively ignored, and during the Reagan Presidency the tenor of public policy toward them degenerated from disregard to hostility. Now many of the same lawmakers who joined Reagan in slashing public housing, job training, and other antipoverty programs are indignant at the murder epidemic soiling the image of the nation's capital. It makes one wonder: Why does it take riots or soaring murder rates to get white America to pay attention to the plight of poor urban blacks? Why do so few of our political leaders draw the obvious connections between drug addiction and the structural poverty that afflicts virtually every inner city in America? Poverty isn't the only cause of drug addiction, but it's surely a crucial one. How long will it be before we as a nation recognize that until the war on drugs is combined with a renewed war on poverty the chances of success on either front are bleak indeed?

• •

Breakthrough

A JOURNALIST reports from Moscow:

The end of March was really something here: the elections, Gorbachev's departure for Cuba, and, in the middle, a ceremony I witnessed at the Kremlin—the signing of a bilateral trade agreement between the Soviet government and a bunch of American capitalists, which the U.S.A. principals described as a "precedent-setting breakthrough" and a "milestone," and their U.S.S.R. counterparts as "exceptionally important" and "truly unique." Joint ventures are the anticipated outcome of this agreement, and, although its details haven't yet been disclosed, one thing that is known is that the Americans, for the first time, will be able to repatriate whatever profits they make not in rubles but in honest-to-goodness hard currency.

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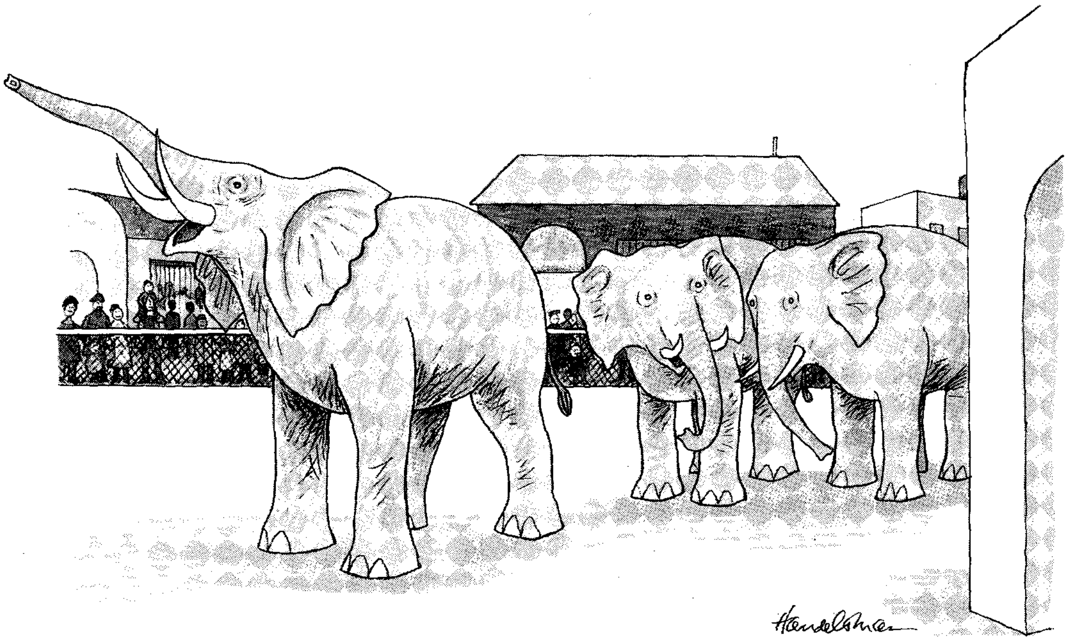
The agreement was signed in the Maly Zal—Small Hall—where the Council of Ministers sometimes meets. It's a chamber roughly twenty by forty feet, featuring two rather plain chandeliers, a hovering portrait of Lenin, and a T-shaped table with a green cloth surface. Along one side of the table were four green upholstered chairs. On it were two small flags, some pens, and a pair of red leather folders, each containing copies of a General Trade Agreement to be endorsed by an American Trade Consortium made up of six corporations and by a Soviet Foreign Economic Consortium representing a flock of ministries and agencies. Close to a hundred men and women were standing around, about half of them from each country. The chairs were soon occupied—by Vladimir Drovosekov and Yuri Scherbina, the chairman and the deputy chairman, respectively, of the S.F.E.C., and by Robert Carbonell, the chairman of the A.T.C. and the C.E.O. of the Del Monte Foods division of RJR Nabisco, and James Giffen, the president of the A.T.C., the C.E.O. of the Mercator Corporation, the author of "The Legal and Practical Aspects of Trade with the Soviet Union," and, for the last couple of years, while the compact was in the works, practically a commuter between Moscow and New York. Standing directly behind the Russian signatories was, among others, Vladimir Kamentsev, the Deputy Prime Minister, who afterward told us all that the agreement "is entirely novel, and sets a precedent." Looking happily over the Americans' shoulders were executives of the four other businesses that made up the visiting consortium: Archer Daniels Midland, Chevron, Eastman Kodak, and Johnson & Johnson. (Ford was to have been on the team but somewhat mysteriously pulled out almost at the last minute.) The signing, accomplished with a great flourish of swapped pens, took only a few seconds, and was followed by much applause, brief remarks by Drovosekov and Giffen, and an exchange of toasts all around. (Fruit juices only; to try to curtail drunkenness, Moscow drinking places can't serve anything stronger before 2 P.M.

I overheard one Russian say, smiling, "We're very different people now.")



"Sounds good to me. Of course, I've never heard Wynton Marsalis."

• •

After a while, I fell in with Jim Giffen and extended congratulations. He pointed to a dapper little man in a black homburg and said, "There's the one who got it all going." He was looking at Dwayne Andreas, the Archer Daniels Midland C.E.O., who is a co-chairman of the U.S.-U.S.S.R Trade and Economic Council and is sometimes informally known as the Soybean King. A friend of Gorbachev since 1984, when the General Secretary was in charge of agriculture, Andreas has in the past few years been characterized as the new Armand Hammer. And he is the man who, a couple of months ago, offered to buy the nearly finished American Embassy building in Moscow, which the State Department won't use, because it has been bugged.

When I caught up with Mr. Andreas, I found him clearly elated. "At the start of all this, there was only a fifty-fifty chance we'd get on with the Russians," he told me, "and that, mind you, on top of a fifty-fifty chance we could get on with one another." He was also gratified that his private plane, a Falcon 900, had been allowed to fly into Moscow without a Soviet navigator aboard. For years, the only American with that privilege was the original Armand Hammer.

I asked Mr. Andreas how his bid for the Embassy was doing. He said that while he'd studied the plans he hadn't yet laid eyes on the place, and, in fact, was on his way there now. Would I like to come along? Soon we were cruising through Moscow in a big Chaika limo. En route, Mr. Andreas talked about what he hoped Archer Daniels Midland could produce in the Soviet Union, starting, if all went well, in January, 1991. "The Russians wanted a soybean plant in the western part of the country, but soy won't grow there," he said. "Much too far north. I had to explain to them that you don't put a dam where there's no river. The only logical place for soy cultivation is way out east, around Vladivostok, and I've had some people sniffing around there. Meanwhile, we're inquiring seriously into a barley-malting operation. People are really interested in these ventures. I'm on the board of Lone Star Industries. We've just come up with a new kind of cement that dries in four hours. Some Latvians heard about it and flew over to see me yesterday. They said they wanted to build a cement plant, and I said, 'You've got a deal.' We A.T.C. people, incidentally, had an interesting two and a half hours with Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov, and I was delighted to hear him say that the Soviet Union's No. 1 production priority is now food. We also learned that the Russians have begun converting defense plants to civilian use. One former atomic-energy installation, the Prime Minister told us, is now making dairy equipment and is known as Milkman No. 1. And an aircraft plant is making macaroni machinery. Swords into plowshares."

The Embassy building, when we got to the site, turned out to be in the center of a sprawling complex, the rest of which was very much in use—more than a hundred apartments occupied by United States diplomatic people and their families, and, for their collective benefit, a bowling alley, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, a cafeteria, a barbershop, a mail room, two squash-and-racquetball courts, and an underground garage full of cars with red (i.e., diplomatic) license plates bearing the U.S.A.'s number, 004. The occupants of the enclave, a guide informed Mr. Andreas, call it the Fortress. During a tour of the premises, the prospective purchaser said, peering into the gym, "I can see that the personnel here aren't going to be very willing to give this up." Not, I gathered, that they would necessarily have to; if he ever takes title, he may just lease these premises back to the United States.

The big bugged Embassy building, rising eight stories above ground, is finished except for a roof and interior partitions. Andreas wanted to see it up close, and he wasn't worried about bugs. "I'm bugged in everything I do," he said cheerfully. "In New York, probably. Certainly in Washington." He headed toward a gap in a fence around the Embassy. "My theory is 'Don't ask,' " he said, striding briskly forward. Before he had progressed four feet, a man in a sentry booth hopped out and stopped him. Flying unescorted into busy Sheremetyevo 2 is one thing, it seems, and entering a vacant American building is another.

Pear Trees

THE first callery pear trees we ever noticed were a group of six on Madison Avenue across from the

Morgan Library. They are four stories tall, and their leaves and branches have the simple, rounded shape of verdure drawn by kindergartners. For at least a week in early April, the trees cover themselves with cloudy white flowers. After we first saw them in bloom, a few years ago, we made a point of being on time every April. Recently, the seasons in New York seem to have been reduced to two: summer and pseudo-winter. The others—fall, real winter (snow, icicles, sledding in the Park), and spring—come and go so quickly we feel grateful for any vivid mark of their passage. Spring begins and, for the most part, stays on the ground—at bush and flower level. Callery pears are the first, and almost the only, dramatic sign of it we have over our heads.

The callery pears in this country are descendants of seeds collected in China in 1919. A botanist, Joseph Decaisne, first described them in 1872, using specimens gathered several years earlier by Joseph Callery, a French missionary. The callery pear (*Pyrus Calleryana*) does not bear edible fruit, but it is quite resistant to fire blight, a disease that attacks pears in climates with a cool, wet spring. In the nineteen-fifties, John Creech, who later became the director of the National Arboretum, began testing calleries as street trees in Washington. They passed with flying colors. In the nineteen-seventies, when the London plane, which had replaced the elm as the generic American street tree, began to suffer from a fungal disease named anthracnose, callery pears were sent into the breach.

Recently, we spoke to Marc Cathey, Dr. Creech's successor at the National Arboretum. "I jokingly say that callery pears are the most widely overplanted trees in the world," he said. "They're getting as clichéd as Cher's clothes." He added, seriously, "They're a lovely, lovely tree. Their leaves turn bronze in the fall, and they are beautiful as a winter silhouette." The life of a street tree is like Hobbes' description of the life of man. That is why the callery pear's resilience is so important. "They will take bad soil, wet soil, dry soil," Dr. Cathey told us. "They will take cutting at their roots. They're like Gene Hackman—they can take everything you can give them. Their only defect is the brittleness of their limbs. Their limbs are like straws—very easily broken. I had five of the trees in my yard. All of them came down after a heavy rain. You can imagine the catastrophe—being director of the National Arboretum and losing five trees of your own."

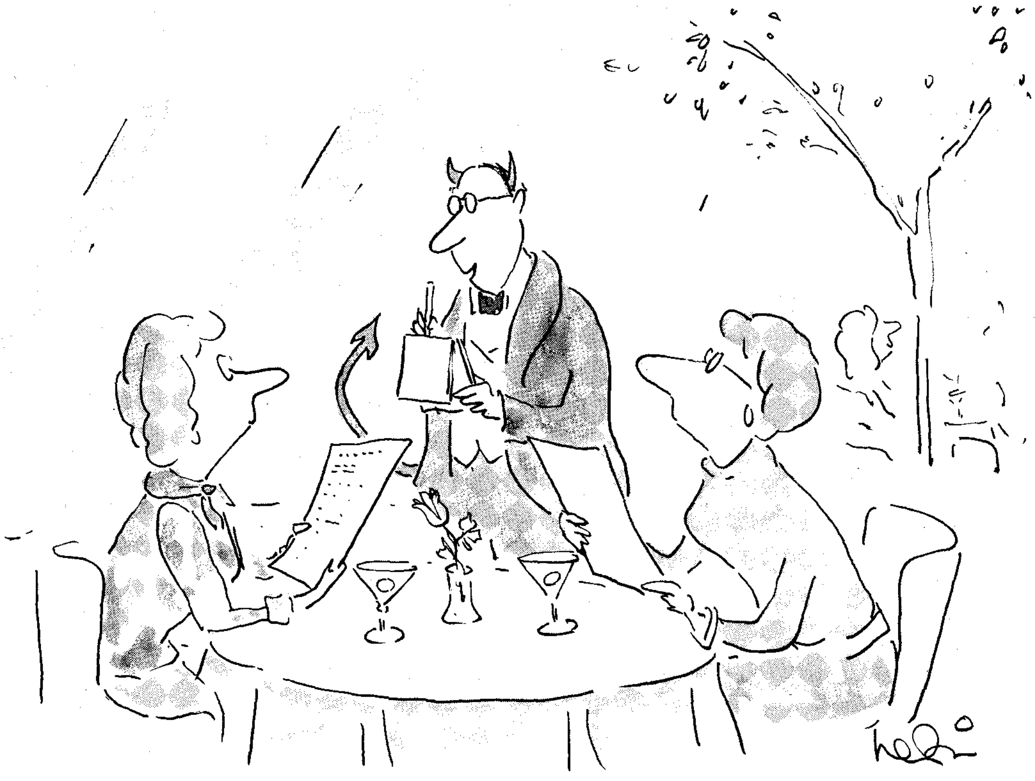
The trees, we learned, come in several varieties. The oldest, the Bradford, was named after a general manager of the Department of Agriculture's Introduction Center in Glenn Dale, Maryland. Another variety, the Redspire, has become especially popular, because it grows taller and straighter than others and its branches don't split so badly. The National Arboretum has recently developed two smaller versions, the White House and the Capital. The callery pears in New York come from Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and as far away as Maryland. A retailer on Sixth Avenue told us that because they are pruned to begin branching at six feet above ground they are "not a good tree for terraces," and he added, "By the time you put them in a box, you're looking at a flagpole."

But the calleries are very popular on the street. "Horticulturists are a little afraid they're going to be overplanted," we were told by Donald Breen, the Street Tree Planting Coördinator of the Manhattan Forestry Office, which supervises the planting of privately funded trees in this borough. "But if I go to a block and I don't see any I will still recommend them. I think every block should have at least one of them." He estimated that he oversaw the planting of "maybe two hundred and fifty" every year.

Jeff Broder, an employee of the Street Tree Planting Program of the Department of Parks, which allocates money for trees in response to requests from community boards and other citizens' groups, estimated that his office plants two thousand callery pears in the entire city every year. "Everyone wants a callery pear, because it flowers," he told us.

"What is the next most popular tree?" we asked.

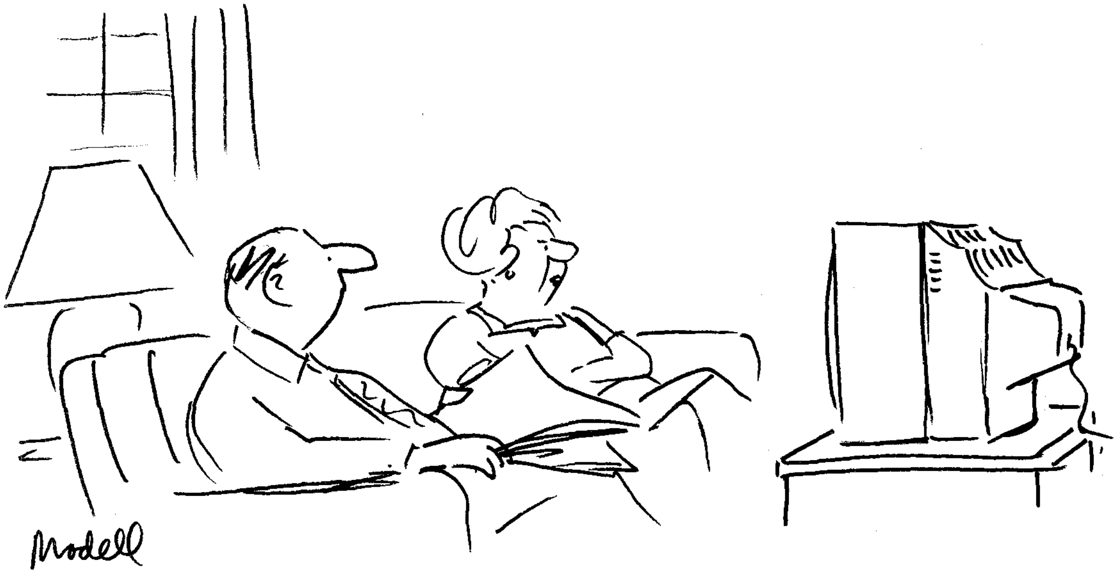
"There is no next most popular," he said.



"Might I suggest something wicked for dessert?"

Indian Trading Post

IF anybody is interested in buying an Indian Trading Post, there's one for sale in Danbury, a mile south of the big mall on Route 7 and across the road from the rifle range where weekend gun enthusiasts test-fire Uzi submachine guns. You can get twenty-two acres of land, complete with two faded tepees, assorted concrete lawn deer without antlers, and six old cabins in need of paint. If you buy the business as well as the land, you will get a store filled with Indian curios. They won't remind you of Georgia O'Keeffe, or even of Ralph Lauren. What the Indian Trading Post sells is mementos of a souvenir hunter's West: a tomahawk with a rubber blade, a change purse festooned with tiny bright beads, a wooden plaque inscribed with the motto "Great Spirit, grant that I may not criticize my neighbor until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."



"I just hope Connie Chung stays put for a while."

• •

The Indian Trading Post was opened for business in 1953, by Joan Jackson and her husband, Harold, who was known as the Tom Mix of Danbury—a nickname he got because he was the only Yankee around who always wore a Stetson hat and cowboy boots, and because he once met the movie star and shook his hand. As a teen-ager, Harold went on a trip West with his parents. The adventure never left his mind, so when he and Joan—a former "Ziegfeld Follies" dancer—decided to start an Indian trading post in Danbury they drove through New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont inspecting the various Tepee Towns and Wigwam Villages that sold injunware to vacationers, and they stocked their store with things they'd seen there which memorialized his boyhood trip: miniature birchbark canoes, lucky papoose dolls, copper-colored concho belts, and postcards of life on the reservation. Their specialties were fringed buckskin jackets and skirts, and moccasins and squaw boots in styles for cabin (soleless) and town (rubber-bottomed).

In 1953, Route 7 was a poky country road. The cabins along the lake shore rented by the week. The Jacksons' first business card read "The Vacation Land Indian Trading Post. Phone: PIoneer 8-1252. Deerskin—Jackets—Moccasins—Lake Cottages—Light House Keeping." When we were there recently, Mrs. Jackson showed us a snapshot taken of Harold fifteen years ago. He is standing in front of a big Masonite tepee and wearing a turkey-feather Indian headdress that reaches all the way to the ground. His hand is raised in a gesture that says "How."

The Indian Trading Post became a landmark. It was the place to stop on your way to the annual Danbury Fair, with its wooden carrousel and brassy midway. Classes of schoolchildren came to sit around the tepee and learn Indian lore. Local fraternal lodges bought feathered war bonnets to use in secret ceremonies. Chief Big Heart, a professional wrestler, came for his size-54 deerskin jackets. The Jacksons met many celebrities. When Hugh Downs, Jack Paar's sidekick, stopped in, Mr. Jackson took him to the family living quarters, behind the store, and showed him a Conestoga-wagon lamp with a bulb inside that flickered like a candle. Twiggy shopped at the Indian Trading Post two days in a row in 1967. And Jack Douglas, a regular on Jack Paar and Johnny Carson, came in once, wearing no shoelaces and a rope for a belt.

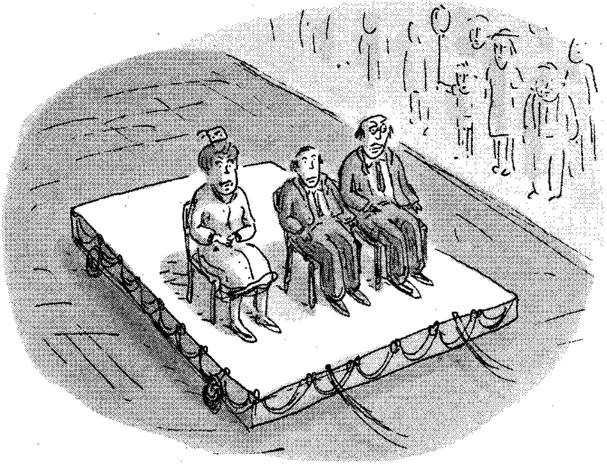
Mr. Jackson died in 1986, and Mrs. Jackson, now seventy-five, was persuaded by her children to sell the land and the store. The store is still open, though, and she still has some of the merchandise that she and her husband bought together. Before the maker of their fringed jackets went out of business, the Jacksons bought dozens of them. Many still hang on the rack, covered with age-clouded transparent clothing bags and bearing tags that sing of "the romance of leather." On the walls are hat racks made from taxidermized deer feet, and sportsmen's clocks with outlines of ducks burned into their laminated-wood frames. The Indian Trading Post still has a good supply of Minnetonka and Minnehaha moccasins.

Mrs. Jackson wants to believe that the Indian spirit she and Mr. Jackson nurtured is still alive, but it doesn't seem likely that the Trading Post will continue in business. One prospective buyer has considered the property for a movie multiplex, and has thought about putting a Red Lobster restaurant there. The real-estate broker who showed us the listing said, "Who would want that old tepee?"

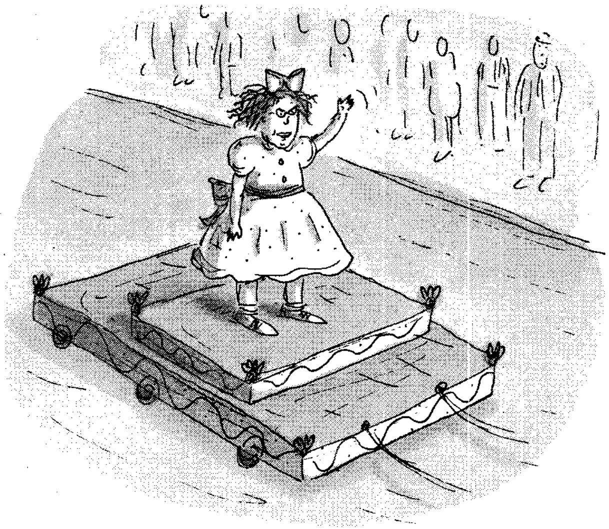
Trucks and commuters' cars speed past the front of the Indian Trading Post, but from the window of her knotty-pine-panelled living room behind the store Mrs. Jackson still has a view of a wooded mountain and a spring-fed lake with seventeen kinds of fish. "When you look out here, you think nothing has changed," she told us.

FROM THE TOURNAMENT OF NEUROSES PARADE

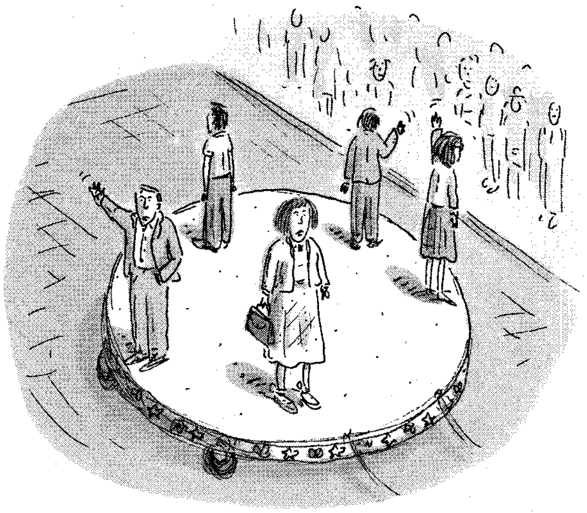
The "I Never Really Broke Away from My Parents" Float



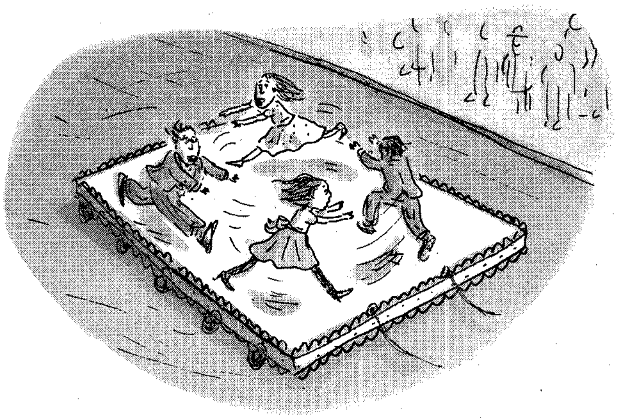
The "In My Mind's Eye, I Will Always Be a Fat, Short, Frizzy-Haired, Glasses-and-Braces-Wearing Sixth Grader" Float



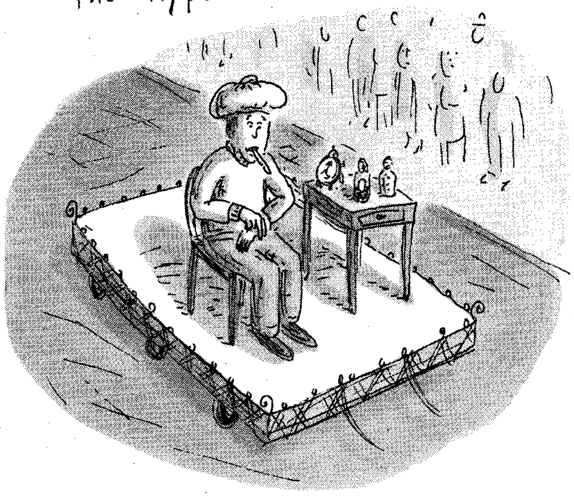
The "People Who Have Difficulty Forming Bonds of Intimacy with Other People" Float



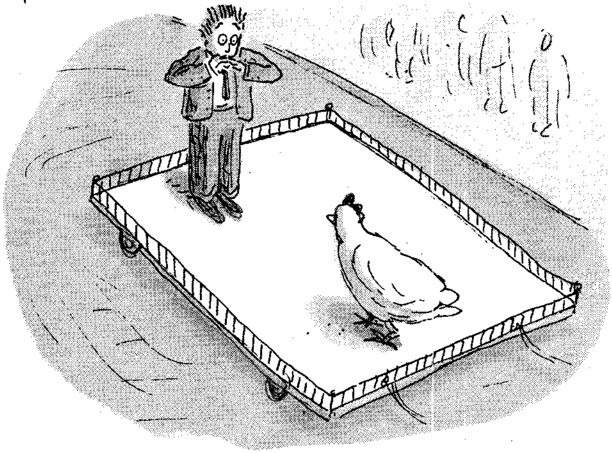
The "I Only Want What Is Unattainable" Float



The "Hypochondria" Float



The "Fear of Chickens" Float



R. Chast

CROSSINGS

On St. Brigid's Day the new life could be entered
By going through her girdle of straw rope.
The proper way for men was right leg first,

Then right arm and right shoulder, head, then left
Shoulder, arm, and leg. Women drew it down
Over the body and stepped out of it.

The open they came into by these moves
Stood opener, hoops came off the world,
They could feel the February air

Still soft above their heads and imagine
The limp rope fray and flare like windborne gleanings
Or an unhindered goldfinch over plowland.

* * *

Not an avenue and not a bower.
For a quarter mile or so, where the county road
Is running straight across North Antrim bog,

Tall old fir trees line it on both sides.
Scotch firs, that is. Calligraphic shocks
Bushed and tufted in prevailing winds.

You drive into a meaning made of trees.
Or not exactly trees. It is a sense
Of running through and under without let,

Of glimpse and dapple. A life all trace and skim
The car has vanished out of. A fanned nape
Sensitive to the millionth of a flicker.

* * *

Running water never disappointed.
Crossing water always furthered something.
Stepping stones were stations of the soul.

A kesh could mean the track some called a causey
Raised above the wetness of the bog,
Or the part of it that bridged old drains and streams.

It steadies me to tell these things. Also
I cannot mention keshes or the ford
Without my father's shade appearing to me

On a path toward sunset, eying spades and clothes
That turf-cutters stowed perhaps or souls cast off
Before they crossed the log that spans the burn.

* * *

Be literal a moment. Recollect
Walking out on what had been emptied out
After he died, turning your back and leaving.

That morning tiles were harder, windows colder,
The raindrops on the pane more scourged, the grass
Barer to the sky, more wind-harrowed,

Or so it seemed. The house that he had planned—
"Plain, big, straight, ordinary, you know?"—
A paradigm of rigor and correction,

Rebuke to fanciness and shrine to limit,
Stood firmer than ever for its own idea,
Like a printed X-ray for the X-rayed body.

* * *

To those who have seen spirits, human skin
For a long time afterward appears most coarse.
The face I see that all falls short of since

Passes down an aisle: I share the bus
From San Francisco airport into Berkeley
With one other passenger, who's dropped

At Treasure Island military base,
Halfway across Bay Bridge. Vietnam-bound,
He could have been one newly dead come back,

Unsurprisable but still disappointed,
Having to bear his farm-boy self again,
His shaving cuts, his otherworldly brow.

* * *

Shaving cuts. The pallor of bad habits.
Sunday afternoons, when summer idled
And couples walked the road along the Foyle,

We brought a shaving mirror to our window
In the top story of the boarders' dorms:
Lovers in the happy valley, cars

Eager-backed and silent, the absolute river
Between us and it all. We tilted the glass up
Into the sun and found the range and shone

A flitting light on what we could not have.
Brightness played over them in chancy sweeps
Like flashes from a god's shield or the gene pool.

* * *

And yes, my friend, we, too, walked through a valley.
Once. In darkness. With all the street lamps off.
When scaresome night made *valley* of that town.

Scene from Dante, made more memorable
By one of his head-clearing similes—
Fireflies, say, since the policemen's torches

Clustered and flicked and tempted us to trust
The unpredictable, attractive light.
We were like herded shades who had to cross

And did cross, in a panic, to the car
Parked as we'd left it, that gave when we got in
Like Charon's boat under the faring poets.

—Seamus Heaney

A CHANGE OF POLICY

SOON after six on a rainy London evening, when the traffic was clogged and bleating in the streets, Paula got back from Chelsea to her flat off Baker Street. She had been reading to a learned old lady whose sight was failing, a friend of her sister, and she was about to change from her red dress—the one with the large gilt buckle on it—when there was a long, aggravating ring of the doorbell. No doubt some stupid messenger had mistaken her bell for that of the sportswear shop on the ground floor. She went down the steep stairs, and when she opened the door there was the sharp back of a man with graying hair who was shouting at a woman trying to get her car into a parking place on the other side of the street. He turned around.

"Hullo, Paula," he said. "Usual thing. Can't keep my nose out of other people's troubles. That's a lie—protecting my property. Don't want that silly woman smashing into my car."

Paula stared at him and, astonished, said, "Mr. Southey!"

"Same as the poet," he said.

"George! I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you. Well, come in. You've grown a beard."

As he followed her up the narrow staircase he said, "I'm glad you noticed. A small Vandyke—keeping up with the lads at the works. Just got in from Munich—actually, Istanbul."

Paula's small sitting room had tall windows and was made to look larger by a long discreet mirror that set off her height. A woman of taste: sets of small books on the shelves on either side of the fireplace.

"Why didn't you telephone?" she said. She was easily irritated by people who dropped in. "And *do* sit down."

"I did," he said. "A message for me at the airport—from my brother—said the proofs of the *Quarterly* were two months late. I said, 'That's not like Paula,' saved time and went straight to the Prof Shop. No dice. They said you'd left, packed in the job, sent in your cards. Lang gone. Featherstone, too. New girl in Reception."

"Do sit down, George," she said.

"I mean, we've been printing the *Quarterly* for how long is it—years. What's going on?"

"I don't know," she said. "Yes, I did resign. I am not in touch with anyone there. There has been a change of policy."

She wished he had not called the Institute "the Prof Shop." It was a learned institution, a century old, internationally respected.

"But you ran the place," said George. "Arranged all the foreign lectures, introduced them. . . ."

"How did you know my address, George?" she asked. She was a woman for rules, and there *was* a rule that no private addresses could be given.

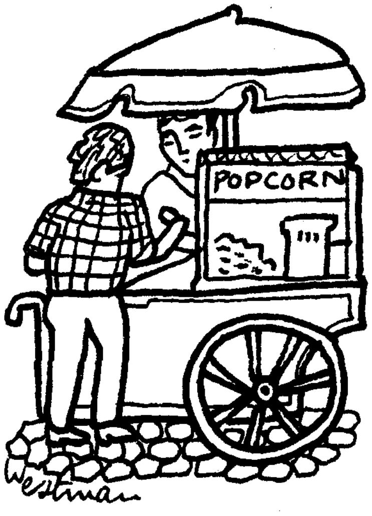
"That was easy," he said. "You've forgotten. I dropped you and your sister here one night, five years ago. After that lecture—Herr Doktor Wafflenbloater or something, on the Catholic Church and the Third Reich. You sneaked me in."

"Dr. Grein," she said stiffly.

"There I go, flat on my face as usual. That's it—Grein, of course. I call them all Wafflenbloater. You introduced him, the only thing I understood. It was pouring with rain, like tonight, and you and your sister and some friend of his couldn't get a taxi afterward and I drove you here, all of you. I remembered you said there was an antique shop on the ground floor. I see it's a sports shop now. Things change."

"I remember now; you were very kind," she said. "She was Dr. Grein's wife, Sophie. And it is kind of you to come now."

"You told me not to drive too fast," he said. "Not kind at all. Business is business. We're worrying about the contract for the *Quarterly*—we've had it for years. What do you mean you resigned? Did you storm out, or what?"



He had known her well once, in the early days of the *Quarterly*, when he used to bring in the proofs himself and they went through them together. She had been a tall, calm, rather distant young woman with a quiet, clear, serious voice.

"You have changed your hair style," he said. He remembered she had dark hair that had gravely framed her head. He had heard a lady sitting next to him at that Grein lecture say she looked exactly like George Eliot, whoever that was—very calm and certain. Now her hair was shorter, freer. It even looked chopped and wild. "You've come to life," he said. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

She really had "stormed out." She remembered it all: how the chairman had called her to his grand office, where he sat with the large Edwardian portrait of the founder of the Institute and the small one of the first committee looking portentous on the gray wall behind him. The chairman said the committee had decided that the Institute must be modernized. They intended to go in for something called Communications, and they had put in a popular journalist to turn the *Quarterly* into a magazine, with newsy extracts from lectures instead of the full texts. The new man had already brought in a young woman to run Personality Closeups.

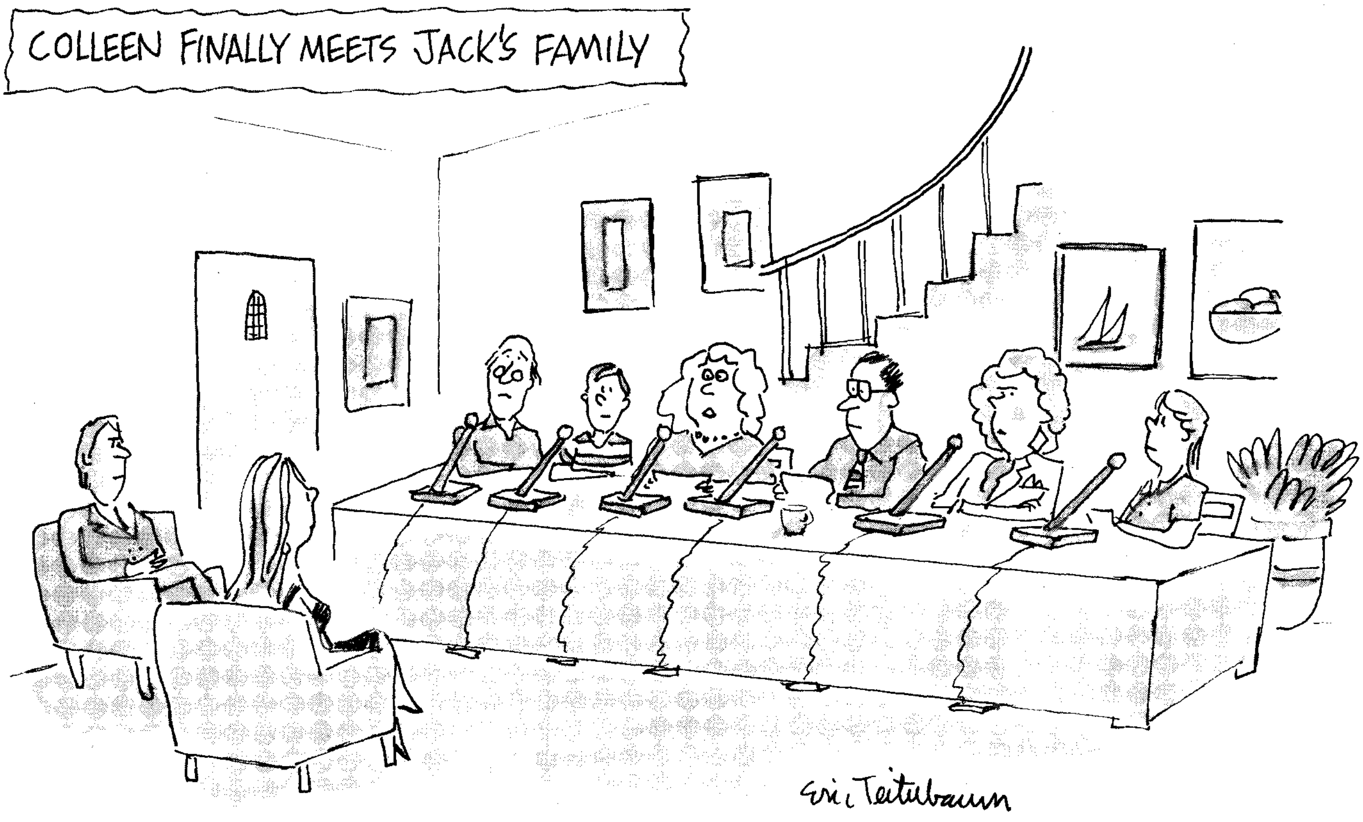
George listened to her without expression. "His mistress, I suppose," he said.

"I have no idea," she said in her principled voice. "That could possibly have been a consideration."

"So you stormed out?" he said.

"They didn't *fire* me, George," she said. "They wanted me to run the library. The Old Folks Home, the Black Hole of Calcutta, we used to call it. No one ever used it. If they had asked me to go on the committee I would have stayed. Yes, I suppose I stormed."

She was remembering how on the afternoon when she left the Institute a flight of pigeons clattered out of the square near the British Museum and, it seemed to her, flew the news of her angered virtue to those parts of London where standards and integrity still had meaning. She had influential, well-


COLLEEN FINALLY MEETS JACK'S FAMILY
Eric Teitelbaum

"Colleen, would you describe again the circumstances under which you first met Jack on the evening of February 7th?"

• •

placed friends who had rallied to her in London and in the country, when she went there to stay. In those early weeks, she felt that she was walking a yard or two above the earth. The trouble was that her friends had outlived their influence; it had leaked away. When you lose an important job, there comes a time when there are silences: you embarrass, you find yourself in a limbo, you become a curiosity. Even the target of indignation loses its focus. After the promising interviews that, one by one, came to nothing, her story seemed to dissolve. Her money was running out. This very day, as she came back on the crawling bus from the old lady's flat, she had felt that the people who were crowding into restaurants and shops and bars or rushing along with parcels were employed. They had homes, and soon, if nothing happened, she would be forced to get out of hers.

"There was nothing personal in the reason for my leaving," she said, annoyed by any insinuation that jealousy was at the heart of her decision.

He nodded. "From our point of view, of course," he said, "it doesn't matter what the Institute wants. We print anything. That *Quarterly* gave us prestige. We took trouble with it. But if they want a comic, we can do it. If they want a color magazine, we can do it. We print anything for anybody. Travel brochures, colored wrappers, mottoes, anything from calendars to the Koran, printing for Eskimos, Malays, Arabs—we do a lot for Arabs. Even Old Masters, popular reproductions of the classy stuff. But why am I doing all the talking?"

"You do talk a lot, George," she said, smiling at him. "More than you used to in the old days, when you came in and we did the proofs."

"That was because I couldn't make out what the *Quarterly* was about until you read out a sentence or some of those foreign names. What on earth are you doing reading to an old lady?" he said seriously. "We've got to do something about that. I get ideas, you know. I run into a lot of people."

The "we" made her raise her fine eyebrows. She pointed to the typewriter on the table. She said she was doing some translation.

There he sat, not so much staring at her, she thought, as staring at himself in the tall mirror.

"You've changed," she said. Working with him, she had taken him for granted as part of his trade. She had even felt she was, in some detached way, superior to him. But now, being in limbo, she began to see him as a man. "As a matter of fact, I have an offer to go to Kenya," she said.

And it was true that the rich old lady had said to her in an erratic way, "Why don't you come to Nairobi with me?" Clearly she didn't mean it; she was too old to move and was simply remembering her travels.

Why did I say that, Paula suddenly thought. I must be mad. She looked at his face. It was as set as a gambler's: he had drawn it out of her. She knew why she had talked. The virtue had gone out of her; the euphoria had disintegrated. If she could have got hold of that woman who had taken her job she would have slapped her face.

He seemed to know all this as he studied her. "Derailed," he said.

"I don't understand," she said.

"Nothing. Old family saying. Didn't I tell you—my father worked in the shunting signal box at Euston when he started as a boy. First week, he put a truck of fish or something off the line. It upset him. He gave in his cards. Anyone loses their job in our family, or like my sister's boyfriend not turning up on their wedding day, breaking the engagement—remind me to tell you about that—*derailed*, that's the word we use. I can hear him. Forget it—things come up in your mind."

"You are ridiculous, George," she said, and she laughed for the first time.

"It's true," he said. "That is what the old man used to tell us. Derailed. There it is."

His excitement went. The flush went from his talking face and he stared at her. "Come and have dinner with me," he said.

"I can't," she said. "My sister will be here."

"Bring her along. I remember her—she was with you when I picked you up after that meeting."

Paula remembered her sister saying, "Who was that awful little man—very kind, of course." Just imagine it!

"Anyway, you've had a long flight. You must be exhausted. Your family is expecting you."

"Oh, that's fixed," he said. "The boy's away at school."

"But your wife . . ."

He looked at her steadily. "No wife," he said.

She waited for him to say more, but he said nothing. He'd been married twice—he had told her. Separated? Surely he had not left that pretty, fair-haired girl who had worked in Reception and to whom they had all given a present when she married him? She remembered Featherstone, who was on the committee, saying in his disappointed way, "I hope she doesn't regret it. The descendant of the poet is a bit of a rake." But the laconic "No wife" struck her as being a final refusal to speak.

"Don't you know?" he said.

"I don't know anything," she said.

He had not been to the Institute more than once in the last two years. A young assistant had been sent in his place. She had supposed that was because he had become a partner in the firm, travelling about.

Three Boulevardiers

"If I may, I'd like to use your telephone to ring my son," he said now. "I always ring every day when I am away, to tell him where I am and when I'm getting back. I rang from Munich today, or yesterday—I've got the days all wrong. Boys worry. But they love long-distance telephone calls at school; it makes them feel important. I ring my wife first—I mean, I ring the hospital. My wife had a stroke nearly two years ago. She's at the Grafton Forster Hospital. She's been unconscious ever since. No change. She doesn't know who I am. No sign. I go and see her twice a week when I'm at home. Just lies there, eyes open. It happened when I was on the Australian trip. I came back at once."

"George, why didn't you tell me? What a terrible story. I can't believe it. . . . It must have been awful for you this time in Munich."

"I had to go," he said. "You might as well be anywhere. I mean, when you're nowhere . . ."

And she had been talking to him of the Institute, losing her job! Her limbo was petty compared with his. He was totally transformed in her eyes. He was no longer the bouncing talker. That talk was hysteria. Even if she could not yet believe in the catastrophe, it had turned him from an actor into a human being who was himself. Even more terrible than the hospital visits were those daily telephone calls to the boy. She was ashamed of her own commonplace troubles.

And then her telephone rang. They both looked at the instrument on her desk.

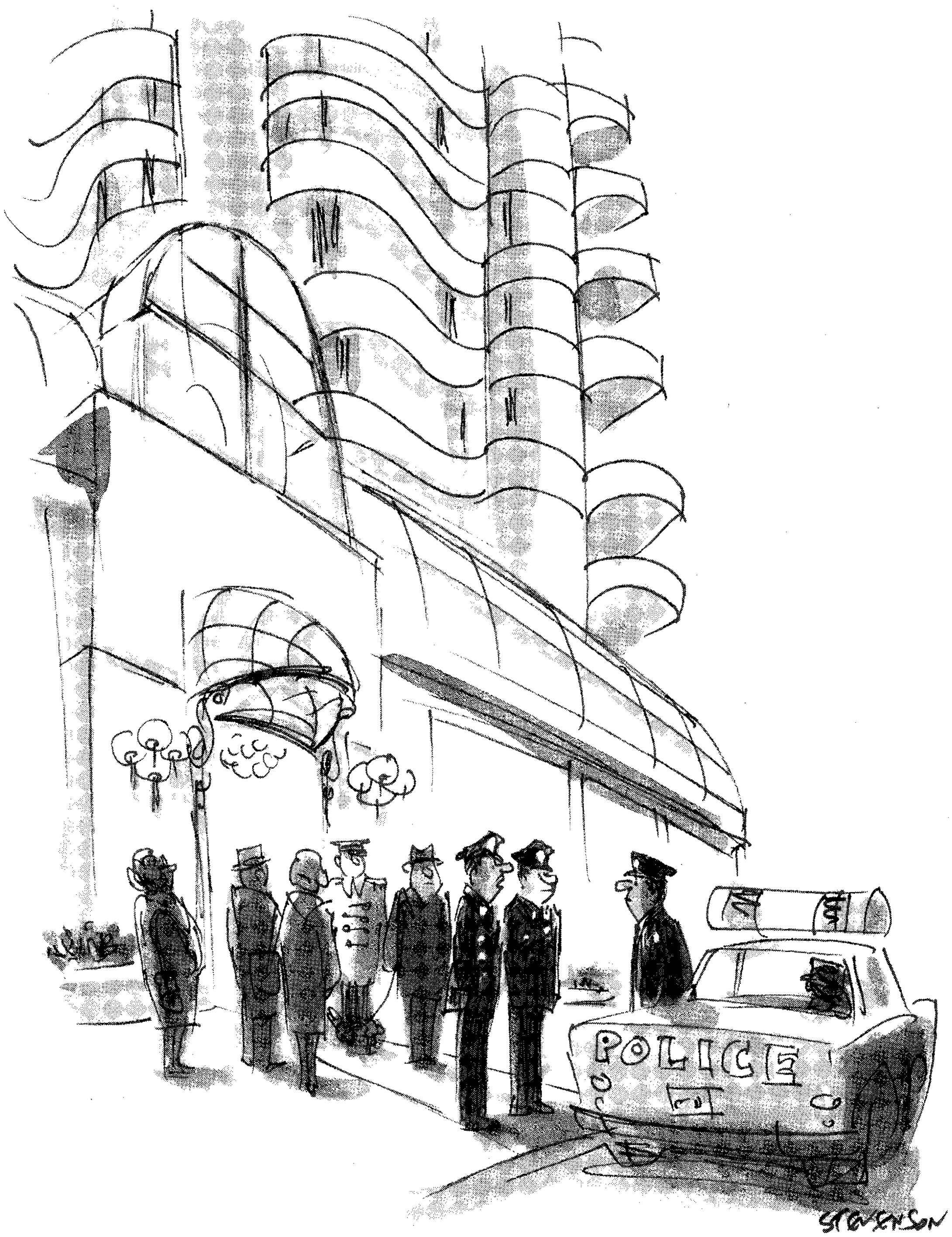
"I gave the hospital this number," he said. "I always leave a number wherever I am. I'm a string of telephone numbers."

She rushed to the telephone and answered it.

"Not for you," she said, for George was on the edge of his chair. A man was talking.

She said dryly, "You are a rare bird, aren't you? When did she let *you* out of the cage? No, I can't. I simply can't. Absolutely not. I have people here. Quite impossible." And then she said, "You should think of these things earlier."

And then, rather grandly, glancing back at him, she felt impelled to let George hear her telling a lie. It was like a confession. She seemed to grow



"We searched the entire apartment—the four walk-in closets, the decorator powder room, the sunny eat-in kitchen, the whirlpool bath, the room-size entry gallery—but he must have gone out through the leaded floor-to-ceiling windows onto the sundeck and escaped through the state-of-the-art fitness center."

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taller. "My sister and her husband are here, staying with me. We're going out to dinner. No, not tomorrow. I shall be in the country." And, putting down the receiver, she looked angrily at it and said, "I'm sorry." She was blushing.

He was looking with admiration at her. "I remember you at the Institute like that," he said. "Now you will have to say you will come to dinner with me. I have an idea. No need to go to Kenya. I know a Greek restaurant. We'll have to cross two parks to get there. It's a good place. Noisy. Full of young people. That means you can't hear what anybody is saying and they can't hear you. Very private. Real clatter." He got up and put out his hand to pull her up.

"All right," she said, and, surprised, she let him pull her up. "I am sure this is very bad for you. I'll just change into something."

"May I telephone? The boy," he said.

IN the days when he used to come to the Institute she remembered she had seen him going off with one or the other of the girls at the reception desk of the office. Now, she thought as she went upstairs, he is not *that* man. She changed into a silk blouse that had a pattern of large green and blue leaves.

"Is this all right?" she asked when she returned.

"Just the job," he said.

"Now," she said when she was in his car and they drove out of her street, "what was the news?"

"No change," he said.

"The boy?" she said. "Was he all right? What did he say? You didn't tell me his name."

"Night jungle," he said as they drove away, waving at the park. "Rainy season. His name's Harry. The bother with boys is they're always asking questions. Mania for details."

"I've got nephews," she said.

"I had to go over the whole flight home. Change at Frankfurt—he never lets me miss out a change of plane. Wanted to know if I had seen any snakes in Munich. Mixing it up with when I came home from Australia two years ago. He's got snakes on his brain. Cobras or mambas. I cheated and said there was a dancing snake in the Munich Zoo that ends up hanging from a tree in a figure of eight. Actually, I think that's true," he said. "Now he's taken to horses, and I've taken up riding."

He leaned forward, peering ahead as a traffic light changed. "We'll skip Baker Street," he said knowingly, "and take a right. Fantastic dream."

In the side streets she saw he was one of those drivers who cannot resist a sharp turn or a shortcut. Some passing motorist hooted at him.

"Now, what did he mean by that?" he said.

"Your driving," Paula said. "You're not on a horse."

Between a warehouse and a house with corrugated iron covering its windows was a door with a travel poster saying "Come to Greece." They had arrived.

He helped her out of the car, holding her arm. "Mind you don't fall down the step."

Noisy! She found herself ducking and going head first into a Greek song that swirled over her in the hot upper air. There was the sound of the open steaming kitchen, the open grill behind the distant counter, and, on either side of the narrow, pretty room, pairs of customers, most of them young. The youngest girls, bundled up in their jerseys and anoraks, were smiling and soundlessly talking.

"How comic," she said. "What is the song? Do you understand?"

"Not a word," he said. "It's probably about love, death, and goats."

The young proprietor came up to him and said, "Mr. Southey," and then murmured quietly, "Any news?"

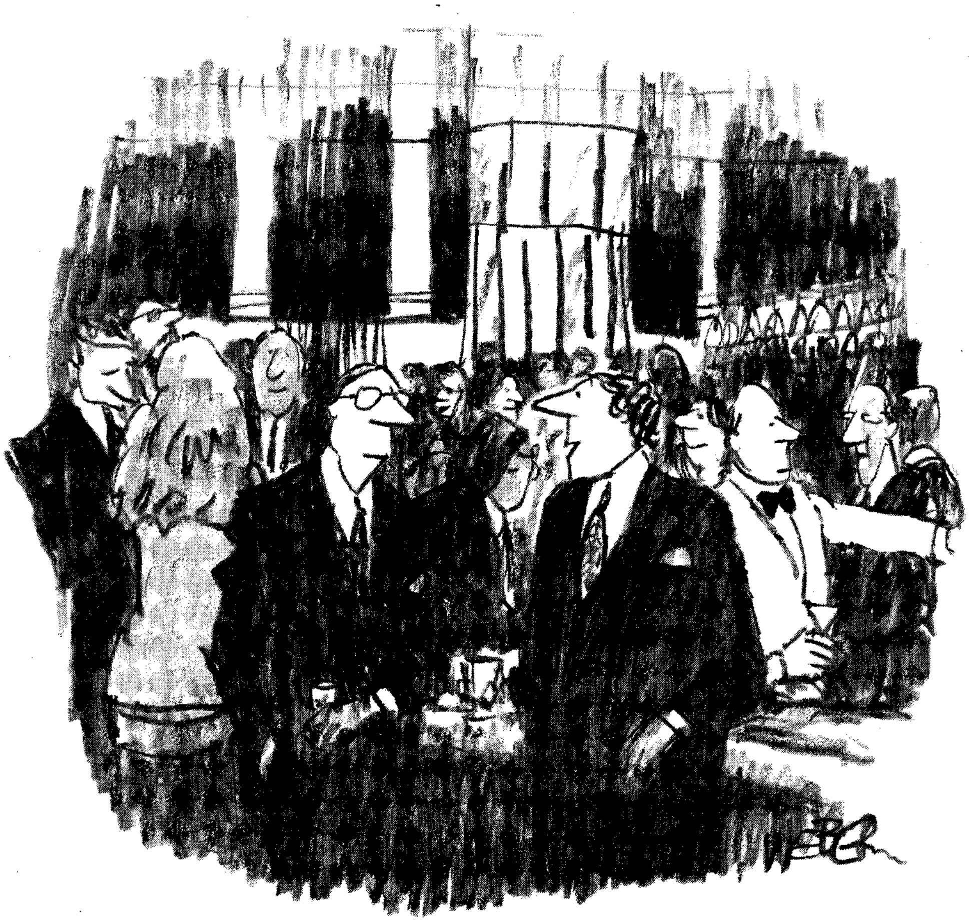
George shook his head. The proprietor raised deploring hands.

In the middle of their meal George said, seriously, "We've had a lot of bother in Munich. The Germans are very stubborn. We're doing a book on the Rubens in the old Pinakothek. The British publishers hate the translation. There's an idea—why don't you do it? Drop Kenya. You talk German. Come with me. You'll flabbergast them. Three or four days—call it five. There you are—a job. I'm serious. I'll see to it that my brother pays you decently. All expenses paid, of course. Actually, it'll only take a couple of days. You can go to the Alps, see your old friends—the Greins and so on."

"George, you are very kind. I'm very sorry, I could not possibly go there. I hate the place."

"But you were there for two years. It's a fine city. You taught at the university."

"No," she said. "I was *at* the university, but I taught at a school there. I was never so unhappy in my life. I never want to see the place again. I'm superstitious."



"Do you ever hear anything from the old backpacking crowd?"

The four men who were talking loudly near the counter suddenly shouted with laughter and two of them punched each other and went on laughing. She frowned at the noise. She felt it was splitting her in two and that part of herself was being dragged back into the past, and that George was not the person she could possibly tell about it.

"I see," he said.

The two neutral words began to exasperate her because they were neutral. That "I see" had transformed him into a stranger. She ought to have turned him down flat. She had gone too far. And then her feeling changed. She thought of him making those calls to the hospital and to his son every day: he had not hidden his misery. The noise, the songs howling out their imaginary passions, all the more forceful for being meaningless, undermined her reserve.

"As I expect you know," she said, "*I* nearly married a German."

She waited for him to say "Yes, I know."

"I didn't know that," he said. "I don't know anything about you."

"I thought perhaps you did," she said.

"If I had, I wouldn't have mentioned it."

"Dr. Grein," she said.

"Wafflen— Sorry—Grein! You mean the man who gave that lecture when I drove you and your sister home? Well, there I go, flat on my face again."

"It was over then. He came with his wife. I was in love with him before he married, but it went wrong. There is no reason why I shouldn't tell you this, except you said your first wife was a German and a Catholic. Dr. Grein's a Catholic."

"You mean he wouldn't divorce his wife?" he said. "You can if you know the ropes."

The ropes!

"I was very young. People broke it up: his family, my sister."

"Religion is a curse," he said. "I've seen too much of it. What it does to people."

"That is simply not *true*," she said sharply, in her correcting way. "My sister is a deeply religious woman. She objected because Heinrich's family were peasants. I'd written to my father and told him this. She read the letter to him. She sent me a telegram saying my father was very ill. I went home at once. He was going blind. I used to read to him. It went on for a month. I always seem to be reading to blind people! My father kept saying, 'Where's this man? I want to have a look at him.' But Heinrich didn't come. His father and mother were sweet, simple people. They were nice to me, but when I was away they warned him against me. All the little hill farms there look like children's toys, all the villages, too, so clean and bright, the fields so green climbing up to pinewoods, and after that the rock and the snow, the air so pure. It turned my head, I suppose."

"There's nothing toylike about peasants," he said. "They're not children."

"I know," she said. "I never want to see the place again. Thank you for asking me, if you really meant it."

"Oh, well," he said. "My brother can settle it. Really, there's no need for anyone to go. The firm can do the job just as well in London."

"That's much better, George," she said. "With all this worry about your wife, it would be madness to go back to Munich. If I were in your position I would be thinking all the time, 'Suppose she wakes up, suppose she dies.' You've got back today, but every day you were away must have been awful."

He said, looking like stone, "I'm 'away' here in London. I've been 'away' for almost two years. I'm nowhere."

"You're not really away, George. You take your love for your wife and your son with you everywhere."

He sat back from the table as if to make himself distant and said, quietly, under the noise of the place, "I didn't come to see you about the proofs. I came to see *you*. You are very beautiful. I want you."

She could not stop the freezing lines of horror forming on her face—not at what he had said but at herself. She sat back looking nervously at the people in the restaurant, and in confusion she said, "I'm not beautiful. I didn't think . . . I never thought . . . George, you must see— But thank you, George. Please don't go on with this. I don't go in for that sort of thing. Even if I felt— You must see, I would not do that to your wife. Don't be angry. Any woman likes to hear it. I admire you, George, but I don't like messes. I couldn't— Oh, damn, don't look so hurt, George. I envy your wife. She is a very lucky woman to be loved as you love her. I'm not a prude. I don't mean you are wrong. I mean that it would be wrong for me."

"I see," he said in his flat, maddening way and simply stared.

She said, looking down at her empty coffee cup with suppressed anger, "It's natural. You want a woman." And she looked up at him.

"You," he said. "I always have."

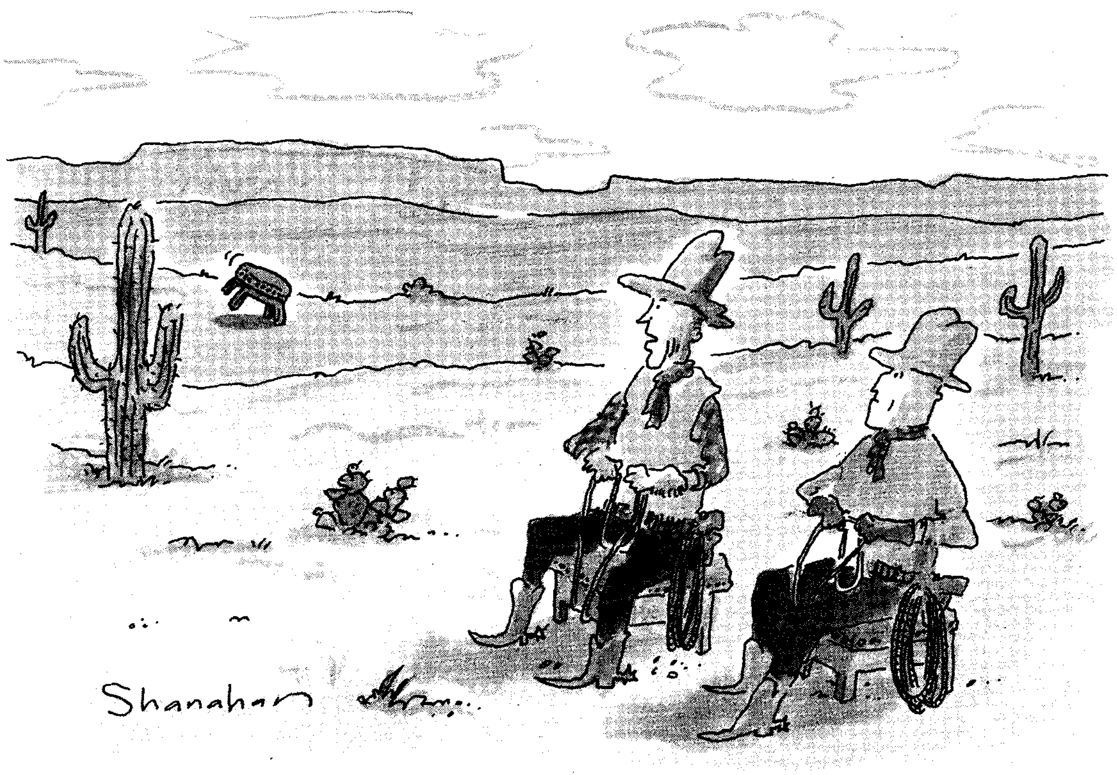
"I don't like bedroom affairs," she said, and suddenly burned with jealousy of George's wife; indeed, of all the women in the restaurant. She could hear her sister saying, "What is the matter with you? Why do you keep falling for impossible men?"

"Can we go?" she said.

He called for the bill. There was another loud shout of laughter from the men at the table in the corner of the bar, and one of them reached for another bottle of wine.

The proprietor himself brought the bill, and after George paid it they got up and the proprietor followed them to the door. He said to George, "I hope you have good news." And to her, "Thank you, my lady, and be careful of the step."

They were out in the rainy drizzle



"That ain't no ordinary footstool, Dusty. That there's the king of the hassocks, all leather and a yard wide! He's proud, powerful proud, but mark my words. Someday soon someone'll catch him. He'll be roped, he'll be broke, and he'll be rid. I'm aimin' to be that someone, Dusty!"

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and got into the car. He said, "I've spoiled your evening. I'm sorry."

Whatever was in her head, her body hated his saying that.

"You have a right to ask me. Everyone has a right."

"Like the man who rang you at your flat?" he said.

"That was just an old friend," she said sharply. Damn again: he had noticed that.

They drove back through the two parks, empty jungles, under the artificial pink city sky. They did not speak. It was awful that the talker did not speak. When he stopped outside her house she said, "Thank you for dinner, George. You must get some sleep."

"Sleep?" he said. "I've the feeling that I've been standing up all night for years."

Then he pointed. "The usual London cat on your doorstep," he said. "Not yours?"

She got out and said, "Shoo," to the cat and then, "You do promise to tell me, please, if there is good news. I'll pray for it."

"Pray?" he said.

She watched the tail-lights of his car getting smaller and smaller as he drove away down the street. It seemed to her that, like him, she had been standing up all night. He had not even said he loved her, thank heavens. Since Grein's time she had not loved the one or two lovers she had had. She shivered at the appalling simplicity of George's situation.

THE next day she was glad to go to read to the old lady.

"Something has happened to you," the old lady said. "I can tell by your voice. You have good news."

The lines of the old lady's face lit up with conspiratorial pleasure. Paula was surprised at hearing herself say she had been offered an interpreting job in Munich but only for a few days.

The old lady said, "Munich!" and talked of the time she and her husband and a friend called Tregarron had been there before the war. The old lady scowled at a memory as she went on and then suddenly stopped. There was something like a harsh call to arms in the confused ruined corridors of the old lady's mind. She said sharply, "That *was where your silly sister had that* stupid affair with some Nazi professor when she was at the university. Grein or something. Laborious fellow—common. You and your father had to go there and get her out of it."

"*Dr. Grein was not a Nazi,*" said Paula loudly. "My sister did not have an affair with him. Who told you that? Professor Grein is a very distinguished, happily married man. You must be thinking of someone else. My sister *would never do anything like that.*"

The old lady was frightened. She offered Paula a piece of marzipan.

"Now, when are you going to Kenya?" Paula asked to distract her.

"Who told you I was going to Kenya?" asked the old lady.

"You did," Paula said. "You said you had a friend there."

A tear ran down the old lady's face. "I have no friends," she said. "All my friends are dead. You are my only friend."

"I OUGHT to have gone to see George's poor wife in hospital and stop wasting my time with old friends of my sister," Paula said to herself when she got back to her flat. "Why didn't anyone at the Institute tell me that this had happened to the girl? It's the least I can do for that man. Such a pretty girl." She had always felt protective of those "children," as she called the typists at the Institute. Perhaps the sight of someone she had known in the past would have the curing effect of shock.

Two days later, she put down her work and with mission in her eyes she took the train from London to the Sussex town. She felt exalted watching the green country wheel wider and wider as the train cut through it. But when the train gave out its electric howl as it rushed into the peremptory tunnel under the Downs and emerged at the station of the town, she suddenly thought, How awful of me. I ought to have asked George. What an intrusion. How awful if I met him in the street.

The town was bunched on a steep hill of confusing little streets. Halfway up the hill, the traffic was heavy as buses and trucks rumbled fast to the

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M. DEGAS TEACHES ART & SCIENCE AT DURFEE INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

DETROIT, 1942

He made a line on the blackboard,
one bold stroke from right to left
diagonally downward, and stood back
to ask, looking as always at no one
in particular, "What have I done?"
From the back of the room Freddie
shouted, "You've broken a piece
of chalk." M. Degas did not smile.
"What have I done?" he repeated.
The most intellectual students
looked down to study their desks,
except for Gertrude Bimmler, who raised
her hand before she spoke. "M. Degas,
you have created the hypotenuse
of an isosceles triangle." Degas mused.
Everyone knew that Gertrude could not
be incorrect. "It is possible,"
Louis Warshowsky added precisely,
"that you have begun to represent
the roof of a barn." I remember
that it was exactly twenty minutes
past eleven, and I thought at worst
this would go on another forty
minutes. It was early April,
the snow had all but melted on
the playgrounds, the elms and maples
bordering the cracked walks shivered
in the new winds, and I believed
that before I knew it I'd be
swaggering to the candy store
for a Milky Way. M. Degas
pursed his lips, and the room
stilled until the long hand
of the clock moved to twenty-one,
as though in complicity with Gertrude,
who added confidently, "You've begun
to separate the dark from the dark."
I looked back for help, but now
the trees bucked and quaked, and I
knew this could go on forever.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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coast. She remembered George telling her that the place was famous for its murder trials at the country court and its religious riots. One year, the Pope had been burned in effigy on Guy Fawkes Day, and George had made her laugh with the tale of a woman from the marshes who was known to stick pins into a doll in the window of her cottage and to shout, "Curse his name! Curse his name!" as she did it.

At last Paula got to the long red brick hospital and its car park. She gave the name of the patient she wanted to see to the clerk at the entrance and found herself in the waiting room sitting with a dozen other visitors, all silent, all staring at the door as they had done at the sight of her. We look like a coven of witches, she thought. She had imagined that she would be taken immediately to the sister and certainly the doctor. She sat there thinking of what she would say when she was taken to see the patient. Someone said, "The doctor's doing the wards," and half an hour passed before her name was called. When she was led to the ward she asked, foolishly, "May I speak to her?"

"Of course. The others do. She won't answer."

"We used to work in the same office. She was my secretary," said Paula humbly to the down-to-earth sister who joined them for a moment as they stood looking at the now gray-haired woman lying unmoving, her eyes open. There was a sudden crash of oxygen cylinders that were being unloaded from a truck in the yard outside. The eyes did not move.

Suddenly it occurred to Paula to speak in a peremptory office voice. "Ethel!" she said. "The moment Mr. Southey gets here, tell him that I have a message from your son, Harry. Please bring him to my room at once."

There was no movement of the eyes.

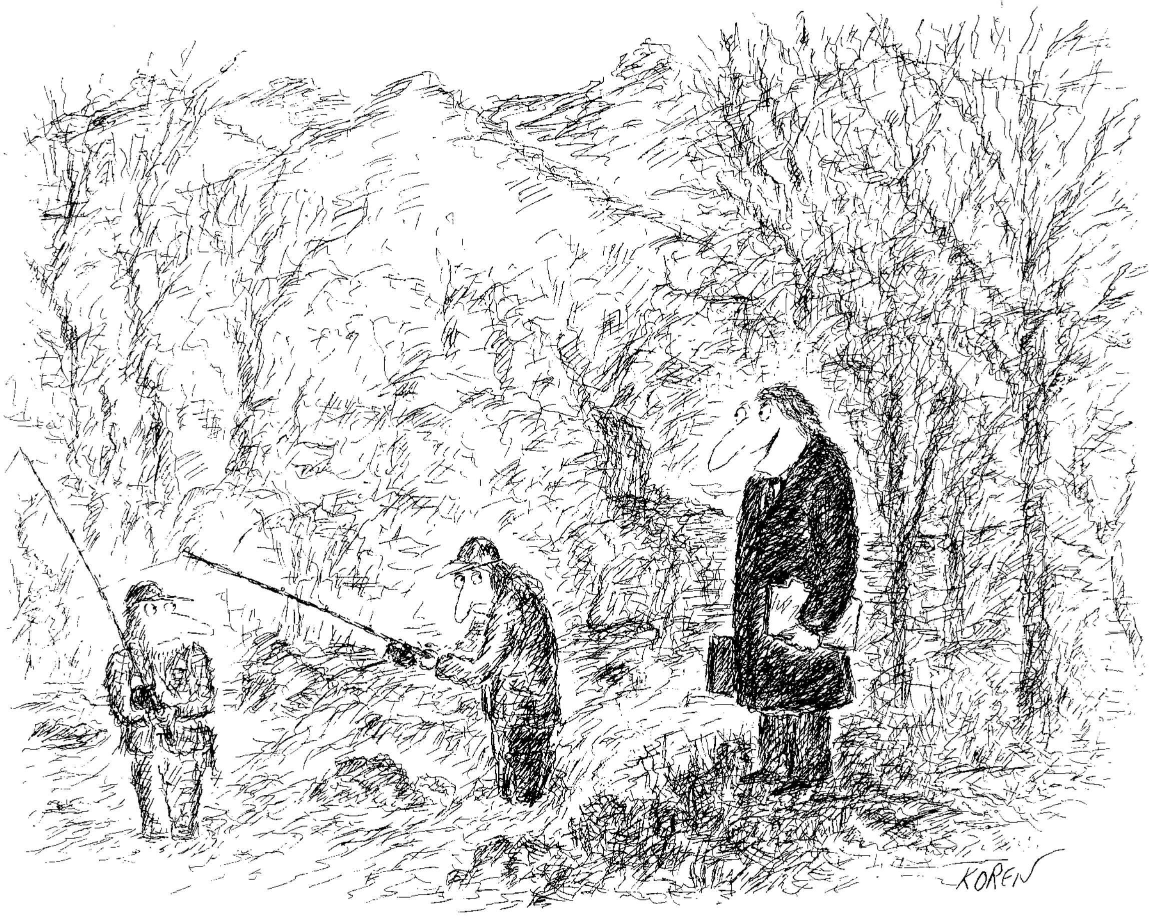
The sister said, "Mr. Southey has been this morning. If he's away he always telephones."

Once more there was the crash of the oxygen cylinders.

"Mr. Southey's brother and his wife always call."

As Paula left the hospital she saw new people in the waiting room. They seemed to be trying to read her face as she hurried to the door. She glanced at the marshes stretching to the foot of the Downs as she hurried back to the station. She wondered where George lived in the town. She went up to the end of the platform to be away from the other passengers waiting for the next train. It was market day in the town and she could hear the calves lowing in their pens. Then, sparkling with electric flashes, the plain yellow-faced London train came in. Not until it had taken her out through that dramatic short tunnel that seemed to her to pass under the hospital did she feel free and unwatched. Under the spell of the racing train, as the countryside circled and the bridges seemed to shout at her, and branch lines swerved away into places unknown to her, and the living sky seemed to ride with her, she thought, Why did I do that presumptuous, untruthful thing?

At last the train slowed down and rumbled over the Thames and squealed as it slowly turned into the terminus. Released, she got up from her seat and joined the crowd that rushed to the barrier and, once past it, scattered with intent in their eyes. She threw away her usual prudence about money and took a taxi to her house. There she stood in her sitting room, among her things, and looked at the assuring, demure white houses opposite, and then went up to her bedroom and changed her clothes and washed her hands and did her face and went down to her desk and telephoned to George and waited impatiently while a secre-



"Could you fellas tell me if there's anyplace around here where I could find a fax machine?"

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tary went to look for him. At last he answered. "Trouble with a machine," he said.

"I hope you don't mind, George. I went down to the hospital this morning to see Ethel. I hope you don't think I was intrusive."

"So the nurse said," he said. His voice was dull. "It was kind of you."

"Not kind. It was terrible. George, I've just got back home." And then, in a quieter voice, "I think I have good news for you."

"You've got a job?"

"No, no, George," she said impatiently. "You remember—what you were saying? When are you coming to London? We could talk. Not on the phone, not today. My sister is coming. Tomorrow, George. I can't tell you now."

Soon the Hoover was howling in the flat. Her sister did not come.

ON the Saturday evening, up the stairs he came, into the room. She sat on one of the small armchairs and he on the sofa, staring at her. In the small room the literal distance between them seemed to him to be enormous and to her puzzling. She had planned that he would be sitting on the chair and she would prop herself on the sofa; they were wrongly placed.

"George," she said. "I will."

He stared at her and she said, "I'm shy. Why don't you kiss me, George."

He jumped up and went to her and was astonished that she turned her head this way and that to keep him away, so that they almost wrestled.

"We shall be on the floor," she said, with a laugh so harsh that he let her go.

"Not here," she said, clutching his hand. "Upstairs."

She laughed as she pulled him up the stairs, and then looked at him with a gloating defiant stare as she pulled off her clothes and he followed her to the bed.

"Printer!" She laughed. "You are a snake. What are you doing here?"

Then, "How thin you are."

Then, "How strong," and she groaned, "Go on, go on—you're killing me." And then softly, "Oh, darling," and her eyes flooded with tears of pleasure. "No more," she said.

They lay in silence for a long time.

"When did you first think of me?" she asked.

"When I first saw you," he said.

"That was years ago," she said.

"When did you?" he said.

"I don't know—when you asked me."

"Not before that?" he said.

"I think when you told me about ringing your son—I don't know." She laughed. "When you grew a beard, Mr. Vandyke."

And that was not the end of it. In the morning he was still asleep, with his mouth open. She smiled at that and kissed him on the forehead, but he did not move. She gathered her clothes together and went to the bathroom. The sound of running water did not disturb him. After a while he called. There was no answer. He slept again. And then there she was in the room, astonishingly wearing a hat and a light coat and carrying a handbag.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"Nowhere. I've just come back from church. Get up."

"Church!" he said, astonished. "To confession?" he mocked.

"Of course not," she said sharply. "I always go. My father was a clergyman. I went to pray for your wife," she said gravely. "Have you rung the hospital?"

"Yes, I did when I woke up," he said bluntly. "Nothing."

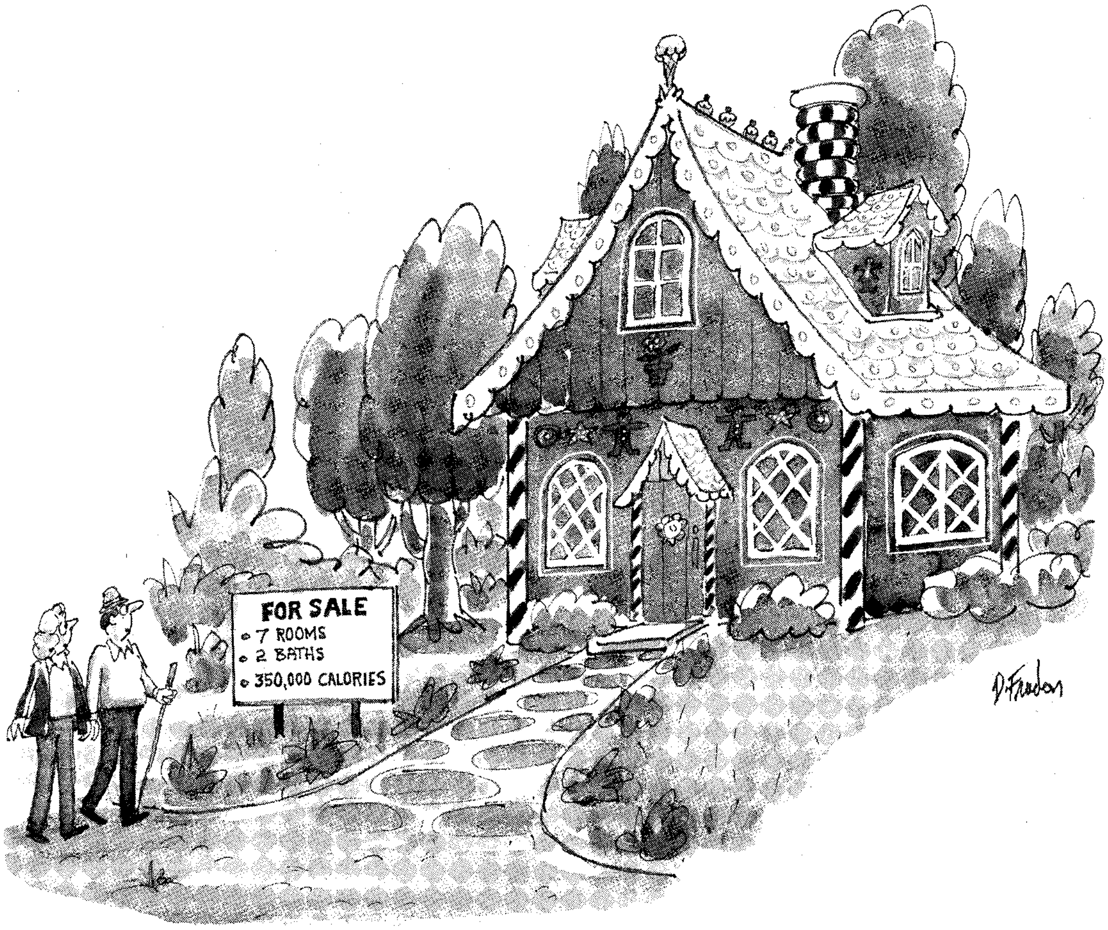
She wanted to rush at him and to kiss him, and not till they were eating breakfast at a little table in the living room did he say, "It was lovely," and she put her hand out to him and he kissed it.

"When are you going to ring your son?" she asked.

"Not on Sunday mornings. They're at church. I go riding. I'll get him at teatime."

And he went on to explain that on Sundays his cleaning woman did not come and he had lunch at the hotel or at his brother's. "When the Germans come over with the Munich book you must come down to the works. You must meet my brother, see my house."

She interrupted

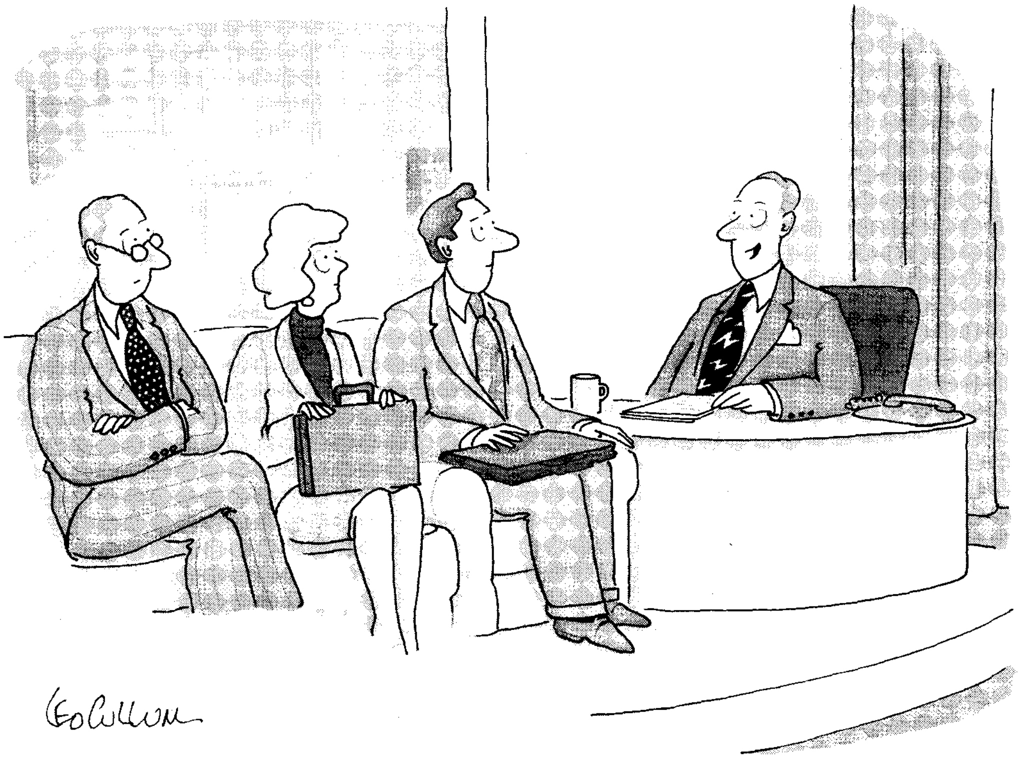


sharply. "You must understand, G., I could not possibly do *that*," she said firmly.

They went to the park, where the sky was wide and open. There was a distant bellowing and screeching of animals from the zoo as they passed the absurd cricket matches and the couples clinging on the grass, the girls pulling down their dresses to their knees, and the older couples calling their dogs, which raced away in wider and wider circles. A man was teaching his son to fly a kite; it twirled around and somersaulted again and again, until at last it flew up high and twirled again and dived fast to the ground.

"My son is getting too old for kites. He wants an aeroplane," George said.

They walked to the long lake, where old ladies and children were feeding the ducks, and they laughed at the noisy parties in the rowing boats.



"Oh, I'm all business, but I find that a talk-show format works well for me."

"I'm hungry," she said. "There's not much to eat in these cafés on Sundays."

They went to a crowded place outside the park, and the day dawdled as he drove back to her flat.

"No," she said. "You're mad, George," but he gripped her hand and they went upstairs.

The dark had come as she watched the red lights of his car vanishing down the street.

SHE felt in their walk through the park that she belonged to the real world now and that George had renewed her life and that she was part of things that lived: the growing trees, the grass, the birds flying over, the dogs racing, the children, and every person she passed—even the people, unknown to her, who lived in the distant houses that surrounded the park, even people in the sky, as an occasional aeroplane passed across it, flying to the east, the west, the north, the south. And, mysteriously, she felt at one with his wife and his son. Now she worked with heightened alacrity on the book she was translating; she loved seeing the German words turned into English, as if she were giving new birth to them. She was becoming useful again after that long period when she had left the Institute. Her anger had gone. She was needed.

George called with the news that two Germans from the firm publishing the Munich book were coming to his brother's works for the day. George wanted her to go down there to interpret. His son would be there, too; it was the time of the boy's half-term holiday.

George brought him to the station to meet her as she arrived. "Here's Harry," he said.

She saw a plump boy with reddish hair who stared at her defiantly when they shook hands. "My mother is in hospital," he said. "She can't talk."

"I know," she said. "I am very sorry. She and I used to work in the same office."

"Dad said," he said. "Are you a German?"

"Oh, no," she said. "But I speak German. That is why I have come."

They went to the works. There was George's brother, wearing a white dust coat and a bowler hat. Two Germans stiffly bowed. The boy followed them round as they looked at the machines and listened to Paula speaking English and then German. He was awed by her, and whenever she spoke he moved his lips trying to copy her, saying the strange words. At last, since no one paid attention to him, he began quietly mocking her, saying, "Vee fill, gobble, high slosh, goramma de goramma, nine, ten, volly gelob, ya, ya."

"Shut up," his father said.

So the boy followed them muttering. He hated her, and when they all went to look at a line of damp prints hanging on a line he gave her a sly kick on the shin. She glanced at him and said nothing. He was about to give her another kick when his father said, "Stop that or you go home." The boy was frightened and now followed her slowly.

"Your father says you have got a grass snake," she said. "Where do you keep it? Will you show it to me?"

"Ah," said the younger of the Germans. "*Eine Ringelnatter*. Where is it?"

After that the boy was quiet, and he dropped out of the procession. When the visit was over, she went to him and asked, "Where *is* your snake? Show it to me. What is its name?"

"Snakey," he said.

The party walked to his uncle's house, and the boy ran into the garden and came back with the snake, which had wound itself round his arm. A triumph.

"Oh, don't let it come near me!" Paula called out. "It'll sting me."

"It doesn't sting."

The Germans laughed. Everyone laughed.

"Stroke it," said the boy.

She touched it. "Oh, it's cold!" she said.

The boy jumped about.

"Calm down," said George. "I think it wants to be in its box."

"Come on. I'll show you where I keep it in the garden," said the boy.

"Next time," said his uncle, looking at his watch. "We've got to get to Brighton for lunch. You've been very helpful," he said to Paula. "Why are you limping?"

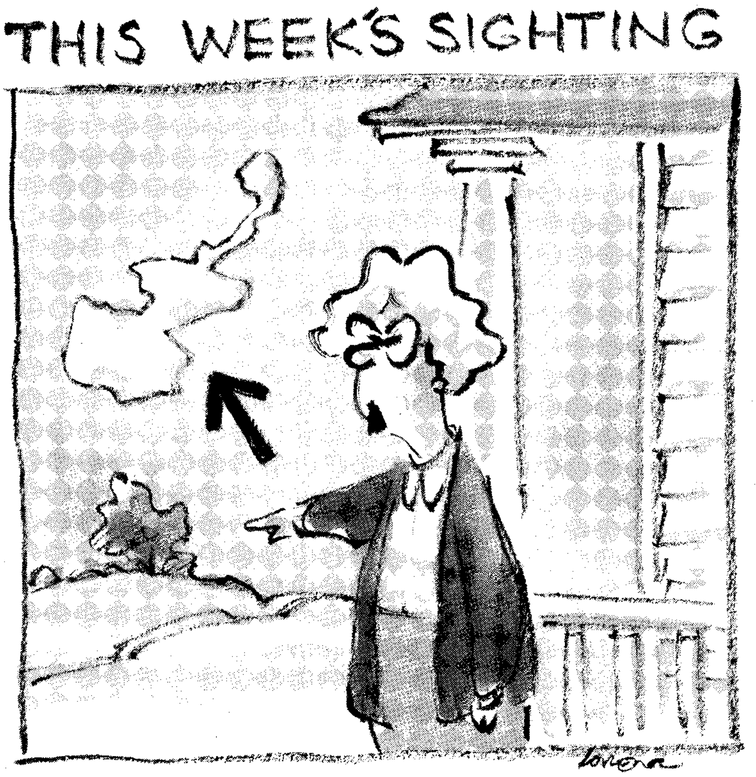
"Oh, that," she said. "I knocked my shin against that machine."

And so they went off to Brighton, over the Downs, to shouts of "*Wunderbar!*" and jokes about the British alps without any *Schnee*, until at last there was the first sight of the sea flying out like a flag, and then lunch, with speeches from the two Germans, and jokes about the esteemed lady, and glasses clinking and bows in all directions. They talked of how they would all meet in Frankfurt in a month's time—or was it a week's time? And when it was over and George was going to drive them to Gatwick Airport, she begged him to put her on the train because her leg was painful.

"You'd better stay here. I'll get a room," he said.

"Darling George," she said. "I can't. I'm exhausted. Drop me at the station. I must get back to London. Don't look so sad, George."

"Trains every half hour," he said. And he drove by a longer route on the outskirts of the town, passing a church in a long village street.



THIS WEEK'S SIGHTING

MRS. ELLEN TRASKIN OF NEW HOPE, PA., POINTS TO SPOT WHERE SHE SAW ELVIS PRESLEY EMERGE FROM A FLYING SAUCER. (NOTE MYSTERIOUS GUITAR-SHAPED CLOUD ABOVE SITE.)

"Church," he said, jerking his thumb. "See that? Parson coming out—see that? Kids riding ponies. Cricket field at the back. Nice place to retire to."

And then, after a steep climb, he got her to the station barrier, and there amidst the clanging of luggage trolleys she said, "I loved seeing Harry. He's like you." And she tapped him on the chest. "When do you go to Frankfurt?"

He pulled out his diary and said, "Ten days' time."

She snatched it from him and, looking at it, said, "All those 'X's. Who's that?"

"You," he said. "Let's get onto the platform."

"No," she said. "I hate platform goodbyes."

FIVE days later he rang her and was at her door in the afternoon. The trip to Frankfurt had been brought forward.

"It's tomorrow," he said. "Change your mind and come with me."

"I can't possibly come. I've invited my sister," she said. "She'll be here while you're away. You are annoying, G."

He looked at the small pile of typescript on her table and at the page that was sticking out of her typewriter and then at the open German book. "Well, if you can't come, read some to me," he said suddenly. "I want to hear you speak it, like when the Germans were here, and then I'll think of it all the bloody week while I'm away. Anything, just to hear your beautiful voice."

"G., how strange you are today."

In the end she agreed and picked up the book, opened it at random, and read.

"A bit more," he said.

So she read on and then laughed at him. "You didn't understand a word."

"I did. *Frauen* something."

"*Frauenkirchen*," she said.

He said, "That's it. The way your throat moved. Say it again." And then he had his arm around her and she was struggling against him.

"You were thinking of your pretty German wife," she said, and she struggled until she was helpless, as she had been that first time. "Not here, George," she said. "No, not on the floor."

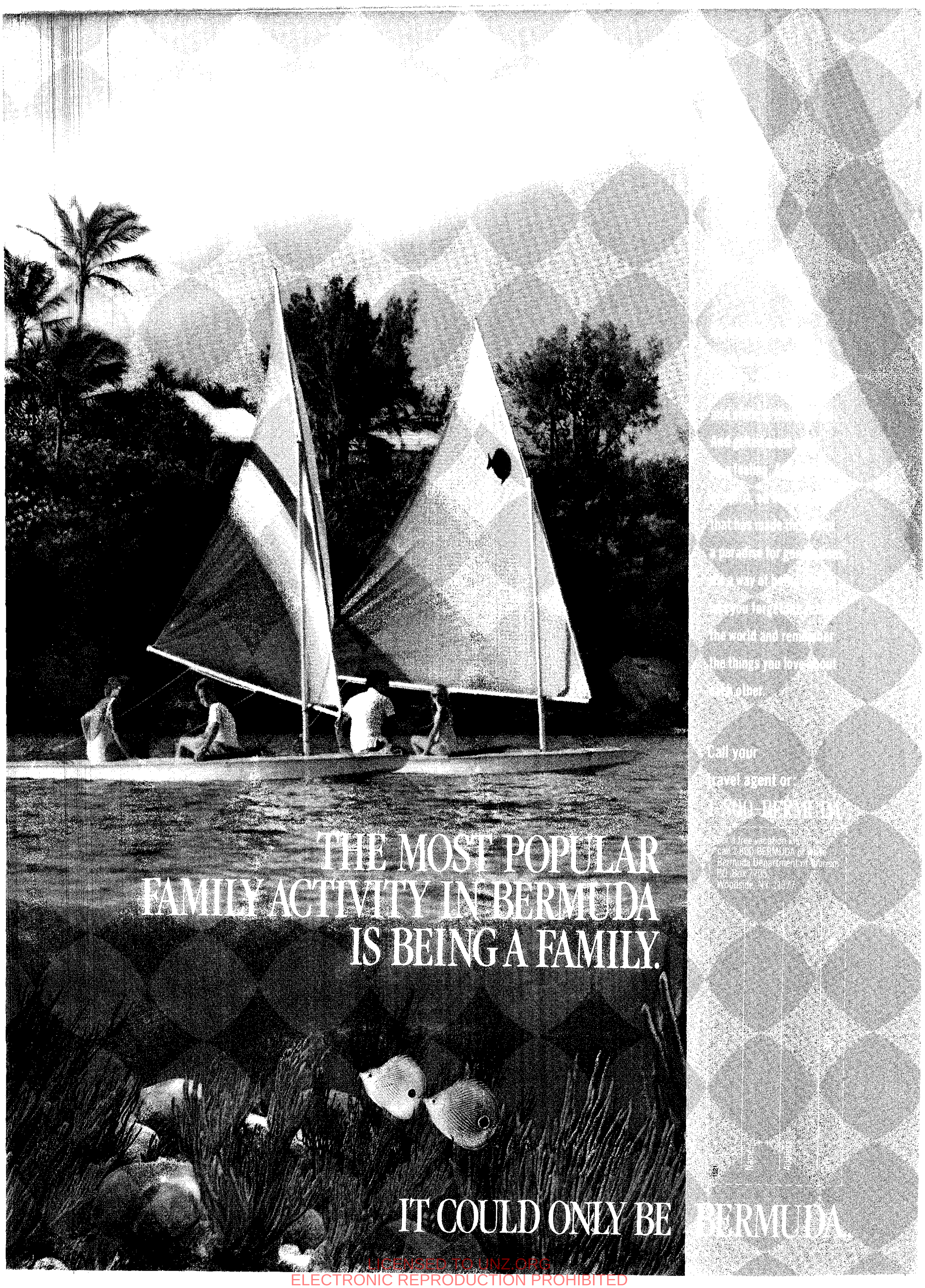
And when she got up from it she said, "Tell your son you're the snake. The German is *Schlange*."

The next day he left for Frankfurt.

"Ring me when you get there!" she called after him.

"You bet," he said.

SHE worked all day, and that evening he rang her. "It's hell," he said. "You'd hate it. Hundreds of publishers sniffing round one another like dogs. Chinese, Japanese, American, half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Europe, all the disunited nations. How many pages have you done?"

"You love it, you old fraud," she said. "Have you rung the boy?"

"Yes," he said.

The next evening he rang again, and the next day, he said, there was going to be a trip down the Rhine.

On the third day he said he was calling to ask how many pages she had done. "It's calming down here," he said. "Tomorrow there's going to be some excursion. I don't know where—to some wine place. No, wait a minute—that's the day after tomorrow. By the way, our German friends, especially the big one—you remember—wants to be remembered to you. I think he's going to send you a present. I wonder what. How many pages?"

On the fourth day there was no call, and on the fifth day she rang the hotel and someone said he was out at the museum, not in his room, and someone else said, "Not at the museum, on the excursion." There was a gabble of voices on the hotel exchange, and after a long time she heard a man who said he was the manager and asked who was speaking, and she said, in German, "I simply want to speak to Doktor Southey, with the British delegation who are staying with you. It's urgent." And she said vehemently, "This is his wife, speaking from London."

And she heard the man say to someone, "You fool, why didn't you tell me this lady was his wife?" And she could clearly hear him say, "You rang his brother? Where is his brother, at the hospital?"

She was trapped in a net of angry voices. And then the manager spoke again: "Madame, we have supposed his brother must have told you. You must prepare yourself for bad news. I assure you we got in touch with his office at once. We supposed his brother would have passed the knowledge to you. Doktor Southey has died in hospital yesterday, after a riding accident."

"Get off the line!" she shouted. "I am speaking to someone."

The manager repeated his sentence. "Not deaf," he shouted. "Dead. *Tot.*" And he repeated one of his long, riddlelike sentences.

Paula felt her face collapse. The strength went out of her hands and, indeed, her whole body seemed to be jumping away from her and leaving her. She dropped the telephone, which hung squawking on its cord.

"George, you conceited fool—" she began.

"Stop that!" she shouted at the telephone.

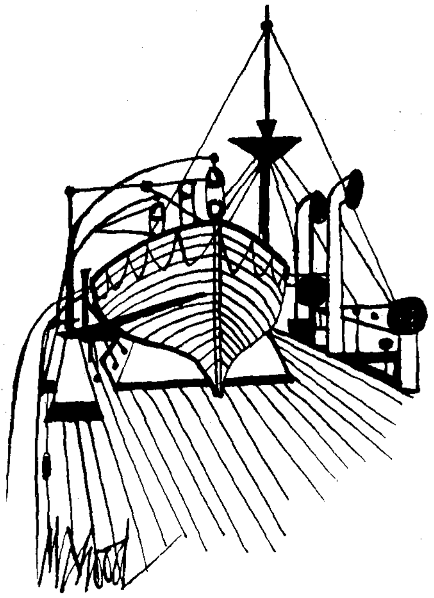
She felt her body shrinking to nothing and then suddenly grossly bursting, as if to mock her. She seemed to hear George say those words that always annoyed her when he was caught out and was trying to smooth his way out of something—words that now grew fainter and fainter: "There I go, flat on my face."

"George, why didn't you tell me?" she whispered, as if she were looking for him in the room.

And then the news became real to her. "That poor boy," she said. And now she did believe the news. "His poor wife," she said. "This will kill her."

She felt that half her life had been ripped out of her, that she was hanging in suspense between the present and her earlier memories of him, which became more vivid and real than the recent ones. Almost cautiously, she went from room to room, not able to believe that he would never again be sitting on that chair or this, or walk up the stairs. And then she could hear him making those telephone calls to the hospital and to his son at school.

Some days later a formal card announcing the memorial service arrived, saying "Funeral Private." With it there was a short typed letter from George's brother thanking Paula for her beautiful letter and the lovely wreath. Paula had also sent her love to the boy, and from him in time there came a letter written on lined paper from his school:



> Dear Mrs Paula. I hope you are quit well. A beastly dog got Snakey. I have got a new one.

A FEW years ago two new London ladies became noticeable in the Sussex town. They settled in a cottage near the church at the top of the long street and walked every day to the post office in the afternoons. In fact, only the tall, gaunt one with the thick gray hair who takes long steps is, strictly speaking, a Londoner. The little one with the reddish dyed hair is well known to be the sister-in-law of the printer who lives two miles away on the outskirts of the town. She trots along with a scraping step, chattering to the tall one, who when they first came to live there was thought to be a nurse, for it was known that the little one had been for a long time in hospital in the town, lying there in a coma for goodness knows how long, after a stroke. About that she has nothing to say, of course, for that part of her life is missing, but what she does not fail to say, with pride, too, about herself and the tall one, called Paula, is that they have been friends since they worked in the same office in London, at a place called the Institute. "When we were girls," she says. "That is where I met my husband."

Her husband is buried in the new plot of land the church took over some years back: a man said to have been in his time a fast bowler on the village cricket team.

About Paula, the tall one, little is known beyond the fact that once or twice a week she drives in a small car to the university ten miles away. Three or four of the village people even went to a lecture she gave on some German subject at the Literary Society in the town. There was a poster on the door of the Village Hall, and the daughter of the woman who runs the post office and village shop and has a big black dog went to the lecture. And so, indeed, did the printer and his wife. The village also knows that it is Ethel's, the little one's, son who comes down at weekends. He is a good-looking young man, who often goes for a walk up on the Downs with Paula. His mother only goes as far as the footpath at the end of the village, because she can't manage the steep climb.

Their cottage is really two small

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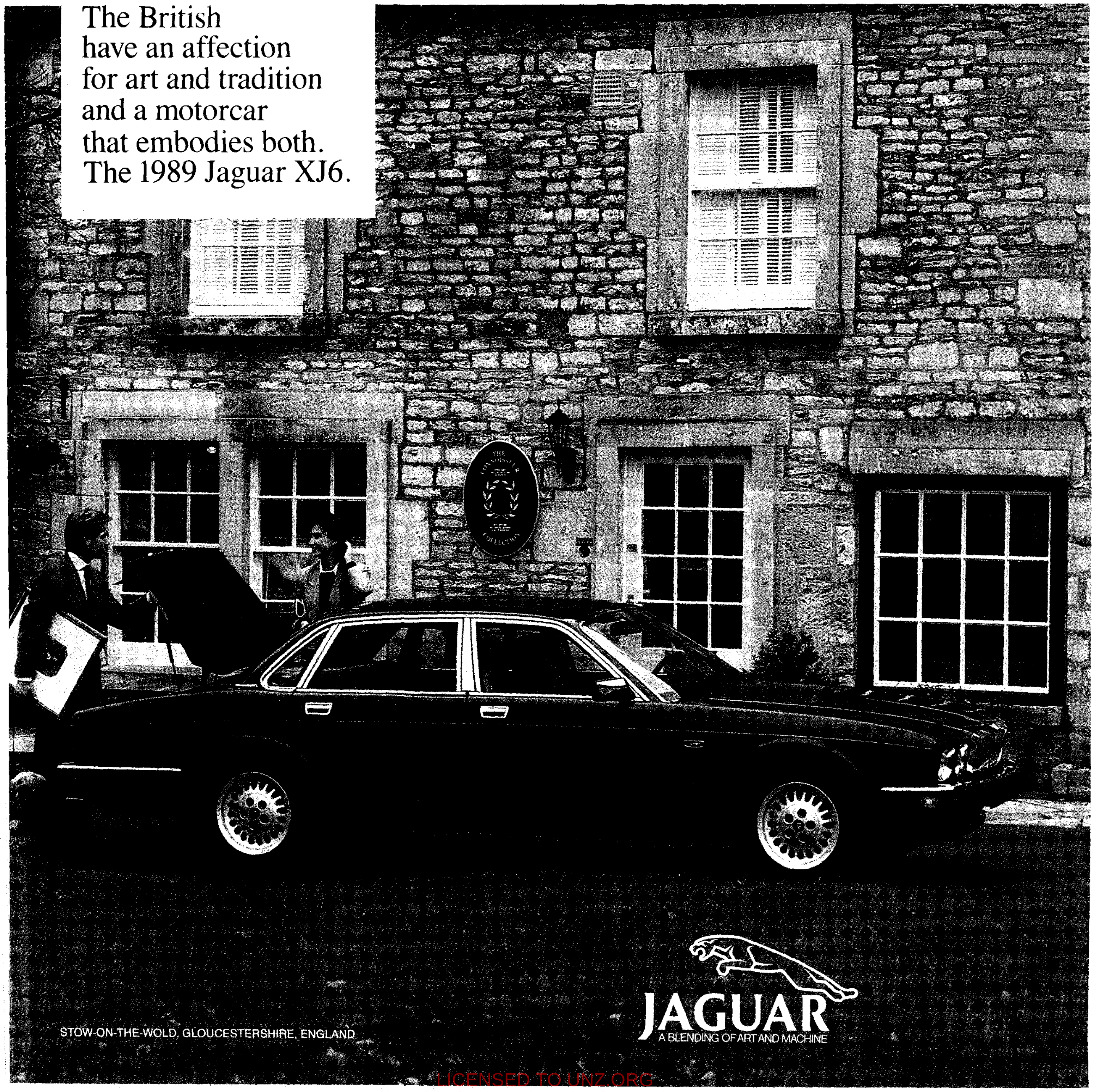

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A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

flint-and-tile cottages turned ingeniously into one. Ethel has a room on the ground floor, with a door giving onto the long lawn, because she finds stairs tiring. Paula works in a room upstairs, where one wall is lined with books, and she sleeps in a narrow room that looks out onto the churchyard. Behind the house is a public footpath, and a handsome row of sycamores and then the cricket field and the pink villas of the newer part of the village. In the afternoons and some evenings the two ladies sit in a sitting room, which is almost luxurious, for it is furnished with one or two treasures Paula brought down from London after she sold her flat there. There is a long, tall gilded mirror on one wall, a chaise longue, and a cabinet with one or two pieces of china in it. The chairs are pleasantly low-seated, the windows are long and look out across the garden hedge to the public footpath, and it is pleasant to hear the gate slamming at the end of it and to see who has gone by.

Quite a number of distinguished visitors come to the house, especially one or two professors from Paula's university, and then is the time for Ethel to show her gift of bringing in large glasses, like globes, containing her speciality: well-iced and powerful gin-and-vermouths. When she comes into the room she always catches the ends of the sentences she hears and repeats them as if to give the impression that she has not been out of the room. If she hears a visitor saying, "In my opinion, the film is a disaster to anyone who has read the book," she glides in saying, "To anyone who has read the book," to join the conversation. When her son is there and perhaps says, "It was three-one at halftime," she will eagerly repeat, "Three-one at halftime." She is making up for the time she was in hospital for all those years and heard nothing. She is particularly quick to pick up Paula's exclamations in the garden when Paula finds a climbing rose has gone wild and says, "Nothing to be done with them. Cut them back or they go on regardless, with ideas of their own." Ethel says, with fervor, "With ideas of their own." When someone said, "Munich has the finest collection of pictures in Europe," she repeated, "The finest in Europe," as if she had been visiting there all her life.

Occasionally, at weekends, Ethel's son comes down to stay with them. He has turned into a plump and dressy young man with the habit of making a hissing noise between his teeth when he is bored. On Saturdays there is sometimes a sharp bang, like a shot, from the gate to the footpath at the side of the house. The gate slams loudest when the children from the pony club ride through.

"I wish that woman from the riding school would take her horses some other way," says Paula.

"Her horses some other way," says Ethel as she limps into the room. She adds, "The noise interferes with Paula's work. How can she concentrate?"

But both women are thinking of George's death. His widow says, "It was all conceit. I could understand if he had had a woman—but a horse! I'm not being funny."

And she rambles into memories of the Institute and says to Paula, "Everyone thought you were going to marry Mr. Featherstone. He made sheep's eyes at everyone. You don't know the whole of it."

Her son listens. He would sooner be down at the village pub, but he knows the ladies expect him to take them out to dinner on Saturdays at some restaurant or other. He likes his food and always wants to try a new place.

"Where shall we go?" Paula asks.

He pulls out his diary and looks down a list of telephone numbers.

"All those telephone numbers—just like George," Paula says.

"I collect them," he says. "I started when I was at school. Dad used to ring me up from all over Europe."

"Yes," says Ethel primly. "We've got all his diaries, with numbers from all over the world."

The shabby diaries are a guide to George's life when she was absent from it.

"He even telephoned from Turkey," the young man says.

"And," says Paula, "sometimes from my house to the hospital and to your school."

"Yes, you told me," says Ethel, pitying her. "He had no regard for anyone's convenience."

—V. S. Pritchett

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14
DAYS

JUNE	JULY	AUG		
15	13	10	th	London, England
16	14	11	f	Amsterdam, Holland
17	15	12	s	sail
19	17	14	m	Flaam, Aurlandsfjord Gudvangen, Naeroyfjord
20	18	15	t	Kristiansund, Norway Cruise Inside Passage
21	19	16	w	Cross Arctic Circle Afternoon cruise of Holandsfjord with Svartisen Glacier Evening cruise the Raftsund
22	20	17	th	Gravdal, Norway
24	22	19	s	Hellesylt, Geirangerfjord Geiranger
25	23	20	su	Bergen, Norway
27	25	22	t	Oslo, Norway
28	26	23	w	sail
29	27	24	th	Copenhagen, Denmark

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1989 COPENHAGEN-BALTIC-LONDON

14
DAYS

JUNE	JULY		
29	27	th	Copenhagen, Denmark
JULY			
1	29	s	Helsinki, Finland
2	30	su	*Leningrad, USSR*
	AUG		
4	1	t	sail
5	2	w	Stockholm, Sweden
7	4	f	sail
8	5	s	Visby, Sweden
9	6	su	Ystad, Sweden
10	7	m	Cruise Kiel Canal Hamburg, Germany
11	8	t	sail
13	10	th	London, England

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1989 COPENHAGEN-NICE

15
DAYS

AUG	24	th	Copenhagen, Denmark
AUG	25	f	Kiel Canal transit
AUG	27	su	Jersey Island, United Kingdom
AUG	28	m	Bordeaux, France
AUG	30	w	sail
SEP	1	f	Lisbon, Portugal
SEP	2	s	sail
SEP	3	su	Malaga, Spain Motril, Spain
SEP	4	m	Ibiza, Spain
SEP	5	t	sail
SEP	6	w	Sète, France
SEP	7	th	Toulon, France
SEP	8	f	Nice, France

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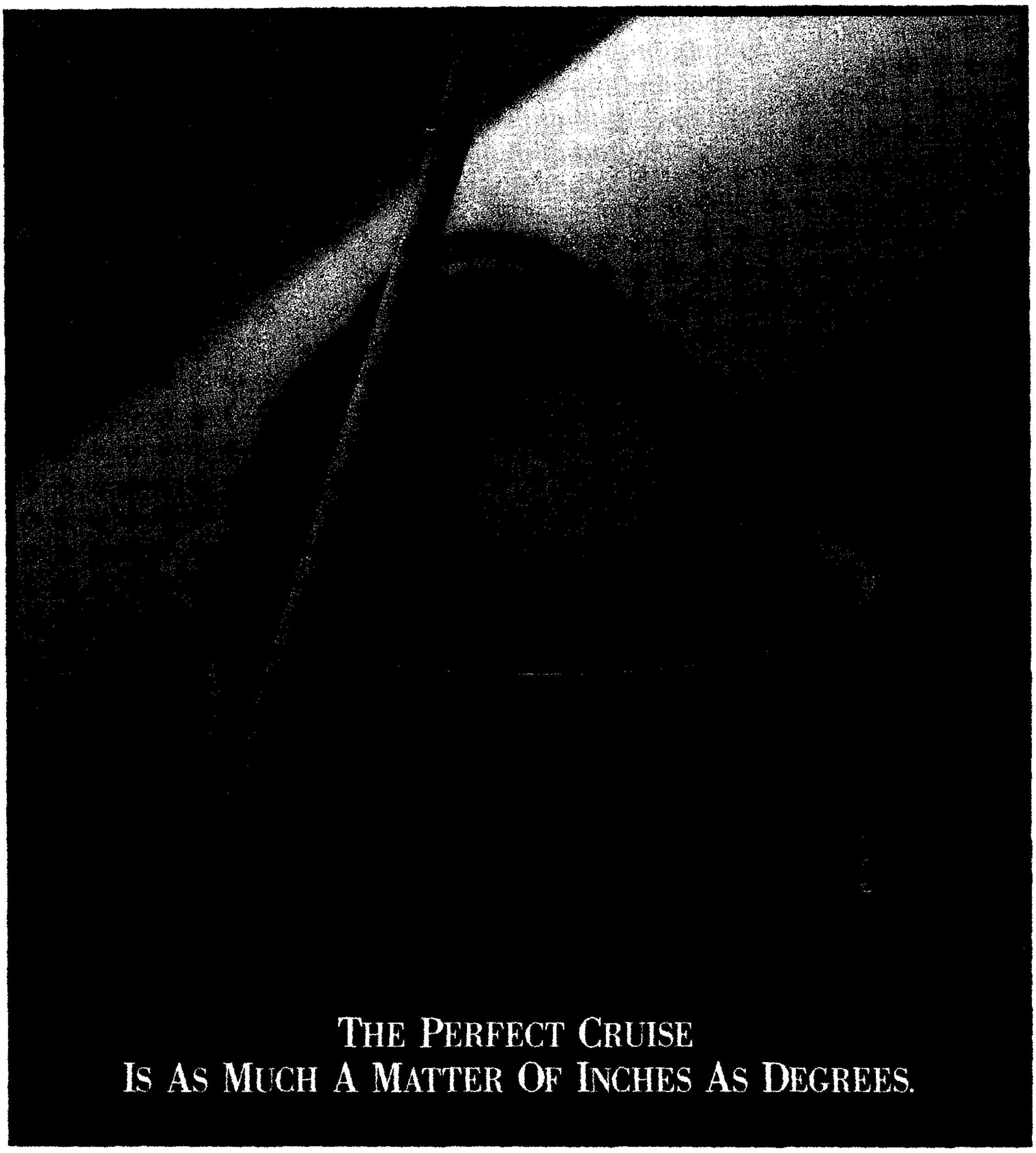

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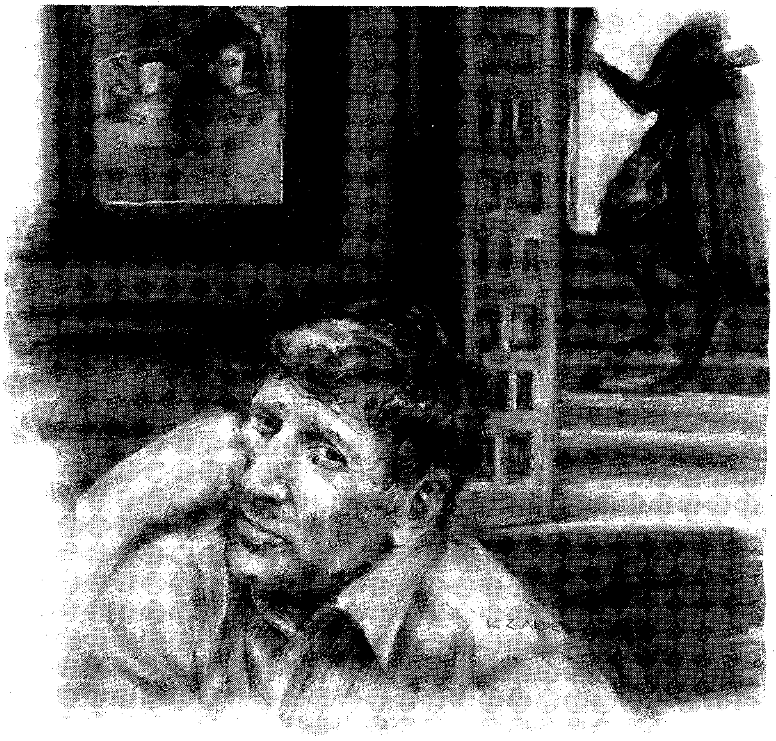
DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF



FAST facts about Dr. Jonathan Miller, gleaned over twenty-eight years. He has a wild and wise sense of humor as a mimic, clown, and satirist. He is a neuropsychologist, a theatre and an opera director, an art historian, a lecturer. He is a husband and a father, aged fifty-four. He is an Englishman who went to Cambridge. He is a Jew. But he has been known to stickle about the last and the first of these assertions, as any stickler with a true research mind would. Viz.:

(1) "I'm not a Jew," he stated conspiratorially to the audience of the celebrated revue called "Beyond the Fringe" when it burst on the Edinburgh Festival in 1960. "No, I'm not a Jew. I'm Jew-*ish*. I don't go the whole hog." As I remember, he was strewn on the stage and alone on it. In other situations I have seen him (a) strewn up the wall of the Old Vic rehearsal room while giving notes to a cast rehearsing an arcane Jacobean revenge drama; (b) strewn sidelong through blueberries and muffins and art books on his own kitchen table while looking at a putative forearm bone of a saint in some Old Master reproduction; (c) strewn diagonally across a stage-prop bed to find a plausibly distraught position for the tenor in "La Traviata" when Violetta is dying of consumption.

(2) "I never had a sense of humor," he has asserted. "What started me in a theatrical direction was finding at a very early age that I had a talent. I could impersonate chickens." As a child during the Second World War, when English citizens were encouraged to rear chickens during the food shortage as part of Lord Woolton's Dig for Victory, Miller conducted a study and found the assumption that chickens go *buk buk buk buk* followed by *bacagh* to be wrong. After due examination, he defined a quite different pattern of chicken speech: six *buks* followed by a soft *bacagh;* two *buks* followed by a further soft *bacagh;* and nine further *buks* followed by a loud *bacagh.* (I owe knowledge of these findings to a paper by Dr. Miller in *Granta.*)

The Jonathan Miller known to anyone with a longish memory or a lucky source of nineteen-sixties records is one of the four author/performers of "Beyond the Fringe." To watchers of TV he is the instigator/interviewer/narrator of "The Body in Question," the BBC series that was shown here on public television in 1980. To opera lovers he is that Brit who staged the mafioso production of "Rigoletto" in New York in 1984. And theatre buffs know him as the chap who in 1986 ripped through O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" in three hours' running time instead of four without cutting a word, by inciting the actors to overlap their talk. A matter of observation born of knowing a bit about behavioral psychology and about the way families butt in, he said. For that reviving enterprise he was assaulted by O'Neill worshippers, who often seem to think that the title is the key to this work and that anything but a very long night in the theatre is a betrayal of the play.

And then there is his physical aspect, as hostile to fixity as his professions. Settled questions: his height (six feet); his hair, tightly curly, and once red but now graying; the concentration and amused curiosity expressed in his eyes and forehead. Much of the rest is changeable. His face is long, with a mouth that doesn't look the same two seconds running. His whole appearance is altered almost out of recognition by what he is thinking. When he is watching an actor or an opera singer at work, he reflects the thoughts of the characters. When he is doing a piece of swift mimicry, he looks eerily like the person he is mimicking. I once saw him do an imitation in sound of a sofa being sat on. His face expressed pure outrage on behalf of sofas.

His movements are abrupt. He will twist and untwist his legs, clutch a knee, pace, collapse, fling out an arm, glance fast at an outstretched long leg as though it had strayed without command. He is not good-looking by matinée rules, but there is something profoundly attractive about the melee of his face and body in action, whether he is speaking or listening. His looks are like his company. His polymath mind sounds daunting, but he is a warm, eager, easy man. His friendships are long-lived, and he dotes on his family. There is some fastidiousness about him that enters every part of his life: his impeccable sense of priorities, his choice of words, his unstudied way of dressing, his recoil from the theatre's promiscuous flatteries and "darling"s. And his punctuality, his assumption that other people are as fragile as he is, his care with their capacity for invention. They seem to feel unhounded and at their fullest with him.

Jonathan Miller is a life student of the abruptly odd things we say and do. The results of his work in "Beyond the Fringe" triumphantly declared him a specialist in the comedy of mess: mess under discipline, mess observed in tranquillity by an orderly poet of a mind to do running repairs. His method with any of the messy behavior he sees around him—from a headwaiter's lofty bungles to mankind's misreading of the danger signals about nuclear weapons and radioactive waste—is to jolt muddleheadedness into lucidity by reënacting confusion. As a parodist, he kills by embracing: with beady observation, he performs for us some of our more barmy moments and swerves us by the enthusiasm of his endorsement.

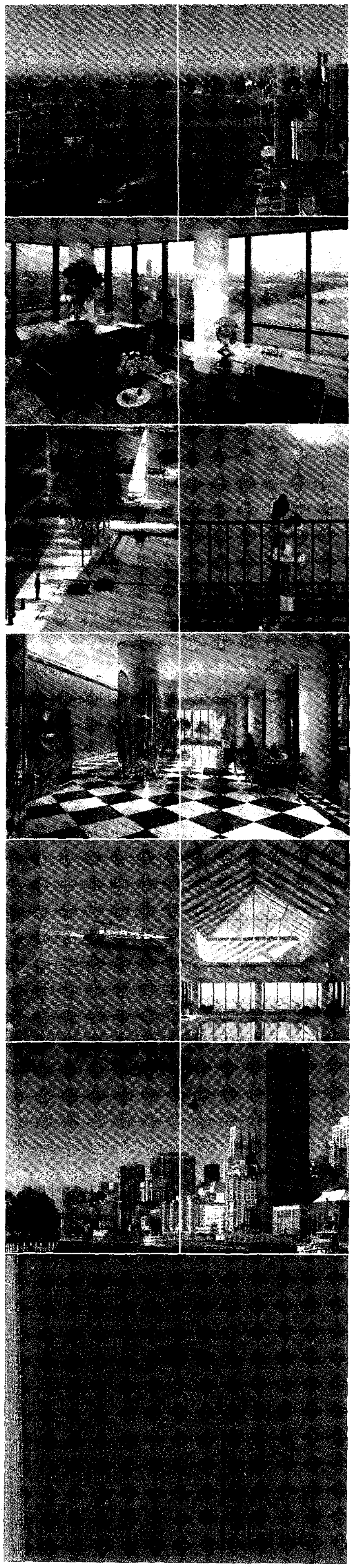
As they would say on the BBC, to which Jonathan Miller as a comedian owes much of his early fodder, "it was in the chill small hours of a Scottish August in 1960 when the cast of 'Beyond the Fringe' first trod the boards." Jolly welcome that tread was. The revue was an unofficial addition to the stately Edinburgh Festival. I had been to one of the comatose official offerings, a verse play of transfixing triteness. Late-night license beckoned.

The cast numbered four. First, because by far the shortest—the average of the remaining seventy-five per cent of the company levels out at a bit over six feet—Dudley Moore. He was then a composer and jazz musician, with a useful likeness to Dame Myra Hess when he chose to wear a bun and play "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring."

Second, Peter Cook, already a professional writer and actor in the theatre, who had streaked into the West End with a revue called "Pieces of Eight." He was plainly a brilliant solo performer. That night, he developed with sustained expository skill the thought that Constable was really a secret painter of nudes, covering them up with loads of hay merely for the sake of propriety.

Third, Alan Bennett, a historian of modest and mordant temperament who was then a junior lecturer at Magdalen, and was soon (once the company had reached the West End) to commute from London to Oxford in a chauffeur-driven Rolls with a speaking tube. Most of his monologues were in exegetic form: lectures or broadcasts or sermons, based on years of chilly observation of platform techniques. The result so reproduced the blandness, the intellectual patronizing, and the inappropriate joviality of the originals that some lulled spectators missed the irony. Several enthusiastic members of the Edinburgh audience clearly took his parody of a TV chat by Dr. Verwoerd, South Africa's Prime Minister, as a moderate and rather persuasive argument *for* apartheid; and during a sermon delivered on the wonderfully fruitless text of "My brother Esau is an hairy man, but I am a smooth man" inured churchgoers found nothing to startle them. The vicar's fond clasp of his hands and his concerned way of taking off his spectacles were a precise pastiche. So were the uncomfortable attempts at man-in-the-street metaphors: "Life, it's rather like opening a tin of sardines. We're all of us looking for the key. Some of us think we've found the key, don't we? The sardines, you know, the riches of life therein—there's always a little piece in the corner you can't get out. I wonder: Is there a little piece in the corner of your life? I know there is in mine." And he was a Civil Defense lecturer: "Now, I know you're probably sick of all this, but it's not the government's fault if you're bored with the H-bomb, is it? It's the fault of the demonstrators. The issue is a simple one, after all. Kill—or be killed." Dudley Moore giggled here as your average man: "Or both." Appreciative chuckles from Peter Cook as another platform expert: "The golden rule about nuclear attack is *Be right out of the area where the attack occurs*."

Fourth, Jonathan Miller. Having whetted managers' appetites six years before with an appearance at the Cambridge Footlights, he had firmly refused all stage offers and disappeared into a career in medicine. His resurfacing in sodden Edinburgh was eruptive and elating. Physically, his presence onstage was confidential, beaky, and swooping. Left to himself, he would lope about the stage, musing on some such theme as the piles of perfectly *new* London Passenger Transport Board trousers in the Lost Property Office, and would then suddenly dive downstage to lie full-length, his one visible cyclops eye glaring at the audience above the footlights while he hissed some paralyzing query. He seemed to



have an instinctive recourse to nonhuman movements: during lulls, he could be seen in a corner of the stage muttering to himself and strutting strangely, like a Nazi pelican.

No one who saw "Beyond the Fringe" is going to forget Dr. Miller as another ingratiating vicar, anxious to keep in with the young of the flock, saying to Dudley Moore as a thick-tongued teddy boy that the thing is to get violence "off the streets and into the churches, where it belongs." Or his part in the opening of the show, where he, Peter Cook, and Alan Bennett as twit Englishmen, steeped in chauvinism and secretly listening hard behind their newspapers, are hellbent on showing no interest in the recurrent urges of a Russian Dudley Moore to race onstage and play "God Save the Queen." The dyed-in-the-wool trio concealed any surprise that a young Soviet should have this passion for the National Anthem. As they quietly agreed, "I suppose it's because they get so little of it over there."

After transferring to the West End, "Beyond the Fringe" had a long run on Broadway. The four begetters, with their humane natural radicalism, shared an admiration for the political bite then to be found abroad only through *diseurs* on American records. They wanted to boot out of existence the traditional function of English revue, which was to provide non-dyspeptic entertainment for expense-account parties or for family outings seeking safety in badinage. They assumed as naturally as Mort Sahl did that politics is a proper province of the theatre, and would have agreed that their show was likely to be combustibly offensive to, among others, right-wingers, flag-waggers, transcendentalists, bullying press magnates, and upholders of peace through nuclear arms. "With fatal punctuality," Jonathan Miller said in the time I spent with him last year, "we opened in New York on the night before the Cuban missile crisis ended." There may not have been many laughs that night, but there were the next. The punctuality was apt.

BY the time of "Beyond the Fringe," Miller was gaining ground in his battle with a lifelong stammer. I often wonder if the stammer, far from consigning him to a nonpublic world of writing and laboratory research, wasn't the very thing that dared him to elect his lives of lecturing, performing, directing: all of them dependent literally on his speaking his mind. Jonathan's wealth of enthusiasms could have found outlets physically easier for him. But he is a convivial man as well as a scholar, elated by the presence of people who catch his contagion of interest. The life of a widely read hermit is not for him. So he went to war with the impediment. His speech will wangle with difficult sounds by creeping up on them draped in the camouflage of "as it were" and "so to speak." The waste matter isn't pedagogic: it serves as delay time for him to pounce. Any transcript of his talk will contain many a sentence abandoned because of some roadblock of a consonant. He goes on to reframe the sentence, not only to beat the consonant but also because he has developed the idea better in the fugitive halt.

After Edinburgh, Jonathan and I met often over the years, on both sides of the Atlantic. A couple of years ago, he had done one of his many about-

turns between the sciences and the arts, and was directing "La Traviata" in English in a filmed BBC workshop production with singers from the English National Opera. He worked illuminatingly with the young singers on the acting of Violetta's death scene. "We will be happy living together," sang the soprano to Alfredo from a difficult position on the bed. The rehearsal pianist stopped sympathetically. "Sorry," the soprano said to Miller. "I forgot to breathe."

Miller said with his usual concern, and because he always wants to know more about music anyway, "This question of breathing. Is it a negotiable problem?"

She said it was.

Alfredo had come in to sit diffidently at the bottom of the bed. "I wonder if we could have you running in?" said Miller. "And getting much nearer to her?" He tried the move himself. "Of course, what we don't want is the Groucho Marx knee-slide carrying you right past her."

Alfredo found a way of making a pillow of himself for Violetta. Miller watched. His habit as a director is to leave actors to develop their way for quite a stretch of time without interrupting. "Play with her hand," he said to Alfredo. "You almost don't dare to look into her eyes, because you'd know the truth if you did. What we want is the fruitless, unfocussed floundering of delirium. And Alfredo's this relative at the bedside. 'What can I do? Is there anything I can get?' But Violetta's hanging on by a fingernail. You get intolerant of a caress. 'I know it's the thought that counts but, Nurse . . .' "

Violetta came to the great "Rinasce" passage. Not so easy in the English of "I can breathe now." But the music carried her, and so did the director. "You're steady," he said. "You've got such a larger concern on your mind that you can't allow panicky distraction. Otherwise it's slushy romance." He thought for a moment. "And you never look at him. Just look at the veins in his hand. Yes." She sang the repeated falling phrase.

Alfredo looked as if he had lost her, and Miller nodded hard to him. "Now there's this rapture. What's it about? Straighten her nightie. You can hear the beating of the wings of death in the air. Slow, slow. You can feel the infection in her vibrato. As though the energy came in spurts. It's something she can't depend on."

At the moment of Violetta's death, just after the entrance of Alfredo's father, who is half in love with her himself, Miller wanted to find for the tenor a truth about the character to make him behave as if far out of his depth. "I think you stand in relief, as if Daddy had rescued you from Violetta. Some infantile reconciliation." A pause. "Rather than this thing of gathering up the dead body in the arms, wouldn't it be an idea if at the great moment of your life Daddy is there and you turn to him and clasp him? You're actually much closer to him than you and Violetta have ever been."

The rehearsal gave the singers a feeling for behavior at the brink which was obviously quite new to them in their experience of directors. Extremity of one sort or another is opera's natural tendency, but a lot of directors back away from that into the plump substitute of histrionics. Miller's experience of patients' behavior is an endless source of help to opera singers depict-

the Mondrian as interpreted by Italo Scanga, Los Angeles, 1989
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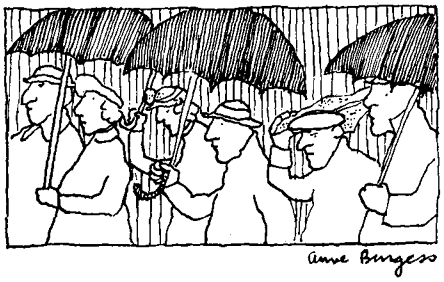
ing moments of high rage, loneliness, pain, victory: he can ponder for performers how the moments can be annotated with gestures that are observed and singular. And his free-fall into funniness does more. All intelligent singers are petrified of the potentially ridiculous in characters' singing in some abnormal register about situations that are barely even speakable. Miller's humor gets them out of trouble. After the hypothetical curtain had fallen on "Traviata" in the rehearsal room, he said to the cast, "When the singers are *talking* in 'The Magic Flute' or 'Figaro,' they're like great fish flopping around in six inches of water until they're back in the full fathom five of an aria."

The jazz singer and writer George Melly is one of Miller's characteristically long-standing friends. "It itches him when people still treat him as a very, very clever undergraduate," he said lately of Miller. "He says, 'Can't you see I'm old and a very, very clever don?' He's a kind man. Very good if you're depressed. Of course, he fulminates when his work's misunderstood, but always forgives when people see the error of their ways. He says that what he'd like would be to stand under a Niagara of praise. He's not an iconoclast. He's a reviver. If he's doing Restoration, he just wants to strip it back to the bone and stop all that poofing and kissing of handkerchiefs. What I love is when he takes off into a flight of fantasy. Once he did a set piece on the animals in the London Zoo. Rhinoceroses were Surrealist bedsteads. Living near the Zoo as he does, he can hear the animals chatting at four in the morning. He's convinced they're passing on a joke to each other, like people in asylums or prisons. He says we need zoos to remind us that we're human. He's quite sure that, with those coin boxes at the Zoo where you drop in a small sum to hear descriptions of the species in question, what you actually hear is the animals describing themselves. And, of course, there is the fish-defender side of him. He pities the fish in the Mediterranean for living in a Roman sewer. He says it makes them look like performers in a South American night club. He prefers a plain fish. Cod. Hake. I think it's because they sound like very moderate eighteenth-century clergymen. Dean Turbot."

As a director, Miller is bent on restoring what he calls the "rubbish" of real talk's sound to classic scripts where meaning has been lost in heftily elocuted repetition. He loves what slavishly naturalistic critics often find "sloppy" in great works: the practice of omission in painting and of ellipse in writing. As a comic writer, he tussles the fogged pieties of habitual thinking with an irony that is in the line of Carroll, Butler, Swift. All humor undermines received logic. No wonder Miller's film of "Alice in Wonderland" for the BBC in 1966 lay in the highest tradition of comedy. It went to Carroll's central question: whether your average reasonable man is in his right mind at all.

Miller as artistic director of the Old Vic put on twelve months of productions in 1988: Racine's "Andromache," Reinhold Lenz's "The Tutor," N. F. Simpson's mortally funny "One-Way Pendulum," Ostrovsky's "Too Clever by Half," George Chapman's "Bussy d'Ambois," "The Tempest," and Leonard Bernstein's "Candide." Miller himself directed five of the seven pieces, and he was deep in "Bussy d'Ambois" last August. George Chapman (c. 1560-1634) is the Chapman whose Homer translation Keats looked into in the sonnet title. Miller obviously thought the neglected Chapman worth looking into. "Bussy d'Ambois" had been seen rarely in England since the execution of Charles I: it leans on the dicey reiterated line "Kill the King."

In real life, Bussy was Louis de Clermont, Bussy d'Ambois, a hell-raising French courtier in the reign of Henri III. Chapman shows him as an independent man of honor lured by the King's brother from provincial hard times to a place at court at the moment when the modern state is emerging. Played in this revival by a first-rate young North Country actor named David Threlfall, Bussy is a dashing man who scythes through a world of sycophants and paltry officials. If the work gives you moments of thinking that Bussy is morally a dunce, to whom killing, adultery, and court reform are all one, it has wise power in its imagining of a lone natural man contesting absolutism and artifice. Eventually, the mechanism of the newborn state-within-monarchy wins indifferent victory over individual courage, as English theatre with idiomatic response to the times was triumphantly early in dramatizing. But Bussy has a sulky intelligence that leaps into ironic life the moment he sees hypocrisy in the saddle, and his simple sense that the court finds him a menace rumbles and rages in the verse.



The rehearsal room last August was the familiar big space, with a long plywood worktable at one end. The usual clutter: chocolate bars, aspirin, cigarettes, scripts, piles of swords, a pack of tarot cards, and the casting directory, the indispensable four-volume aid called *Spotlight*. Miller leafed through "Young Actresses" before things started. "There's Jemma Redgrave, daughter of Corin, son of Michael. And there's Victoria Chaplin," he said, turning round. "Her movements are her father's exactly. You can see it's genetic, not environment. And there's Emma Freud, niece of Lucian"—the portrait painter, grandson of Sigmund. "There's Angela Pleasence, daughter of Donald. Everyone's kid's coming into the theatre."

The fight arranger was staging a duel in one small space. "Mind, he's nearly over the edge of the stage if he does that," Miller said. "You've got him too cornered, haven't you?" The stage manager chalked the stage edge more firmly. Actresses were wandering about mouthing their lines, dressed in long hooped petticoats with whalebone substructures to let them get used to moving in court costume. One of them had a Minnie Mouse T-shirt above the petticoat. Another, who said "I'm a chillsome morsel" to no one in particular, was buttoning up a cardigan over one she had on to start with. The actresses wore pleated white ruffs that fastened with Velcro. (A costume designer's boon, Velcro, but it doesn't always hold under the stress of a revenge drama. Later on that day, in the heroine's torture scene, her writhing

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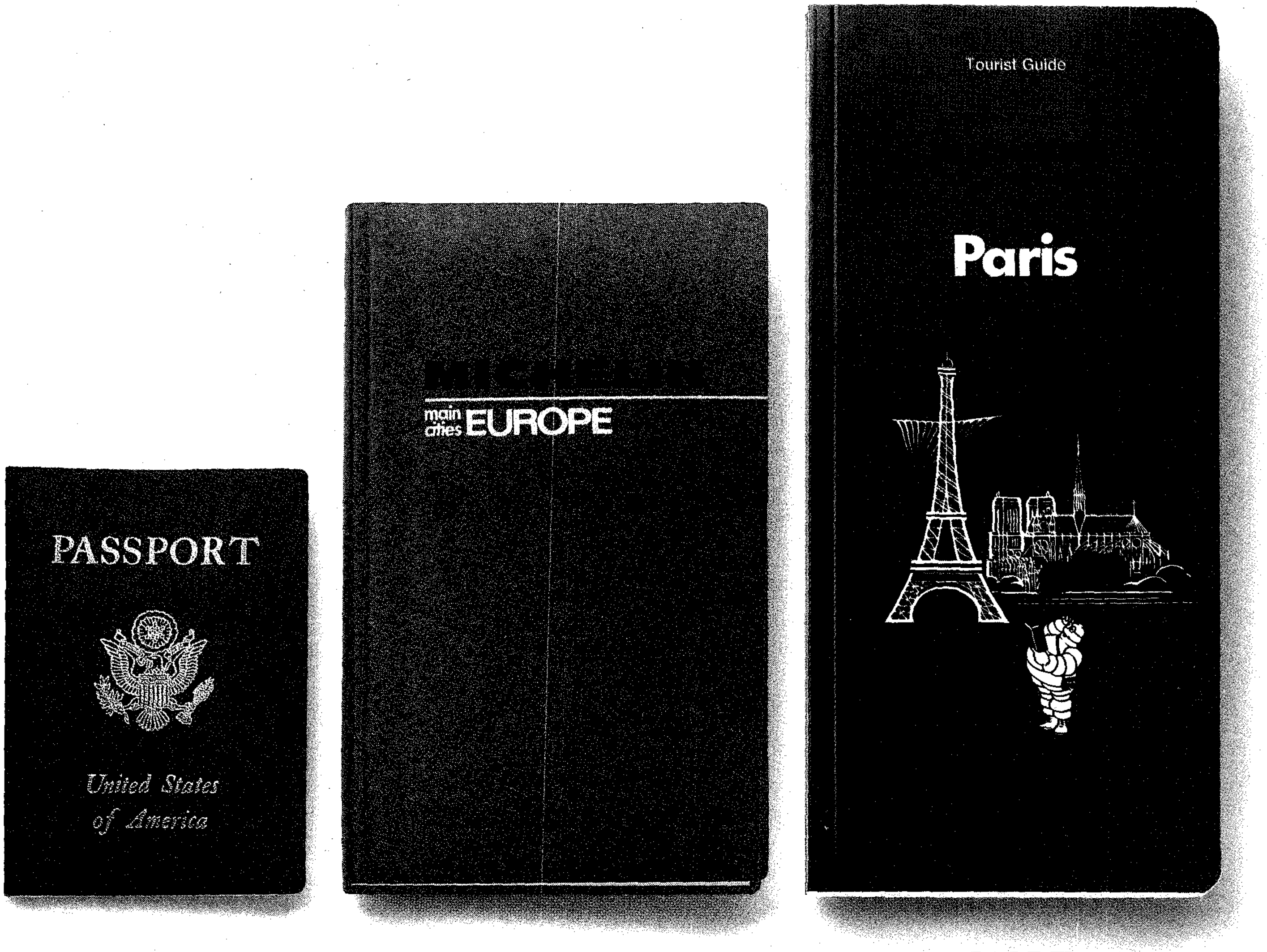

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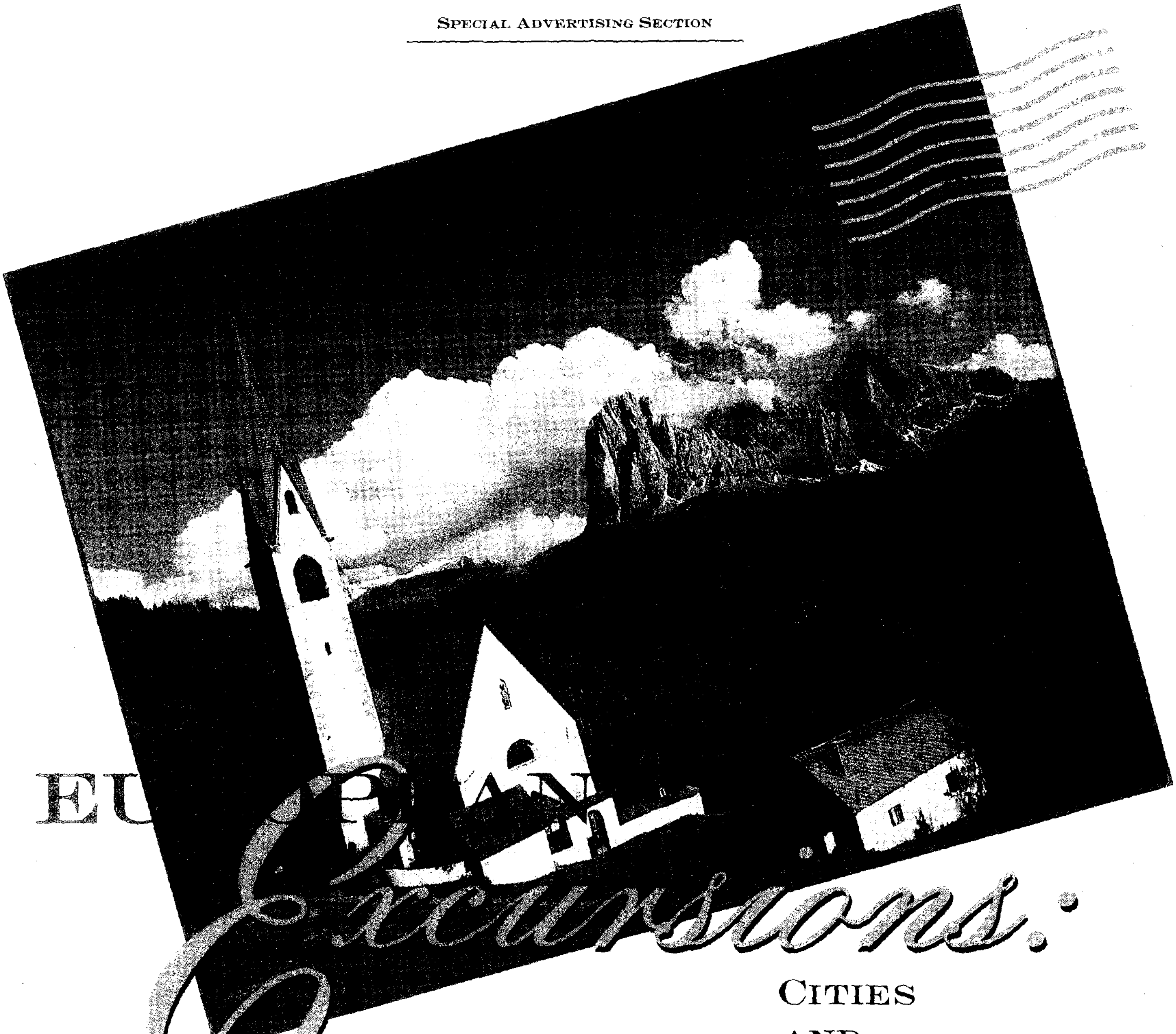

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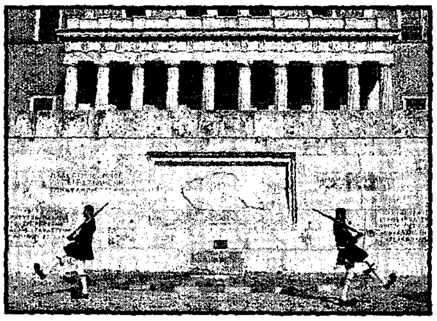

In Europe, the past winter was the mildest in memory. Fur coats were flung open on balmy Paris boulevards and Dublin's cherry blossoms bloomed in January.

Summer is already stirring from the British Isles to the Greek Isles, and travellers have only to pick their own particular brand of excitement or tranquility.

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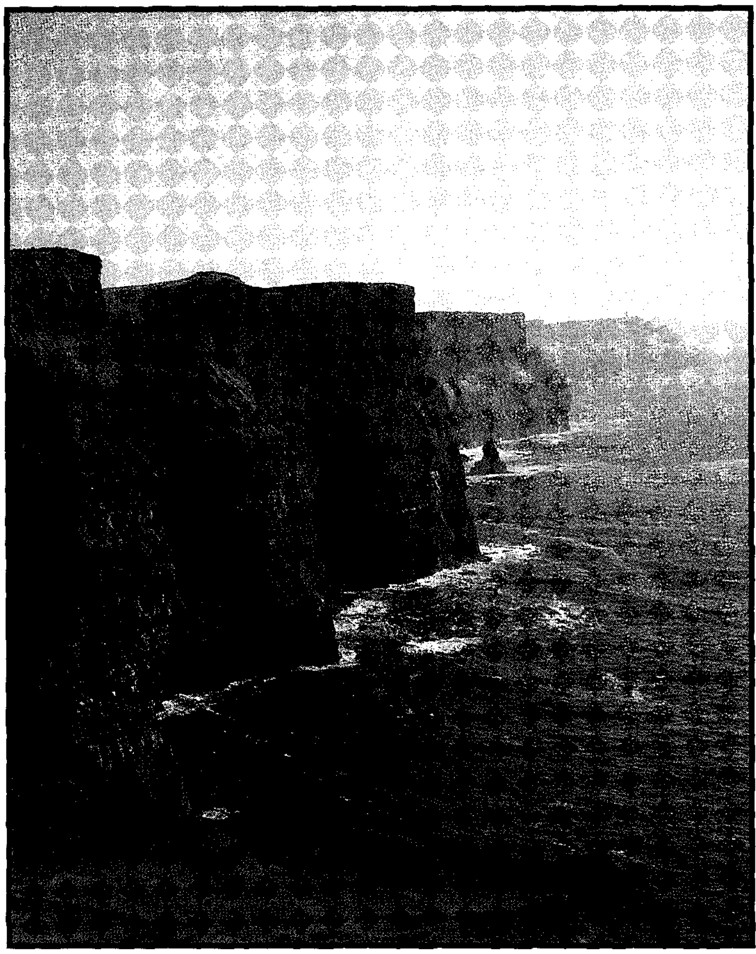

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IRELAND

Ireland is where Europe draws its first breath of westerly air. It is where the cliffs go down like steps to the sea. It is rolling green meadows bordered by serene lakes, a white cottage in the cusp of a hill, but more than that it is the sea. Ireland has the freshness and smell of it. Fishing boats bob in coves along Galway Bay; cows graze down to the tide near Dingle Bay.

The land also has magnificent appeal with its castles and lazy country lanes and diverse landscapes. Rhododendron and fuchsia bloom in the wild. The Gulf Stream passes by here, and palm trees thrive on the resultant subtropic zephyrs.

Ireland was made like this, and must be taken at a relaxed pace — it is not for galloping through. The best way to experience the country's lush variety, and to lose all track of time, is to travel the island by horse-drawn caravan.

Irish tinkers' wagons are for rent for a group of two, three, or a close-knit four. They are fitted with bunks, seats, a kitchen, and little porches. There are introductory, get-acquainted sessions at the base camp, where the rudiments of horse personality are explained to beginners. To ensure that horse and prospective renter are evenly matched, no one goes out without a test drive. You'll get free maps, expert advice, and tips on campsites, and then it's away onto the high road.

With all the many wonders to see in Ireland, four or six hours of daily travel is enough. (A reasonable travelling pace is ten miles a day, a speed that allows for walking briskly along after the horse.) This leaves ample time for lingering over idyllic breakfasts and camp dinners. After such a ramble through Ireland's countryside, the visitor should be ready for a trip to its largest city.

Dublin owes its very foundations to its superb coastal location midway between Scandinavia and maritime France. Originally established by the Vikings in 841 A.D., the Irish capital has finally embraced its Norse heritage 1,147 years after the fact. Dublin is celebrating a new-found Vikingness: the foundations of more than two hundred Viking buildings have just been unearthed, and the Irish National Museum has created a massive exhibit featuring a model of the old Viking city. There is even a "Meet the Viking" program: an entire Viking village has been recreated in the basement of a church. The traveller can talk to the Vikings on hand and learn about Dublin's history.

> *Ireland is where the cliffs go down like steps to the sea.*

SCOTLAND

It is amazing that the singular beauty of Edinburgh remains a secret to so many. There is no European capital that is more unharried and in such happy condition.

Edinburgh is really two cities in one. The Scottish capital's New Town is a remarkable distillation of the Age of Enlightenment. The view down its principal thoroughfare, Princes Street, takes in no fewer than eight distinct towers, each planted at what seems precisely the right spot. The avenue itself, acclaimed as the most beautiful street in Europe, presents a classic Georgian parade of chapels, gardens, and businesses.

To the south is an immense park that runs up a far hill to a considerable height and ends on a distant rim, the city's Old Town, covered in fifteenth-century architecture.

All this would be enough to make for a remarkable city, but what makes Edinburgh stand apart is the state of it all. You can see lovely old falling-down buildings all over Europe, but there is very little crumble in Edinburgh, and the streets of the city are quite animated. Shoppers buzz about High Street, Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, and Canongate, the four streets composing the Royal Mile. (Lawnmarket is an excellent place to buy Scottish woollens, especially kilts.)

Edinburgh Castle — arguably the world's most famous castle — is the site of the tattoo, a military panoply unmatched in the world. At the other end of the Royal Mile is Holyroodhouse Palace, the Queen's official residence in Scotland. Only a little less imposing than Windsor, it seems softer, with trees and lawns and the green countryside surrounding it.

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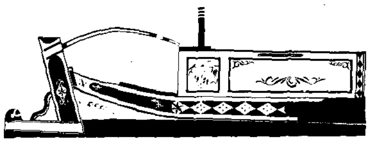

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The Glenfiddich malt whiskey distillery is in Dufftown. There is a film to see there explaining the entire distilling process, and a tour of the facilities every time they have a group of as many as twelve people, which is often: they receive a hundred and twenty thousand visitors a year.

The distillery is a place of immense space, filled with some mighty machinery and grillworks of iron stairways and crisscrossing platforms. The stills themselves are like mammoth copper boilers, and there are all manner of pipes, conduits, and nineteenth-century-looking gauges, controls, and hydrometers stuck into the sides.

If you request it, you may get to see the malting floor. This is one of the last premises on earth to devote the necessary space to the traditional malting method, and it should not be missed.

The huge floor of the malting room, as big as an airplane hangar's, is covered by barley seeds. They have been chafed, husked, soaked, steeped like tea, and are germinating. The alcohol is made directly from the sugar of this sprouted barley.

A visitor can tour not only Glenfiddich, but also the distilleries of Glenfarclas, Glengarioch, Glen Grant, The Glenlivet, Strathisla, Tamdhu, and Tamnavulin.

ENGLAND

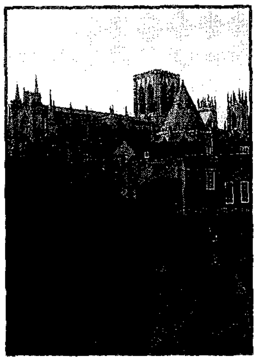
There is a blackened heath across the border into England where the rugged peaks of Northumbria heave into view. The bogs and heather side with pine barrens against the howling wind which prevails in this desolate place.

Fortunately, near all that's so forbidding there is Langley Castle with a warm welcome and a cheery fire. Constructed in 1350, its walls and crenelations were built as a defense against the Scots. This is the perfect place to jump into the hazy amazements of Old England, still alive.

A nice drive to the west, and no more than a step across the tide, is the island of Lindisfarne, also called Holy Island. The monks who dwell here live in a restored eleventh-century priory and labor in their gardens. Their secret recipe for mead is still used to create this legendary drink.

Mead was prized by the Druids, and some say it was responsible for their priests' hallucinations. All that is known of it today is what the monks of Lindisfarne know. And mead still is what it was in the beginning, a clear, pale, gold wine made from fermented honey. Lindisfarne's mead is for sale at the abbey, and can be sent overseas.

Lindisfarne is also a nature reserve, a windblown home to the sea birds that come plummeting in over the surf looking for nesting sites. It's a good place to go on a picnic, roam a ruin, visit the small museum, or sit on a hillside, listen to the sea, and drink the local mead.


York Minster Cathedral

Nearby York, the old capital of the north, is a living and historical treasure. A recent addition to the city traces York's links with the past: the Jorvik Viking Centre. What a visitor sees here is the recreation of a day in the life of tenth-century York — the commerce, the government, the military, the home life; in short, Viking life when England was a colony of Denmark.

The York of the Middle Ages can be found in the chop-up of streets and back alleys called the Shambles. Despite its name, it is a pleasant amble with the right medieval feel: there are even places where you can buy a doublet.

The National Railway Museum is another fine York attraction, and full-size trains are what are on display. Mostly, they're locomotives, all shined up and in running condition. The exhibition hall is huge, the exhibits are changed frequently (by means of a round table), and come thundering into the museum under their own head of steam.

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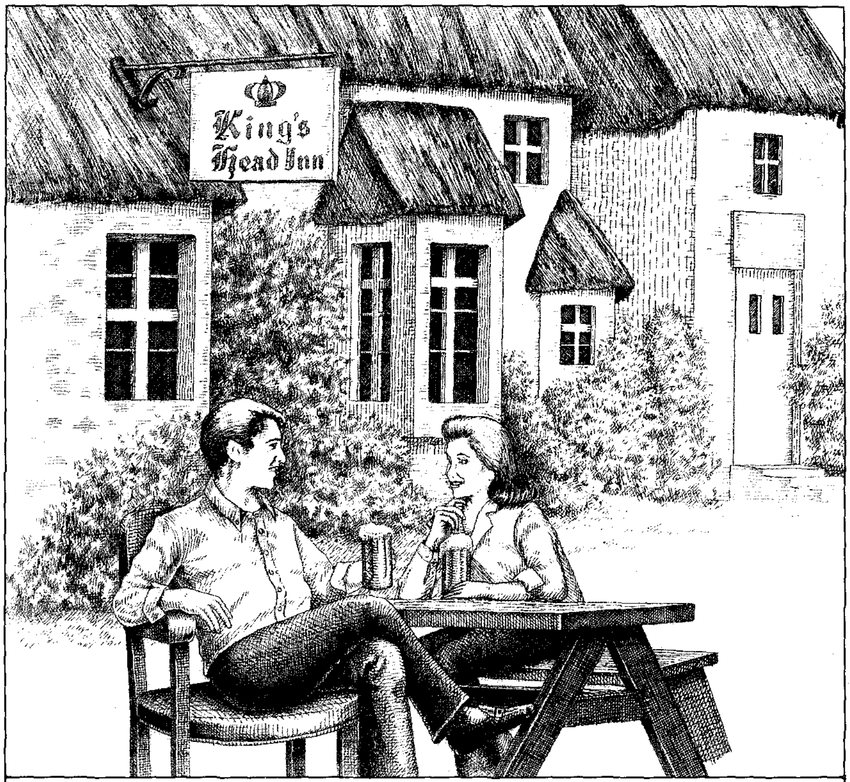

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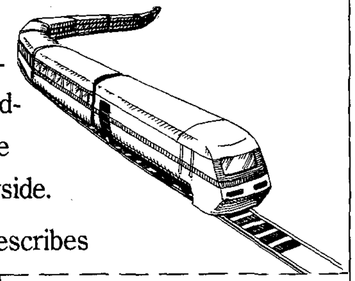

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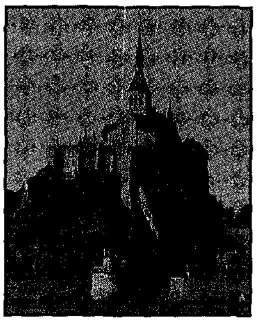
FRANCE

Jumping from London to Paris is not the right way to go: you miss the whole coast of France, especially the wonderful oysters at Cancale. And just across the bay from Cancale is Mont-Saint-Michel, which is, after Paris, the most visited wonder of France.



MONT-SAINT-MICHEL

The Mont became the site of shrines and pilgrimages because of its invincibility. All the wealth that was in its shrines could not be and never was pilfered. Even the Vikings were kept out. The monks of Mont-Saint-Michel kept its treasures as untouchable as the topmost of its spires. After a visit to Mont-Saint-Michel, it is on to a fabulous bicentennial celebration.

The two hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution falls this year, and this is the time to see Paris. The city is putting on the biggest series of celebrations in its history. There are a number of costume parades scheduled. The first, coming on May 4th, portrays the peasants storming the gates of Versailles.

Paris's city hall will be the site of a conclave of American governors on July 8th. There will also be marching bands from America — one from each state, plus the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico — numbering seven thousand marchers, playing songs like "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Over There" as the City of Light goes Stars and Stripes.

Those who find dancing in the streets tiresome can mark the Revolution in other ways: there will be special dinners, fireworks, and laser shows that will light up the Parisian nights.

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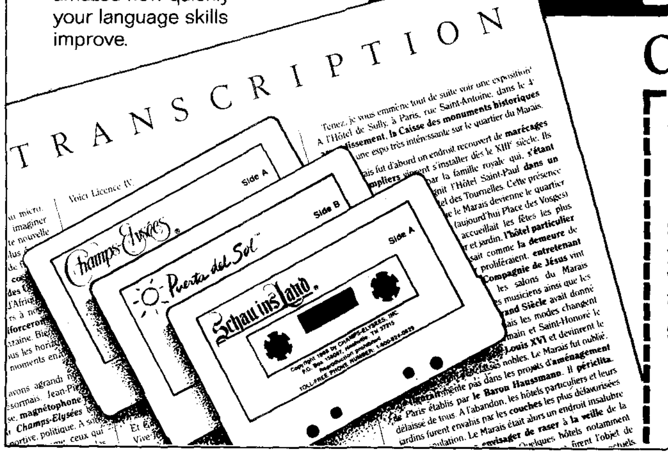

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embrace it. The city's Tivoli Gardens is a fair haven for a stroll, and a visitor who snaps up a danish there will never be happy again with those from home. Tivoli is also for late night pleasures. It has live music in its pavilions, and dancing on summer nights that never darken.

A day trip from Copenhagen to Hedeby is a third stitch in the Viking saga of Europe. The nearby fortifications, designed to protect the city from Charlemagne's raids, give some idea of the great value the Danes put on their early commercial center. From there, Vikings embarked across the Baltic and crossed the waters of Russia's interior to Baghdad.

Town Square, Helsinki

To see how these ancient mariners actually got about, a visit to nearby Roskilde is a must. There, the Viking Ship Museum houses five thousand-year-old ships dredged up from the deep.

The city of Stockholm, Sweden, and its commerce are also built around the sea. There are refreshing boat rides around the city, and the entire harbor section of the Old Town has been given over to Swedish artisans dealing in, among other things, woollens and clever house- and kitchenwares.

Stockholm at night is an orchestral delight: the city's open-air and museum concerts are a nighttime enticement.

Norway, home of deep-water fjords and glaciers, has the longest coastline in Europe and offers some of the most interesting cruises. Oslo, the capital, has its own Viking Boat Museum. Among its possessions is the only Viking chieftain's ship in existence. (Those at Roskilde are commercial crafts.)

Helsinki, Finland, is a newly-developed east-west crossroads concentrating on the present and the future. Though it is not an antiquing center, Helsinki has its fashionable designers' boutiques as compensation. Look for them along the Esplanade and Senate Square.

Helsinki has something more to offer its visitors: Leningrad. A voyage to this Russian city can be made from Helsinki without a visa. The traveller simply boards a boat for an overnight cruise. The tour of Leningrad

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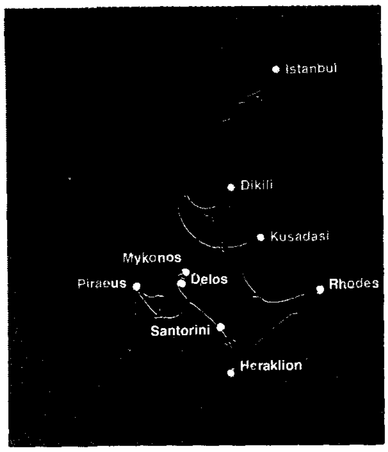

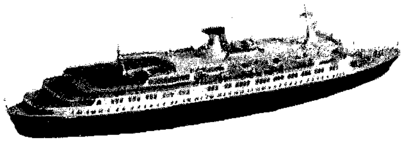

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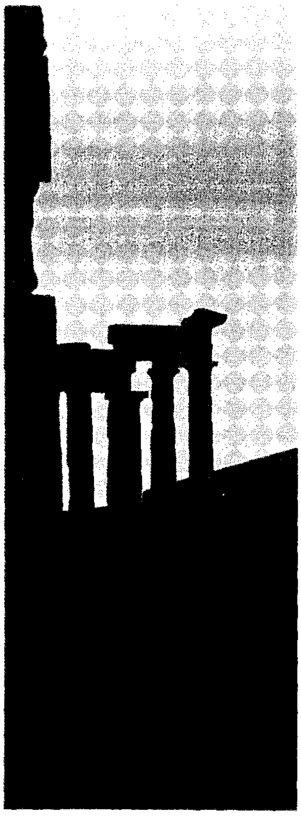

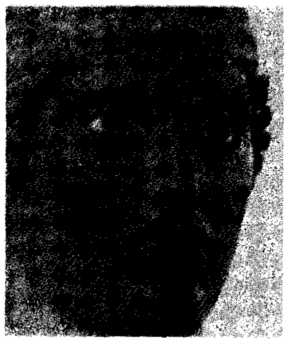

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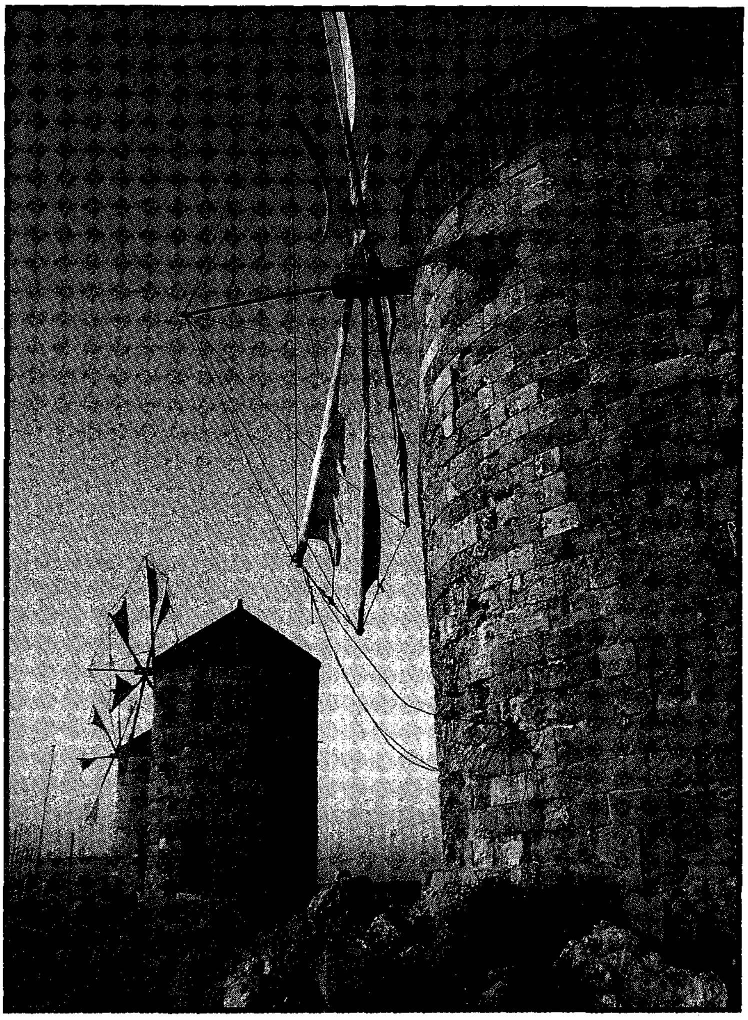

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and its museums lasts all the following day.

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland has a high life in its mountains that has nothing to do with Geneva bankers or oil-rich sheikhs.

A good way to enter the country is by car through France, using the Jura Mountain pass that cuts through Besançon and continues to Lausanne. There are two ways to go once you near Lac Léman: the traveller can continue on to Lausanne, or go in the opposite direction toward Vevey.

Lausanne is comfortable, relaxed, and very French looking. There is a funicular that climbs the hill through town, giving close-up views of the town's architecture.

Down on the shores of Lac Léman there are luxury hotels, and over toward the north end of the lake the Swiss vineyards begin.

In the whole world of wine there are no neater, more attractive vineyards than in Switzerland. Each one is small and meticulously weeded and treated as a little garden. The flowers at the end of each row are looked after with as much care as the grapes. The vines are terraced, and the terraces themselves are buttressed, held up by *murailles* — perfect little stone walls.

Up in the green hills of Switzerland is Gruyères. The town is as pretty as its cheese is famous. The men still wear shorts, knickers, and hats with feathers. Not to be missed are the tours of the *fromageries*.

GREECE

Greece is for those who like it hot, who want to sunbathe, drink ouzo, and dunk themselves in the sea. Enjoy these things on islands in the Cyclades, with their sandy beaches, or on Rhodes, Kos, or Sámos. Plunging in their azure waters is like a refreshment from the gods.

Steamers run daily between the islands, and the wise tourist will do as the Greeks do: they ride with the goats.

The village of Vari is fifteen miles from Athens and is the place to go for dinner. Vari is small, and there is one main feature: the butchers who stand out in the middle of the streets calling for customers. On entering a shop, travellers will see as many as twenty goats or lambs hanging rosy from racks. Customers then choose the exact morsels they want and those cuts are showered with heaps of fresh oregano and salt and grilled over a charcoal fire. The aroma in such a shop, and all the way down the street, is heavenly.

There are not many tourists who get to Vari — most of the customers are locals — but those who usually go back.

Greece is for those who want to sunbathe, drink ouzo, and dunk themselves in the sea.

SPAIN

Of all the many wine festivals of the world, the most wonderful must be the *Vendimia* in Jerez.

First of all, it is in Spain, the land of wild celebrations. Also it has gypsies, so there is flamenco. (The world tournament of flamenco coincides with the *Vendimia*.) For the festival visitor, there are excellent hotels with swimming pools so large they have islands in them. And the sun always shines at *Vendimia* time.

The festival has great food and drink (grilled ribs of lamb, white asparagus, sangria made with blood-red oranges), tapas bars, and a wonderful town to hold it all — Jerez de la Frontera. Not incidentally, it also has the wine — sherry — made from the golden palomino grape.

Sherry is a worldwide product, and makers like Harvey's, Sandeman, Croft, and the like, seek out the best entertainment to complement their suppers and their wine. To dine with the wine barons is a magical experience. It requires some enterprise to obtain an invitation from one of the great sherry houses but it is worth the effort.

The evening entertainments are held deep in the caves. The underground walls are whitewashed and chiselled; the dinner jackets of the guests are as white as the walls; dresses of green and blue silk and satin rustle against solid rock.

There is hand-clapping and music. Then, a most beautiful woman enters the cave. She is dressed in black; her dark hair is in

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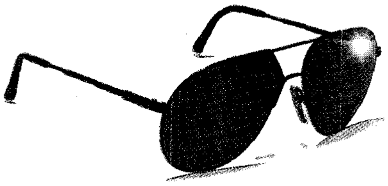

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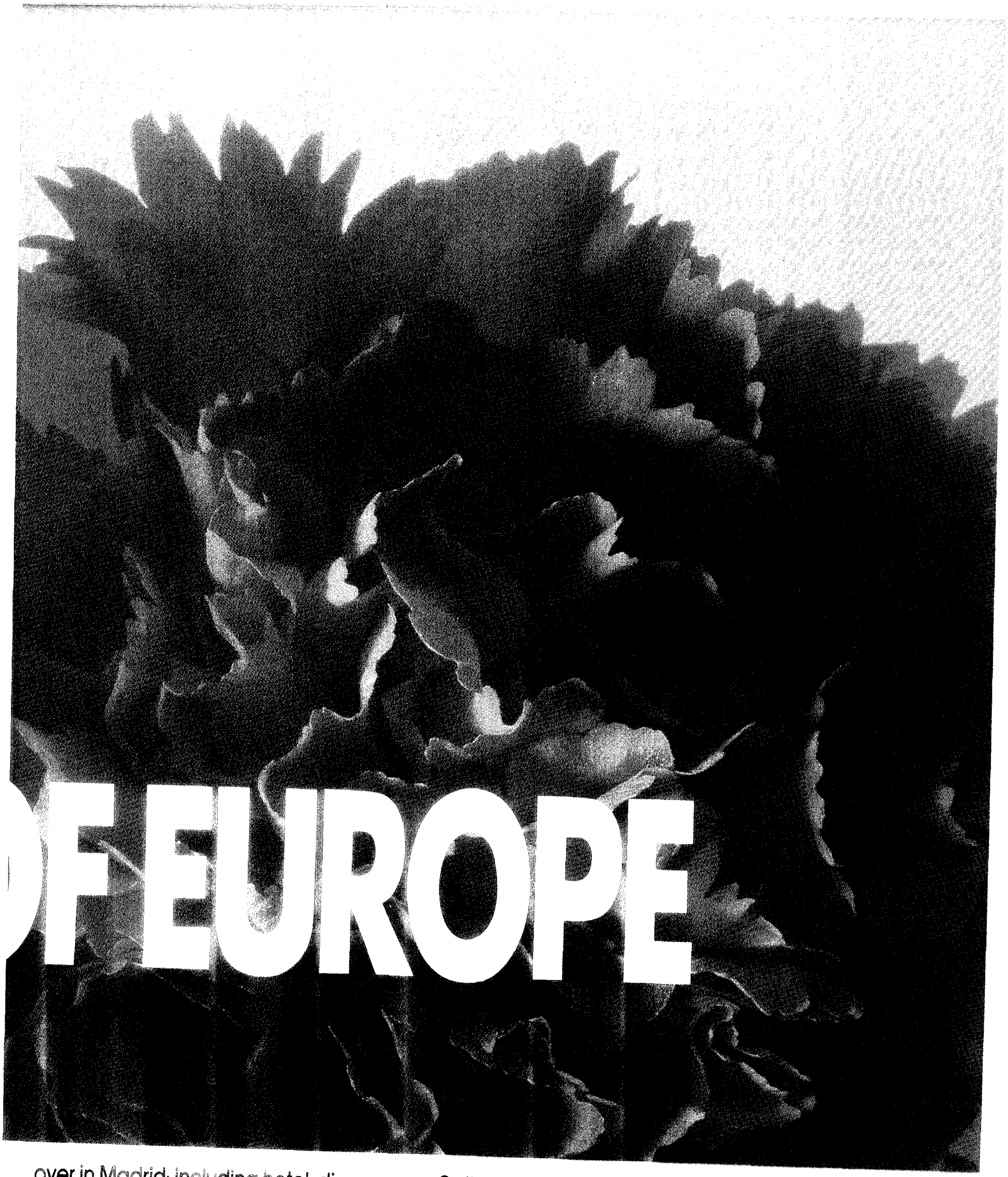

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a bun at her neck. With one long stride she is standing atop a table, and no one notices her man until she begins to click her heels and they start to sing. The woman dances only a quarter of an hour, no more, but it is promised that after dinner she will dance again.

Dinner in this part of Spain comes at midnight. When four A.M. comes, and the woman returns to dance, neither the hour nor the exhausting effects of jet-lag have driven anyone from the room.

There is this magic all over town during *Vendimia* and it spills out into the streets. Little gypsy boys dance with their sisters and mothers, and then with the tourists.

Domecq, which makes a very good fino sherry, tries out young bulls in their ring outside of town. (Just a bout; there is no blood.) It is a beautiful drive through the country. After watching some turns of the cape, the visitor can picnic in a nearby olive grove which has a stream running through it.

On the last night, the town residents, the tourists, and gypsies are invited into the bullring. Tio Pepe rents the place for a massive party. On the stage, above where the bulls once charged out, is seemingly every gypsy in Spain who has either a guitar or a good singing voice. The party goes on until dawn.

The next day the church bells ring, doves fly from the tower. A priest comes out to make things official: he blesses everything that's left standing, and one more harvest goes into the books.

ITALY

Milan is the hub of all that is modern, all that is fashionably Italian. The designers of Armani and Missoni are in town, making the city a mecca of contemporary fashion. A visitor can stop to see all that glamour, and then saunter in the park and watch the swans that sail into the heart of downtown.

Here are the miracles of Milan, the Galleria Vittoro Emanuele and the soaring Duomo cathedral. The Galleria, the Old World model for the New World's shopping malls, is an ensemble of shops, cafés, and restaurants, all under glass. Café sitting and people watching are always in season under the Galleria's protective dome.

Near the Galleria is the Duomo — a fairytale vision of Gothic spires and sandcastle façades, so delicate it seems it would crumble if touched.

Milan also has one of the must-see art attractions of the world, just recently reopened. It is Da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper, in the private dining hall of Santa Maria della Grazies. Were there but one reason to come to Milan, this would be it.

The Galleria is an ensemble of shops, cafés, and restaurants, all under glass.

For lovers of the opera however, there is still one thing more in Milan, the shrine of opera: La Scala. People don't come to hear a performance here, they come to worship.

The country around Milan is a delight in every direction. To the north, there are the Alps, the Brenner Pass, and Austria. To the northwest there is the lake country. The sight of Lake Como from the railroad station, when the azaleas and honeysuckle are in bloom, is haunting.

Going to the west, enough can't be said of eating and drinking all the way through the Piedmont to Asti. The Piedmont is Barolo country, and also gourmet country. An average lunch is twenty-two courses. This is the place to try Italian meats. The carpaccio is outstanding. Since real prosciutto can't be exported from Italy, it is a treat to try it here, as well as fine mortadella, Parma ham, and the whole spectrum of Piedmont food. And once in Asti, the traveller must, of course, try the *spumanti*.

GERMANY

In Germany there is a celebration of a big wedding — a wedding that took place in 1475.

Prince George, son of Louis the Rich, is to marry Hedwig, daughter of the King of Poland. There'll be days of feasting, parades, parties, and processions. The entire village of Landshut turns out, and they've had plenty of practice: they do it every four years.

This southern Bavarian town and its villagers present twenty-three days of costumed pageantry (from June 24th to July 16th), recreating this brightest event in all Bavarian history. It is the biggest historical spectacle in Germany.

Landshut, on a bend of the lovely Isar River, has a wide street, the Altstadt, for pa-

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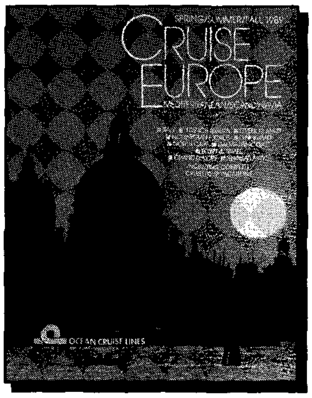

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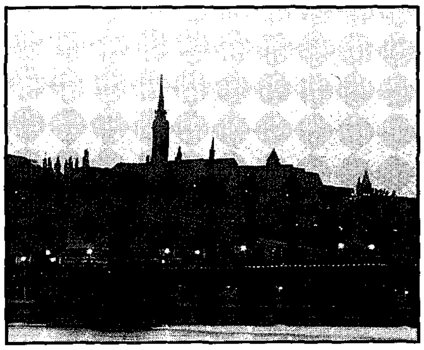
ITALY - GREECE
TURKEY



SUNSET IN BUDAPEST, HUNGARY

FESTIVAL IN LANDSHUT

rades such as the royal procession for this year's celebration. It has the highest brick tower in the world: the belltower of its church, Saint Martin, soars to an inspiring 133 metres. The burghers' row houses, also done in brick, are crowned with crenelated gables and stand on vaulted arcades that provide for dry promenades in the rain. Across and above the Isar, Trausnitz Castle, a brooding hodgepodge of turrets and walls, looms over the Altstadt.

It is around all this that the spectacle takes place: the knights' parades, the children's processions, the reënactment of the wedding itself and its attendant festival.

There's a crowd milling at the gates of the town — a royal crowd. There are jugglers and squires, whole foreign embassies (with pipers piping behind them), lovely ladies-in-waiting, and, finally, the bride carried past in a sedan chair.

The pageant continues with knights jousting, and still later there is falconry, poetry, jokes from jesters, and songs and whole plays that go into the night.

As the celebration of 1475 comes but once every four years, hordes of people try to get in. Reservations for the most popular events should be secured in advance. Inquiries about reservations and a schedule of events should be made to the German National Tourist Office.

Germany is a nation where it seems every tiny village offers musical temptation — even if it's just a choir of children singing in the back of a small church. Here, then, is a biased sampling of some of the more picturesque places for music in the country.

The village of Alpirsbach, in the Black Forest, has concerts in its cloister from July to December. Music was never better wedded to its environment.

The festival of Schwetzingen, running from May to June, is one of the longest in the Federal Republic. Schwetzingen, in the Swabian Forest, is one of the loveliest festival settings in Germany.

Trier is the oldest city in Germany, and has a festival of national music from May 12th to the 15th.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen has a Richard Strauss festival from June 8th to the 11th; in Würzburg, the music of Mozart is celebrated from June 7th to the 24th.

Nuremberg boasts a week of internation-

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al organ music from June 22nd to July 2nd. The music in the cloister at Feuchtwangen goes on from June to August.

Hitzacker on the Elbe puts on its Summer Music Festival, while from the end of June to mid-August, Schwäbisch Hall hosts a program of outdoor concerts from a stage on the steps in front of Saint Michael's.

AUSTRIA

Austria also has its music festivals (the oldest and best known is the Mozart Festival) in more beautiful settings than most anywhere else.

Salzburg is a town of clock towers and cupolas on the river Salzach, below the snow-capped Alps. It is a town with eighth-century roots, a baroque cathedral, good mountain air, and a five-week music festival.

CUPOLAS IN SALZBURG, AUSTRIA

Salzburg has always been home to song. Mozart and Beethoven went to its salons and halls to hear music. Travellers can come hear their music at the Salzburg Festival from July 27th through August 31st. And it's not just Mozart: there is Italian music, too — Verdi and Puccini, among others.

A "Sound of Music" trip to Trapp-family sites, not twenty miles from Salzburg, is even more impressive than the wide-screen, Cinemascope version. Such a trip brings visitors into the *Salzkammergut* — the staggering green, blue, and white Austrian lake country.

Finally, when the visitor is about to leave all this, there are all the delights of Vienna: the rococo *Ringstrasse*, the Big Wheel, the palace of Franz Josef, the eerie zither, the coffeehouses, the Burgtheatre, the classical plays, and the tartes. Vienna's own is *Linzer Tarte*, along with its *Sacher Torte* and strudel, and each is made with the notion of tempting the visitor to return to Austria.

FRED HALLIDAY is a novelist, screenwriter, and travel writer, and is a frequent contributor to national food, travel, and lifestyle magazines.

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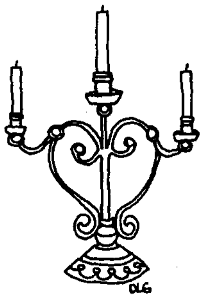
neck made the ruff come unstuck and hit her in the nose.)

Miller was wearing rumpled khaki cotton trousers and a striped shirt. He had a pair of spectacles, which I hadn't seen before, on a cord around his neck. "Five years ago," he said, making a face. "All that reading. Can't be the light in hospitals." He talked separately and intently to five of the cast, walking about, then came back to the table for a runthrough. Practicing vigilant inactivity, he watched the actors go through a scene. Then he asked for a speed-read that encouraged overlapping. "Yes, good. The next person grabs the thought out of the last chap's mouth." The scene began to have the rough texture of talk. He said to Sara Kestelman, who played Tamyra, Bussy's mistress, "Sara, see yourself as a hospital patient who says, 'Don't help me, I can do it.' Your right hand is plucking at the sheet and you look at it as if it were doing something quite separate from the rest of you."

With another run of the scene, gestures became the accompaniment of language. They marked the tonic stresses. In the rehearsal room, with nothing to stand in for the set, the play had a bareness that the director wanted to keep. He wanted to rebut the notion that Chapman's language is cluttered. He congratulated the cast on the simplicity it was arriving at. "But soon we shall have the set to contend with, and it will comfort us with upholstery. Metaphorically speaking," he said, and paused. "The pointed direction for which we are known here may in fact suffer from upholstery."

They finished the speed run and went back to the difficult climactic scene: Bussy's fatal wounding by a hired assassin just as he has won a duel with his mistress's husband. In her sight, he hands over the sword to the loser. David Threlfall, not surprisingly, halted in his way through Bussy's long valedictory speeches. The director gave map marks: "With the giving of the sword, you're handing over your life and your honor to the man you despise. Handle the sword carefully. Think of the emblematic quality of the thing. It's a very magnanimous gesture." Still working to breathe life into the lines of pentameter given to Bussy after the pistol shot, the director said, "He's on his deathbed, though he's upright. He can't quite believe it. His death has come straight out of a kiss. A kiss thwarted at the last moment. He's dying. He must loosen his connection. And now he's saying, 'Don't help me, I can manage.' The people watching are like relatives visiting. 'Heavens, what's he doing, swaying like that? Is he going to fossilize in our presence?' "

A scene between Bussy and Tamyra after a parting quarrel needed an hour's work that day, mostly on positions. It looked eventually like a Pietà, though some of Chapman's clotted lines had made it hard going. The physical shape emerged when the director summoned up lovers' fights. "The storm's blowing itself out in tears. You've both lost, you think. Love is a lethal instrument. Fine as long as it's handled carefully. But it can be a killer."



Work on the exits. Problems for Bussy and Tamyra. They took it, in this undressed rehearsal room, that they were going offstage together, and couldn't match that to the anguish that tinctures the lines. Tamyra asked how any of it fitted with the forgiveness Miller wanted from her.

"It's forgiveness not in the plenary sense," he said to her.

"What's 'plenary'?" David Threlfall asked.

"Full," Miller said.

"But he's off to life in a bed-sit," said Threlfall.

"They go off by separate doors," Miller said. "He's going to Clapham, and she's going to Hampstead Heath."

MILLER lives in a Victorian crescent close to Regent's Park, opposite a house owned by Alan Bennett, a friend ever since the years of "Beyond the Fringe." Bennett still remembers coming back in a taxi with Miller and Peter Cook just after "Beyond the Fringe" was offered a transfer from Edinburgh to the West End. "I think we were slightly daunted by Jonathan's exuberance," he said not long ago. "But it's not a matter of ego. He's very suggestible, in a way that most directors aren't. You'll see him taking hints from what actors just nibble at. He even gives himself these hints. He's got a very strong sense of the past, a sense of the history of science as much as of its frontiers. There was some time ages ago when he'd found a huge gramophone horn and a vast wooden polished propeller. Opened up great vistas. Well, anyway, in this taxi— Apart from onstage, I'd seen him only once or twice, at parties. We'd been told we'd get a hundred pounds each for writing and performing. We weren't thrilled. But he said, 'That's five times what I get as an interne,' and he was so carried away we did it."

Last August, Miller's wife, Rachel, who is also a doctor, was doing a four-month stint of doctoring in the Himalayas. She ordinarily works at a health center in Kentish Town (the next-door district to the Millers' Camden Town), a partner in a practice that often calls her away to a patient in the middle of one of the family's unfussy dinners. She is a soft-voiced woman, funny in a detached quiet tone all her own, and with an enabling warmth. As Rachel Collet, she met Jonathan when they were both medical students. They married in 1956. Also in 1956, Rachel's sister Jane, who looks and sounds astonishingly like her, married a man also named Miller and also highly gifted. Karl Miller is no relation of Jonathan's, but it seems happy that the two close sisters who abandoned their shared surname should stay conjoined under another. Karl, a witty and scholarly Scotsman and no slouch at mimicry himself, has been the literary editor of *The Spectator* and the *New Statesman*, and the editor of *The Listener*. He is now the editor of the *London Review of Books*. His hobby, as a buff and long as a practitioner, is football. Jonathan's is deep sleep. The unrelated Millers get on as well as the abundantly fond former Collets. Jonathan and Rachel have three children: Tom, William, and Kate.

Late one Sunday morning last summer, Tom was at home and Kate was to drop in, her approach signalled by anxious phone calls about her stalled car. Tom is a photographer. William is in production management of a promising independent-film setup. Kate is the sales representative of a graphic-design shop. The Millers' house is big and cluttered. The study is packed with opera recordings and books on painting, medicine, psychology, philosophy, music. We went downstairs to late breakfast in the semi-basement kitchen, which looks onto the back garden. Miller said, “Tom and I are ad-libbing without Rachel. It’s like ‘The Odd Couple.’ ”

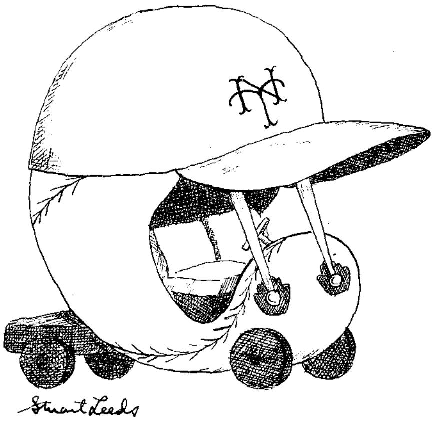
At breakfast, Miller talked about the *Sprecher*, the onlooker figure in many great paintings, whose head is turned to gaze at us centuries later. “It’s a term of German art historians,” he said. “I suppose you see the *Sprecher* most vividly in ‘The Baptism’ of Piero, where one of the angels stands looking out of the tableau. The others are preoccupied with the occasion, but this one is glancing at posterity to meet new spectators of the sacred scene.” He leaned down from the table and scrabbled for a book among the piles on the floor. “And there’s this marvellous *Sprecher* who gazes out of the ranks of assembled dignitaries in Velázquez’ ‘The Surrender of Breda.’ A young cavalry officer, his right hand delicately raised to arrest us, his attention distracted by a rustle made by a subsequent spectator, looks out into the future.” Miller put his hand on his hip and swiftly acted an arrogant officer condescending to upstart questioners. “ ‘Yes, I was there. Is there anything you’d like me to tell you?’ ”

He became the intent scholar again, eager to pass on his enthusiasm. “You see a *Sprecher* figure gazing out of the side of Mantegna’s ‘Camera degli Sposi,’ in Mantua. In the midst of the Gonzaga assembly, someone’s staring as if to meet the impudence of latecomers. I don’t know when the *Sprecher* first appears, but it’s a terribly important notion. When you see a painting where the gaze of the *Sprecher* penetrates the varnish of the picture plane to erupt into the world we inhabit, it’s very shocking. Then, of course, there are pictures where the gaze of everyone in them is directed at the painter, and so at time to come. Long after the painter has withered and vanished, the gaze will continue. I’m always fascinated by the way eyelines go in pictures. In the great Velázquez at the Prado, ‘Las Meninas,’ you wonder what’s being looked at. You, more than three hundred years later? Maybe so. Yet you’re also struck by the fact that the space the figures are looking into was clearly once occupied by something else. The evidence of that is on the back wall of the painting. There is a blurred reflection in a mirror of two people not present in the picture, who can only be present in the nonpictorial space you’re occupying. They’re a blurred and unfocussed Philip IV and his wife. If you screw up your eyes, they look exactly as if they were a painting by Velázquez. So is that what everyone’s looking at? Is that what the Velázquez in the scene is painting in that canvas turned away from us? If so, why isn’t the whole art world hunting for a lost Velázquez double portrait of Philip IV and his wife? And what’s the child doing there? The brilliantly illuminated and bewildered figure of the little Infanta being offered a cup of chocolate by her maids? The child is not looking at the maids but looking out. Again, into the space we now occupy. Is she looking at her mummy and daddy? Has she been brought down to divert them after a long sitting? Is she bewildered by the spectacle? Is the maid kneeling toward her on one side reassuring the child that the reason Mummy and Daddy are not talking to her is that they’re posing for Mr. Velázquez?”

The phone rang. It was Kate. “The man from the garage is coming?” Jonathan said to her. “Don’t leave the car till he gets there or else he’ll go away again.” He put the phone down, and I asked about Kate. He came back to the breakfast table saying, “I do think she’s very beautiful. Very dark hair. Jewish-Italian looking.”

I said she’d told me recently about hoping to set up a florist’s shop.

“There’s a particular tulip that seems to be crucial.” Back with “Las Meninas,” he said, “There are a series of gazes in that picture that are truly paradoxical. There’s the gaze of the young woman standing almost alongside the canvas of Velázquez. She’s apparently leaning forward, as if to look round an obstacle, something that lies outside the picture, and yet nothing seems to be standing in her way. What’s she up to?”



The phone rang again. “Kate? We’re here till Tom drags me out to take my photograph, for some reason. What time does it get dark, Tom?” Tom had put his head in the fridge. He is far taller than the fridge: as tall as Jonathan. He signalled a time with his fingers. His father said to Kate, “We’ve got till five. You’re all right?”

Back at the table, he talked about Wölfflin’s work on the organization of space in pictures, and Panofsky’s on iconography. “I’ve studied them with more and more enthusiasm, to the point where I could very well find myself giving up the theatre and just looking at pictures all day. I take jobs in Italy and France and Germany so as to be able to go to galleries and churches. I did ‘Measure for Measure’ in Rome last year, and rehearsed in a beautiful old triumphal arch on top of the Gianicolo. We didn’t rehearse until four-thirty, when the heat began to subside, which meant that I could get up at nine o’clock and go to churches and do sketches, and visit most of the galleries. We would finish rehearsals at night and have an open-air supper in the Piazza Navona. The pleasure of looking at paintings and exploring Roman churches feeds back into the theatre all the time, of course. Ideas about groupings, ideas for actors about ways of standing. In Raphael’s ‘School of Athens’ or in the ‘Disputa’ in the Vatican, people are arranged in a series of cutout ranks parallel to the picture plane, so that you can pull out one strip of people as you can in a pop-up book, without disturbing the people in ranks lying deeper in the picture. But when you get to the Baroque, quite suddenly there is a deepening of the relationship between figures in the foreground and figures in the background. People at the front will twist and turn and gesture into the background. So if you were to pull out the front row of the pop-up line, you would wrench the whole lot from the depths of the picture. Tremendous influence on organization of staging.”

Again the phone rang. A second’s silence from the other end. Wrong number; dialler hesitant to admit it. “Do try a rush of blood to the left hemisphere,” said the doctor amiably, so quick on the draw that the maddening other end can’t have known what hit it.

He looked over my shoulder at my favorite of his books, “Subsequent Performances.” I had been reading him on “The Magic Flute.” He said, “I’ve always been struck by the absurdity of most representations of the Queen of Night. A piece of the masonry comes away, and she waddles forward in a costume that makes the whole thing look like Aztec Night at the Copacabana. She must be something in a context. It seems to me she represents the forces of dark Catholic obscurantism in a world of Jesuit superstition.” He hunted for another book. “In strictly prosaic productions, she arrives as if divine service had just finished at the Hofburg Chapel and she were erupting in a hurry with her retinue.”

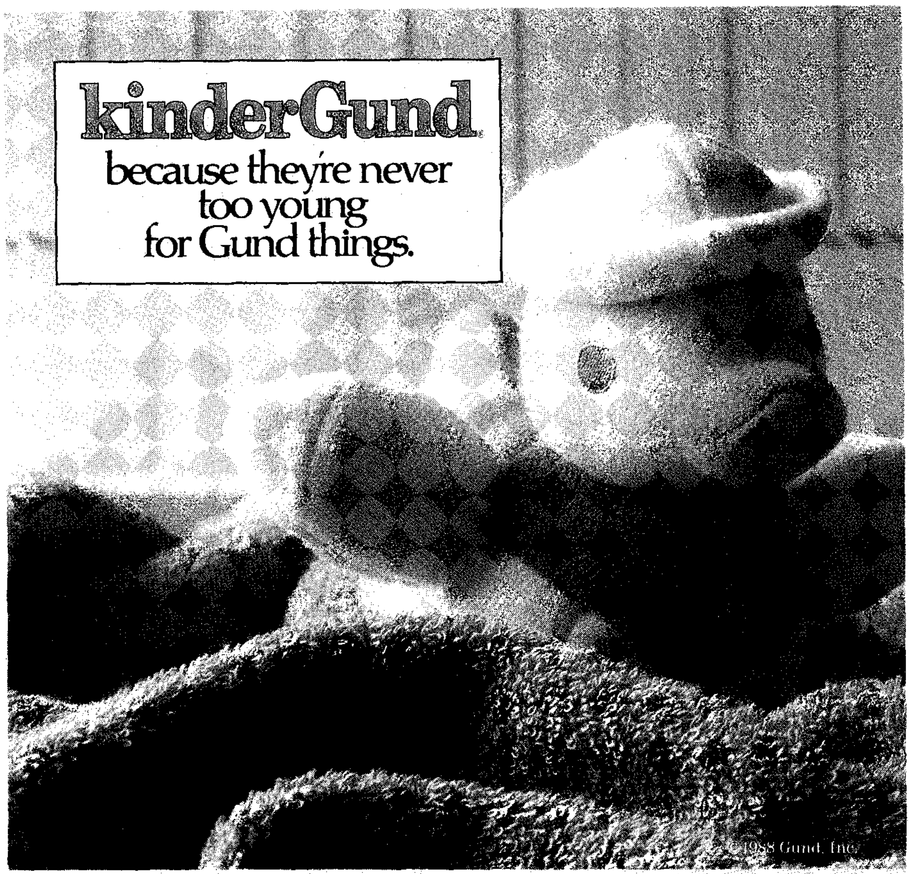
He was waylaid among the piles of art books by what seemed to be a concordance to saints’ vestiges. “Those skulls, they’re all reliquaries. That’s a vial of the blood of some saint. There’s a limb that possibly contains the radius of St. Eusebius.”

I asked if he knew as much about many of the saints.

“Quite a lot of them. Mainly because I have for my lavatory reading ‘The Golden Legend.’ I’d find it difficult to have as serious reading, but on the loo it’s an extremely good way of acquainting oneself with the wilder lunacies of Christianity. I’ve learnt who St. Rocco was, for instance, by being attracted by a painting that shows him fastidiously lifting the hem of his skirt to show a frightful plague sore. He and St. Sebastian are the two plague saints. Divine Intervention aided St. Rocco when he had the plague, and he was fed by a dog that brought him bread. And I read St. Bonaventure’s ‘Meditations on the Life of Christ,’ because it fills in all sorts of circumstantial details about the childhood of Christ. It’s an old Franciscan book of devotions to attract the interest of a simple audience that liked domestic details. Wonderful accounts of Mary and Joseph returning from Jerusalem and suddenly noticing that they hadn’t got Jesus with them.” Jonathan went into a quick invention of a married couple getting testy. “ ‘I thought *you’d* got him.’ ‘I thought *you’d* got him.’ ‘We’ll have to go back to Jerusalem.’ ‘Where *is* he?’ ‘You should have thought of this before.’ ”

“Do you think they got the right baby?” I said.

Miller said, “In this account they would have done, because they’d have recognized the voice. Jesus was already



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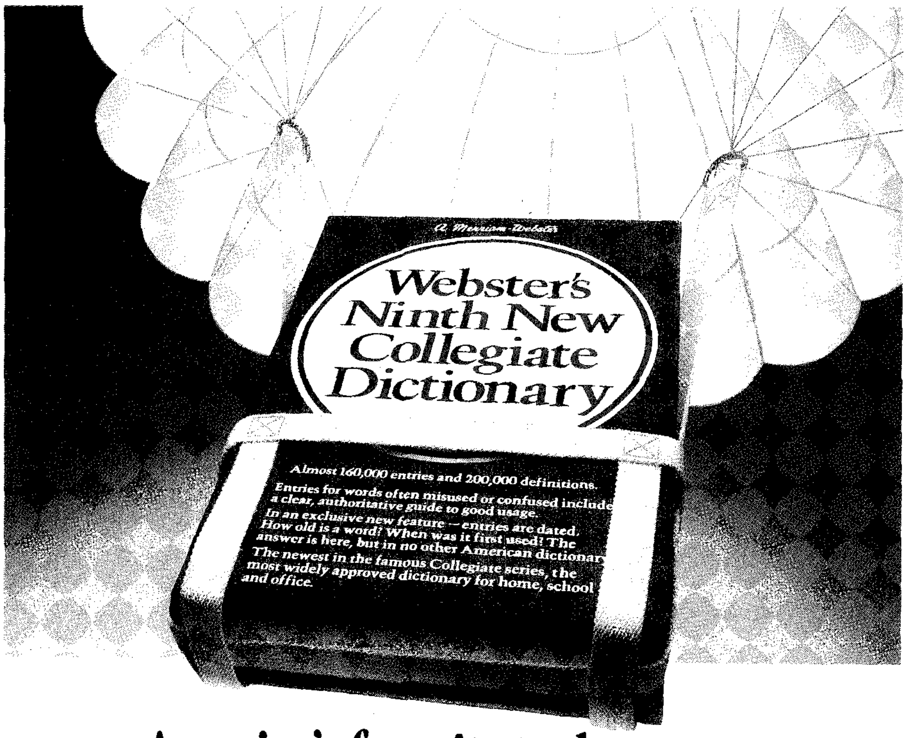

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"You've marked me as this night's prey, haven't you, Miss?"

• •

starting to talk. It's much like a trip Rachel and I took to the seaside with the children. We'd bundled them all in, and driven half a mile, and then one of the children said, 'Where's Kate?' 'I don't know; didn't you bring her?' 'No, *I* didn't bring her.' 'My God, we'll have to go back.' "

WHEN I first met Jonathan Miller, he was already an M.D., and was about to embark on the long period of morbid anatomy which led him to neurological research. He said last August that he had found the stint in the anatomy room the most striking to pass through. "The bodies looked not at all like dead people. They were like caricatures of people still there. Their gestures were still relevant." Perhaps people in the practice of medicine, and surgeons in particular, can find their work bearable only if patients are formally obscured in some way. I asked him whether the Mondrian squares of gauze around an area to be operated on were genuinely for hygiene's sake or whether they weren't also to help you forget that a living person is there.

"Before I did morbid anatomy," he said, "corpses had always been absented shapes for me. Now I was suddenly facing greasy nakedness on the tables. Luckily, by then they didn't look like people at all. They had become so whitened and stiffened that they were plaster casts."

We were in his study. I was looking at some of the anatomical models and early photographic playthings there. Miller's remark about seeing corpses as plaster casts—one of the helpfully delusive cloakings of reality—expresses only one aspect of his interest in the paraphernalia of trickery with ordinary eyesight. The shrouded epochs of anamorphic painting fascinate him, and so do the centuries of play with perspective. He is also endlessly interested in the turn-of-the-century inventions that foretold filmmaking.

Apropos of film, he developed a theme of a Lincoln Center lecture he had given in 1985. "There's something forlorn and inappropriate about the notion of a classic novel that has been made into a television series or into a film. To devour works from the past, to put them through the blender of the camera and transform them into a palatable visual version—with that process going on now so much, I believe that something catastrophic befalls the house of fiction. I think the wreckage is brought about by our having a fundamental misconception of the nature of the mind's eye. If you think through the process of having a mental image, you grasp at once that mental images aren't remotely related to the physical images in front of your face. 'Understanding' a novel is often equated with visualizing it. We think of 'imagination' as being something packed to the gills with images, but I don't believe that it is at all. You can read and reread someone like Jane Austen, for instance, whose novels are curiously short of physical description, and understand what's going on without ever conjuring up pictures of the people you come to know with such completeness. The process is so densely satisfying that when you are suddenly confronted with a visual representation of what you had in 'the mind's eye' there's an acute sense of frustration and contradiction. People say, 'No, that was not *my* Mr. Rochester,' as though that were the trouble—that he didn't match what they'd imagined. I think the frustration is altogether different. More often than not, you're surprised to find that Mr. Rochester looks like anything at all. It's altogether possible when you're reading a work of fiction to entertain the existence of Mr. Rochester without his *having* an appearance, but it's hardly possible for Mr. Rochester to figure in a film without having one. In thinking of Mr. Rochester as you read, you imagine him fully without ever being able to say what color his waistcoat was, or how many buttons he had on his waistcoat, or whether he had on a tiepin. And yet when you represent Mr. Rochester on television or on film there is no way of avoiding the commitment to a particular tiepin. To a particular number of buttons. To the actual weave of his garments. The appearance is hideously replete.

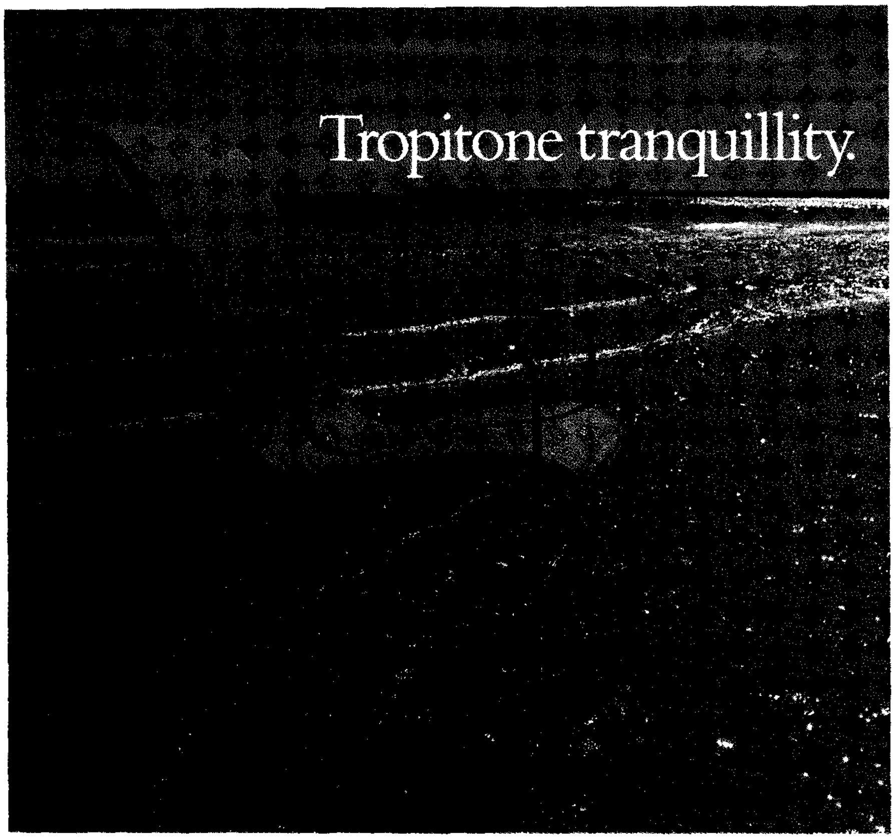
"Think of a character like Mr. Carker, in 'Dombey and Son,' who figures in the novel stripped of nearly all visual detail except for the oppressively vivid appearance of his strange prognathous jaws. By the end of the novel, we know Mr. Carker almost by synecdoche, simply as a pair of gums and a set of gleaming teeth. But if we were presenting Mr. Carker on television we would be forced to suspend those jaws and teeth from the armature of the rest of his face. Their peculiar impact and power would be lost.

"No wonder film and TV are defeated by the novel. There is no way one can represent, for instance, metaphysical force in an image. How can you represent on the screen that powerful intent of Dickens' simile when he mentions that Mr. Wemmick, in 'Great Expectations,' had a mouth like a letter box and that he did not so much eat his food as post it? Do you show Mr. Wemmick and then a letter box? Do you show Mr. Wemmick and then superimpose a letter box? It can't be done by photography except by *trucage*, using grotesquerie and playing around with lenses. The great achievement of fiction, where the novel suddenly superseded the drama, was the invention of descriptions that handled the transmutation of tense. Not only this happened and then that happened but also the past imperfect and the pluperfect. How can you handle the pluperfect in a film? And how can you deal with the tense that is peculiarly Proust's: the habitual tense? The iterative tense. The 'On Saturday, Odette and Swann would do so-and-so.' There's no way of doing it except by the laborious *trucage* of superimposing or dissolving scenes.

"People say you must at least admit that a public that has never read the classics is rushing off to read Jane Austen and Proust and Henry James after seeing the film versions. I believe that someone impelled to take out a novel from the library by having seen a film of it is unconsciously bound to use the author as the projectionist's assistant. The book simply triggers the images that are remembered from the film. So we're rearing a generation filled with the idea that books are films *manqués*."

We camped out comfortably in the study around a low table piled with books. Conversation about Victorianism, and the wonderful but fearsome high optimism of the clever men who must have surrounded the original doughty child who became Lewis Carroll's Alice. Jonathan said, "I'd always wanted to direct a film of 'Alice in Wonderland.' I was caught by the idea of transmitting all the gloomy Victorianism that surrounded the brilliant innocence of the book."

I spoke of the agonizing brushing of long, tangled hair near the start of the film. "There's a lot in it to



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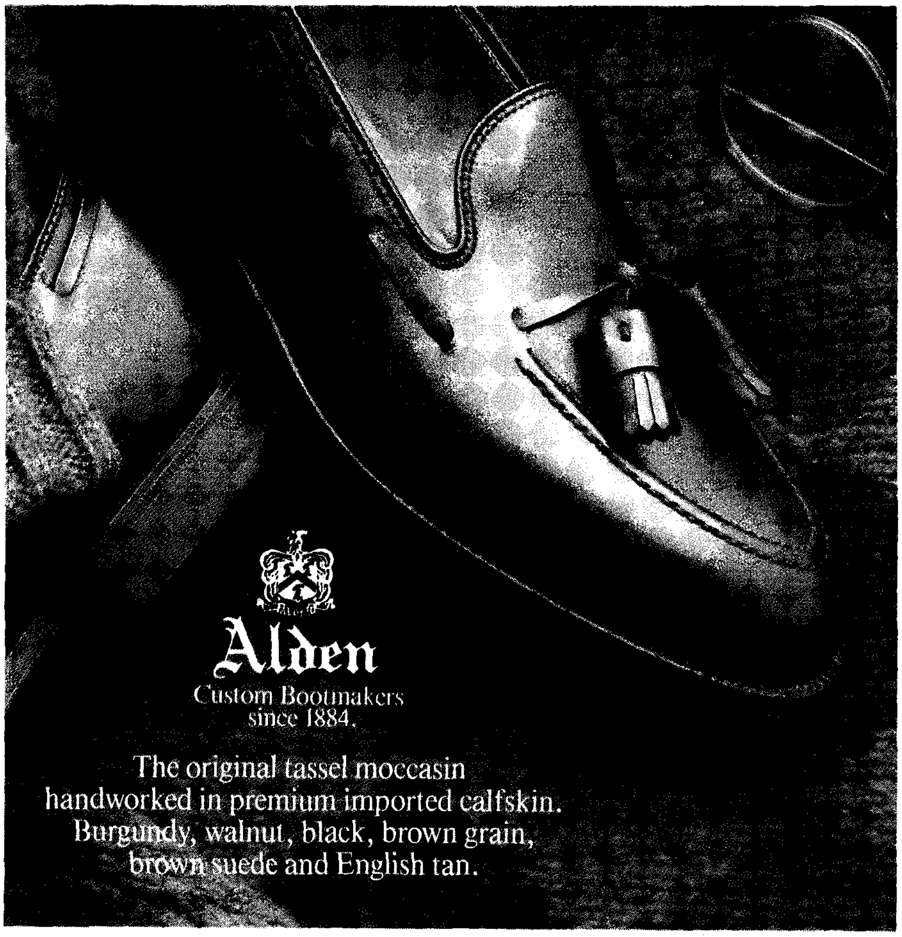
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make one flinch about being a child."

He said, "I wanted to eliminate all those animal heads that often turn up. They're a poor substitute for Tenniel. His drawings have a particular grisaille of engraving lines that make them not an interruption of the text but a continuation of it, because they aren't framed. The illustrations somehow seem to smoke out of the print. But the film I arrived at hadn't much to do with Tenniel."

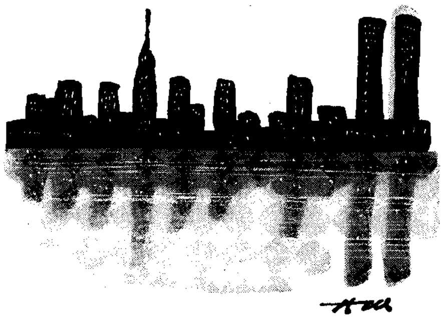
Miller has an unsentimental complicity with children and growing up. Everyone has been a child, but not very many remember it. His film summons up not only the look but also the feeling of Millais's "The Blind Girl" (1856): the painting of a pretty young woman with her hair covered by a cloak, sitting on a grass bank in a sunlit field, with a younger child leaning against her and turned round to look at the rainbow in the thundery sky. The birds in the field look agitated: obviously the thunder is rumbling. Jonathan knows the painting well and had it in mind when he was planning "Alice." "It's yet another haunting result of the nineteenth-century preoccupation with childhood," he said. "Victorian paintings of children helped me to think about Alice's changes of age and scale." We talked about the maturity of infant vision before it is retarded by the process of growing up. Growing larger but being treated as small is everyone's early slap-down.

"I *wanted to* bring the film back to Lewis Carroll's Oxford," he said. "The characters spring from all sorts of Victorian uncle figures, and from Oxford dons and college masters who were famous in Carroll's time. And that little child would have grown up amidst hymn singing, so I filled the film with evangelical Christianity. I wanted it to be about the wistful disappearance of childhood. And there's a lot of the spirit in it of Tennyson's 'The Princess.' The film communicates a very Victorian atmosphere: chapel windows, nannies dwelling on death. I'm sure I was very influenced by my own childhood. My nanny would say, 'The peace that passeth all understanding,' and I wouldn't know what it meant, but it obsessed me with grief. Nanny was death-intoxicated. She took me to the Cenotaph in Whitehall for the Armistice Day ceremony, with the King and Queen and Cabinet and the rest of them laying down wreaths. I asked what was going on, and she said it was commemorating 'the way the men laid down their lives in Flanders.' So death wasn't connected to violence for me. She made it seem like the laying down of wreaths. I didn't understand it at all."

BACK to the Old Vic the next week for a midafternoon technical runthrough of "Bussy d'Ambois" in the auditorium. At a performance with an invited audience the night before, an actor had been hurt in the duel, badly enough to call on the understudy. The play was to open in three nights. The set, by Richard Hudson, and full of notions from Miller, was swagged in shadowed silvery grays of silk. Tall white columns and arches made the court. The doorless openings, set at the angles of another epoch's perspective, seemed filled with unseen eavesdroppers. Before the stage lights came up, there was a seethe of sibilant whispers from loudspeakers high up front, recorded that day on a synthesizer by running real speech backward as well as forward. "Secrets, secrets" was all you could make out, swelling and fading away. Miller had thought of it in the small hours.

By two o'clock he was there, talking to the fight arranger about the hurt actor—"We can cut the duel a lot. *How is he?*"—and giving attention to the understudy, who was not at all thrilled by the circumstances and needing easy encouragement. They had already done one runthrough with a shortened fight. "Fine," Miller said to the stage manager. "Now as often again as we need. We're secure now." To the understudy: "Peter, you've got to get in there when you fight, and the *double* fight is to fight for the lines. You don't need to stop that thrust when you speak. You'd lose the duel. You can be heard, however much you think you can't. It's all there."

An actor unaccustomed to the new choreography slipped. "It's me own fault," he said. "I shouldn't get so *much blood on the stage.*"



They ran through the scene twice more, very slowly. Miller was up onstage now. He said, "Yes, fine. It's actually better shortened, you know." He jumped down to the stalls and perched on a chair arm in the front row and said, "Now if we can get it up to speed without *any* risk to anyone? That's the thing. It's all very well for me. I'm not onstage. For me it's like watching cricket. It looks easy, but the minute you're on the pitch there's this god-awful ton-weight ball whizzing at you."

ON the next Sunday last summer—Miller's only day off from "Bussy"—I went again to his house, and we sat in the study after a wander around the place. Kate and Tom were in and out. Miller spent a certain amount of time in the kitchen, over coffee, trying to explain the making of a simple computer to me. "You could make one out of two Coca-Cola cans as long as they weren't empty," he said, and caught a question about software, hardware, flatware, and why spoons and knives and forks should be called flatware when spoons, especially, aren't flat. "We in the field," he said grandly, "are starting to talk of the physiology of the brain as wetware."

We abandoned computer talk, hung on to cups of espresso, and went up to the study and its books and paintings. I asked Miller about the interest in art that has contributed so much to his work in the theatre and also to his psychiatric research and his work on cognitive function. He said, "I suppose the interest got started because my father painted a lot. As a doctor, he grew famous for the work he did on patients with shell shock during the First World War. I've still got some wonderful chalk drawings he did of some of his patients sleeping under hypnosis. He was also quite an accomplished sculptor, along with all the rest he did. And he collected pictures interestingly, though he didn't have much money. I've got a few things that I inherited from him. He had some Picasso drawings that he must have got in the twenties, in Paris, including one of a seated clown. And Edward Lear watercolors of the Holy Land, Cyprus, Greece. With all this going on in the house, I tried to draw. I wasn't very good, but I enjoyed it very much. There was one person especially who

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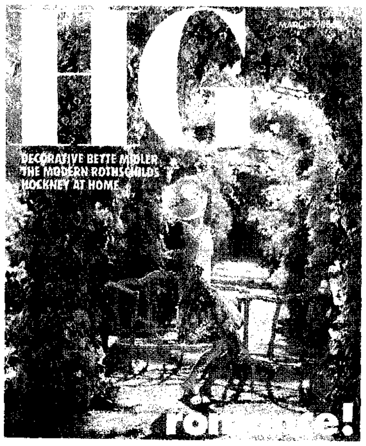

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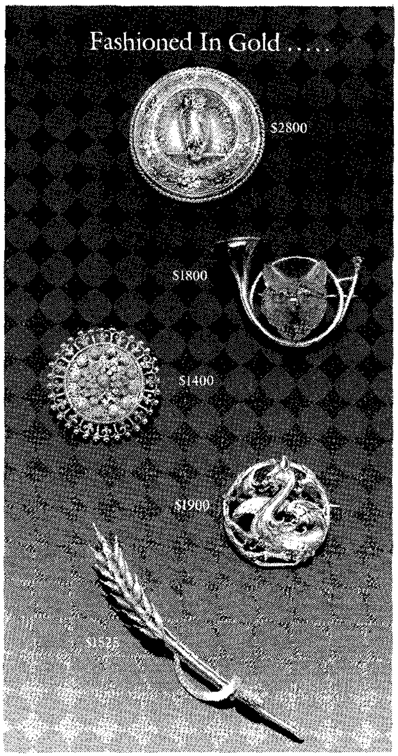

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turned me in the direction of a more serious study of art history, and that was Francis Haskell. He's now professor of art history at Oxford. Francis introduced me to work that deeply interested me—first simply in thinking about pictures and the organization of pictures, though later it enormously influenced the way I staged spectacles—and that was the work of the great Swiss art historian Heinrich Wölfflin."

"I've seen gestures in your opera productions that come straight from Old Master paintings of some packed event," I said. "And others from newspaper photographs. Or twentieth-century paintings. Your 'Rigoletto' production, set in Little Italy, with 'La Donna è Mobile' coming out of a nineteen-fifties jukebox in a midnight diner with Mafia loiterers. It looks like the street-corner diner in Edward Hopper's 'Nighthawks.' "

"I think contemporary connections are legitimate for most nineteenth-century operas," Miller said. "Between about 1830 and 1880, composers and librettists dealt rather carelessly with the past. The anchorage of the work to the period in which it's said to happen is loose and very provisional anyway. Sometimes it can be remoored with much more effect. With the growth of naturalism in the nineteenth century, history started to be used as a sort of shopping street, and people just moved up and down this pedestrian precinct of the mind, arbitrarily placing things in what appealed to the composer or librettist as an exotically interesting setting to create a Madame Tussaud's world of heretofore. Even before that, there's hardly a century, however distant, that hasn't been ransacked by opera. In the centuries up to about 1800, operas took place either in a remote elsewhen—legendary classical or Biblical antiquity—or in contemporary times. Opera seria or opera buffa."

He first thought of rehousing the world of "Rigoletto" in the Mafia's subculture when he was talking to his wife, who had said, out of the blue, "Isn't it like 'Some Like It Hot'?"

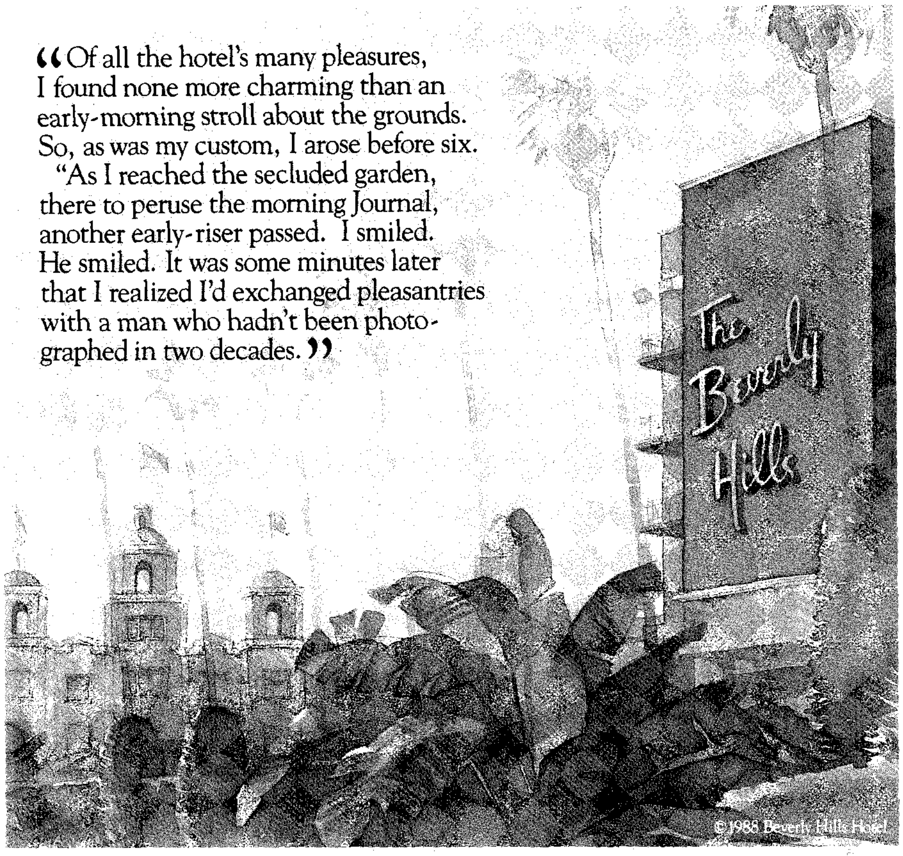
"When you make these theatrical distortions, the mapping has got to be almost one for one," he said. By "mapping" he means making sure that the characters and motives and social drives of a work transposed in time will fit onto "the deep structure" of the original. "Without distortion and without anachronism, not simply as a piece of novelty for its own sake. I wouldn't transpose time with Mozart, or with most of Shakespeare. When I did 'The Taming of the Shrew' this year at Stratford, I tried tremendously hard to reconstruct the world of the late sixteenth century. I'm interested in how people ate in the sixteenth century: what people had at table, how long the meals were, when they ate them, what the courtesy of order was at table, what implements you cut your meat with. Forks were a courtesy that came in during the seventeenth century from France and, above all, from Italy, with the cuisine that came with Catherine de' Medici. I tried to get as close as I could to the Tudor idea of matrimony. The Tudors would have seen the husband and the father as deputed magistrates of God, assigned to keep order in a naughty fallen world."

I asked him about his distinctive way of working with actors, especially on movements and on overlapping thoughts, and Miller started to talk about one of his Cambridge professors, Norwood Russell Hanson, a lenient-sounding and brilliant man famous as a philosopher of science. "Hanson was a big, robust Johnny Appleseed of a figure. He put in his own central heating. He'd been a wartime flying ace. He was a very practical man, interested in science as a making as well as a knowing. He hadn't got my interest in the demeanor, carriage, and thought of patients; he was simply interested in the nature of perception and the conjectural enterprise of scientific theory-making. You created internal models of the world around you and adjusted the models to reality. Perception was not simply being a spectator of a magic-lantern show inside one's head but a process of building up a guess of what was out there and checking and adjusting it."

Miller had been fascinated even as a child by the workings of some old magic lanterns that lay around his family's house, and by a toy his mother had kept from her own childhood, called a Pathéorama: a tiny lacquered box with a lens. You wound a curl of tinted film through the box. With it Miller could see episodes from "The Three Musketeers," but he was interested less in the stories than in the discovery that he could put a flashlight behind the Pathéorama in a darkened room and project onto a wall an image of the film inside the box. The connecting beam of light engrossed him. And he remembers his first visit to the cinema, when he was about seven, to see "The Reluctant Dragon." He recalls that he was fairly interested in the dragon's doings but more in the fluted beam of light that connected the tiny piece of film zipping through the projector with the enormous image moving on the screen. "I was thrilled to think that seeing was not just a matter of opening up a shutter and allowing a picture to be imprinted on the inside of the head but a process of elaborating and synthesizing and developing a three-dimensional model," he said. "In other words, seeing was guessing and checking. So I was always interested in anything that involved taking a print off things. So the world was an emergent fiction."

Thoughts of childhood prompting us to thoughts of age, we talked about some of the great older actors Jonathan has directed. He said that he sometimes felt jaded with the process of lifting a Boeing of a production off the ground. I asked him about directing Olivier as Shylock in the Old Vic production in 1970. He bent his head, in this big workroom crowded with ideas, and said, "Larry does this technical thing of working from the makeup inwards. He turned up for rehearsal with the most bigoted apparatus you could imagine. High-domed forehead, long greedy nose, a lot of hair, and a set of fangs that cost him fifteen hundred pounds. We had a bit of a talk, and in the end he agreed to get rid of the false forehead and the false nose and the wispy crops of hair. But the dentistry had cost him so much that I couldn't ask him to fling out the false teeth."

With that, Jonathan made some more coffee, telephoned the stage manager, and came back to Cambridge's influence on him as an actor. "I was interested in the 'ordinary' way people carried themselves, and their nuances of behavior, which had an influence on what I observed when I was at the bedside of patients who had neurological damage. Noticing what people actually do, instead of accepting the clichés of what we think they do. Theatre tends to clone all sorts of habits that seem to come from nineteenth-century melodramas. There's a reciprocity between working as a clinician,



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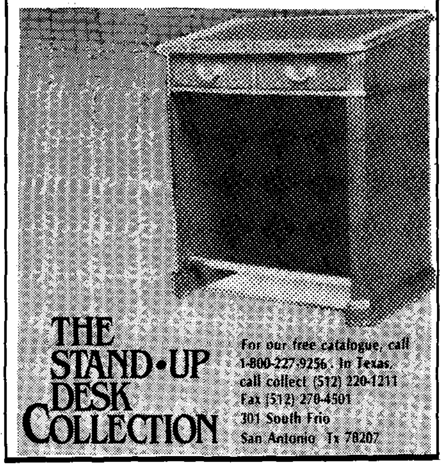

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which makes you look very carefully at behavior, and working in the theatre, which concentrates me on getting the details right. There are tiny things that people do—the apparent rubbish of posture and gesture—which get eliminated from performance but are actually what gives performance its texture. Maybe knowing this was one of the reasons I was a good comic performer. I just saw things, and much of my success was simply getting it right."

"Your comic career started formally when you were seven," I said. "As a mimic of chickens."

"And of railway trains," he said. "I was fascinated by trains, because we travelled so much on them during the war. The rattle of the wheels going over the rails. The hollow whistle as the wind passes over the train." He did the noises for me with his hands cupped round his mouth, and we might have been on the overnight sleeper from London to Edinburgh.

TRAINS. The trains in "Anna Karenina." The arrival from the train in "The Cherry Orchard." Jonathan Miller carries with him a good deal of his family's Slavic temperament. Both of his father's parents were Lithuanian Jews. They came from a town near Vilna which was one of the great Jewish ghettos of the Pale. They emigrated in about 1868, and settled in the East End of London, where Miller's father, Emanuel, was born. The house was in a Huguenot street, now a yuppie street. "Grandfather was very Orthodox," Miller said. "He was a fur merchant. He imported the bearskins for busbies. My father broke away from the family by not going into the fur business. He won an exhibition to Cambridge in 1909 and was taught moral science by Bertrand Russell. And he took the natural-science tripos. Then he did neurology at the London Hospital under Sir Henry Head. During the First World War, he worked in France with an ambulance unit, and that was the start of his long interest in shell shock and the neurology of gunshot wounds. Then he started the child-guidance movement in England, and set up the first clinic in 1924, in the East End. Then he studied law for a while, and sat his dinners at the Inner Temple, though he didn't practice. He was interested in the forensic aspects of law and then in criminology. And he founded the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. So by the time he got married, in 1933, he was one of the inaugurators of forensic psychiatry, as well as of child guidance and child psychiatry. And he was qualified in neurology and law, and was a good amateur painter and sculptor. My father went into the Army again with the Second World War, joining up in 1939 as an Army psychiatrist. We followed the troops all over England. There was the shock to me of seeing him in uniform for the first time. Acute embarrassment as we walked down the street when he, as a major, was saluted by three privates. I'm afraid I kicked him in the leg.

"My mother's mother came from Sweden. They were Bergsons, and through them I'm related to Henri Bergson, the philosopher. My mother's maiden name was Betty Bergson. She went to St. Paul's and then to University College and became a writer. She published her first novel when she was about nineteen. After the war, we came back to London, and she began to move away from fiction. She wrote a book about Ireland and the I.R.A. Then she submitted a piece on Samuel Butler to Cyril Connolly for *Horizon*. And some things comparing the Victorian childhoods of Henry James and Butler. Then she wrote a biography of Browning, which she published in 1953, the year I went up to Cambridge."

Natural-science scholarship; medicine; literature; philosophy. His parents' son. When Miller was about six, his father showed him a cross-section of the brain in nineteenth-century engravings. He remembers asking his father where the mind is.

The son went on to talk to me about the ordering of speech which is axiomatic among the normal, whoever they are. We spoke of how one of the ways we can sense schizophrenics is that they don't observe the maxims of talk, because they have a sparse sense of their positioning in the world. Other people are an annex of them. They will enter a conversation believing that everyone knows what they've been experiencing.

"And what about children?" I said.

"They start a conversation not understanding how much a listener must know. They can't yet put themselves into the imagination of a listener who isn't privy to everything the child takes for granted. All this—the design features of conversation as they occur on site—is very important. Linguistics till recently limited itself to a very abstract and sterilized version of language, as if its being spoken were one of the regrettable fates that befall language. Having been in this platonic state of purity as thought, it somehow lapses into this filthy encounter with talk. Talk is a deplorably polluting fate that could happen to the best sentence."

A telephone rang.

Jonathan dealt, attentively, and we moved on to a series he is going to do for the BBC on the history of ideas of madness. He believes that at the moment, while we are more humanitarian than we used to be about mad people and more subtle about recognizing disorders, we are less prepared to offer people care and asylum. "The liberals' idea of how to deal with madness had the most pronounced 'friendly' connotation," he said. "The idea that lunacy was a form of protest: good Lord, its very existence was a reflection of society's inability to accommodate the aberrant, the peculiar, the protesting. Pharmacology and hospitalization were seen as manacles that society put on unmanageable people. So we disestablished the asylum and made it impossible for people to get shelter. A very convenient coincidence with right-wing legislatures' desires to cut back on expensive welfare institutions. They could say, 'Well, crikey, from the left they want these things disestablished,' and they'd chuck patients back into the community, as they call it. It's one of the more dehumanizing effects of the late twentieth century, though it comes from what purported to be, from the humanists, an impulse not to incarcerate the inconvenient. What we have to do is introduce some sort of very, very discriminating form of shelter and restraint for people who need care that certainly isn't provided by the streets. Or by their families, who sometimes feel incarcerated by mad relatives, because troubled people demand that trouble be taken. This little agitation in the mind we call thought . . ."

The agitable, soothing Jonathan walked about again. Then he started a hunt among his art books, taking trouble, and found in one a long-ago promised postcard of a sixteenth-century Verona portrait. The subject was a boy of about seven, red-haired, with round brown eyes. He was looking at us, and holding up a stick-figure drawing for inspection. A very young *Sprecher*, as yet without a foothold.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

• •

UNDER THE NINE TREES IN JANUARY

Last night's stars and last night's wind
Are west of the mountains now, and east of the river.
Here, under the branches of the nine trees,
how small the world seems.

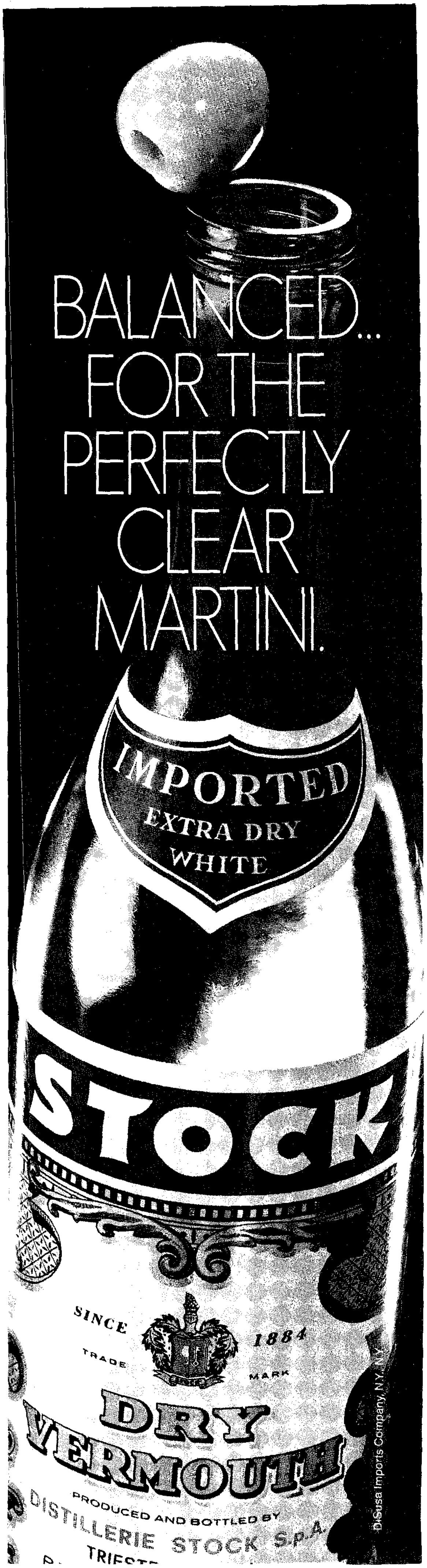
Should we lament, in winter, our shadow's solitude,
Our names spelled out like snowflakes?
Where is it written, *the season's decrease diminishes me*?

Should we long for stillness,
a hush for the trivial body
Washed in the colors of paradise,
Dirt-colored, water-colored, match-flame-and-wind-colored?

As one who has never understood the void,
should I
Give counsel to the darkness, honor the condor's wing?
Should we keep on bowing to
an inch of this and an inch of that?

The world is a handkerchief.
Today I spread it across my knees.
Tomorrow they'll fold it into my breast pocket,
white on my dark suit.

—CHARLES WRIGHT



ANNALS OF LAW

THE HILL CASE

IN mid-morning on a Tuesday in January, 1986, I got a phone call from Richard Nixon. "Did you see Tony Lewis's review of that book in Sunday's *Times*?" he asked. "Why don't you check it out? Maybe we'll find out what really happened in that case."

"That case" was Time, Inc., v. Hill, a privacy dispute that had been decided by the Supreme Court on constitutional grounds in 1967. "That book" was a new volume titled "The Unpublished Opinions of the Warren Court." In the book the Supreme Court historian Bernard Schwartz, a professor at New York University School of Law, analyzed more than a dozen major Warren Court cases—including Time, Inc., v. Hill—in the light of previously secret draft opinions and Justice-to-Justice memoranda that had been made available to him as he was doing research for a biography of Earl Warren.

The writings analyzed by Schwartz reveal intense, sometimes bitter internal debate within the Court over outcome and language; complex political alliances among the Justices; and details of strategies, tactics, logrolling compromises, and occasional complete reversals produced by the opinion-writing procedures of the Court. The process, which has generally been cloaked in absolute secrecy, turns out to be not very different from the well-known back-room lobbying among legislators. By far the most acrimonious political struggle described in Schwartz's book is the clash between Justices Hugo Black and Abe Fortas over Time, Inc., v. Hill.

Now, what does all this have to do with Richard Nixon? Why was he interested in pursuing the story of the Hill case twenty years after it was decided? What did he think that the Schwartz book might reveal?

The answers to these questions call up fragments of personal memory—a collage of law, politics, and personality covering almost a quarter-century. The memories touch on a large expanse of the public events and public names of that period: the "Nixon comeback" of 1962-68; the contest between the Hugo Black–William Douglas "absolutists" and the Felix Frankfurter "balancers" on the Supreme Court; the rise and fall of Justice Fortas; the legal origins of the present-day tension between rights of the press and rights of privacy; and, around the edges, even a little bit of China, Vietnam, and Watergate. The fragments fit together into a snapshot of one of those moments in the nineteen-sixties when our politics, for better or for worse, reached a turning point.

CORRECT ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE

IT is said that Richard Nixon, after his defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial election, was persuaded (I think it more likely he decided on his own) to go East to establish a new venue for his contingent careers in law and politics. Elmer Bobst, chairman of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company and a paterfamilias to the Nixons, brought him together with Warner-Lambert's law firm of Mudge, Stern, Baldwin & Todd. After all the shuffling, the firm emerged with the name Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander. I had been with that firm since my graduation from Brooklyn Law School, in 1949, and by 1963, when Nixon joined the firm, I was more or less its chief of litigation.

As a matter of self-interest and personal curiosity, I took it upon myself to help Nixon adjust to the jargon and the style of a Wall Street law firm. Although I was not a Republican, I was not much of a Democrat, either, so the task of fitting the firm and its new senior partner together did not involve any great ideological deformation for me. And, while I was interested in politics as a form of litigation and in Nixon as a part of history, my main objective was to involve Nixon with legal work that was suitable to his talents and his public standing.

Working with the other senior members of the firm, Nixon was quickly successful in attracting and handling corporate clients. Finding the right piece of litigation for him to "go public" with took a little more time. The opportunity came when a case I had tried to a successful conclusion before a New York State court jury in 1962 went to the United States Supreme Court. The New York jury had decided that Time, Inc., had violated the privacy of our clients, the Hill family. Time, Inc., had appealed.

The decision of the Supreme Court

to hear the case established that public issues of large consequence were involved. It also offered an attractive political twist: Richard Nixon, who had apparently passed from the political scene, arguing for the right of privacy against one of the nation's largest publishers. I suggested to Nixon that he argue the appeal, the clients joined in the request, and Nixon agreed to do so.

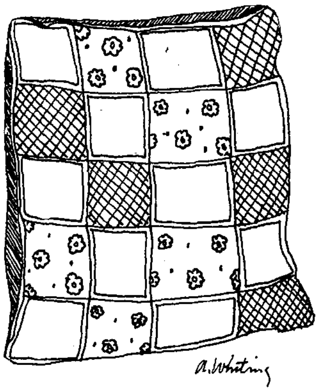
Nixon believed that he ran a large risk, because some of his old ideological enemies now sat on the Court and would have their knives out for him. But he also saw that his emergence as a skilled Supreme Court advocate could form a valuable part of people's perception of him as a "new Nixon." Moreover, the Hills were sympathetic clients—a normal middle-class mother and father who valued their privacy and their children's. In arguing their case, Nixon would have the best possible forum in which to express his deeply held feelings about press abuses of privacy. He would be seen as a disciplined advocate respectful of constitutional principles, not as the bitter politician who after losing the California gubernatorial race had lashed out at the press in his famous "last press conference."

So the stage was set for Nixon to make his début before the Supreme Court.

ON September 9, 1952, three convicts escaped from the federal penitentiary, in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, and, a few days later, after stealing an automobile, shotguns, ammunition, and money, invaded the home of James and Elizabeth Hill, in the Philadelphia suburb of Whitemarsh. Hill, his wife, and their three daughters, aged eleven, fifteen, and seventeen, and twin sons, aged four, were held hostage for nineteen hours. Except, of course, for the general restraint, the convicts behaved in a decent, even gentlemanly, manner toward the terrified captives, and left without doing harm to the family. Ten days after the event, the convicts were apprehended on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Two of them and a detective were killed in a gun battle, and the third was captured alive.

The immediate aftermath saw a great deal of public and press interest, particularly while the convicts were still at large, and also some open speculation that there had been acts of sexual violence involving Mrs. Hill and her teen-age daughters. The Hills tried to keep publicity to a minimum, emphasizing the absence of violence and otherwise declining all comment.

That November, the Hills moved to Connecticut, and they subsequently took pains to shield the family from reminders of the bizarre episode. They rejected all requests for magazine interviews and all offers of payment for their collaboration in telling the story of the incident. "For the best interests of our children," Mr. Hill wrote in answer to one such request, "we have felt that it was best to avoid any course of action that might remind them of our experience in September 1952. Following this policy we have refused all radio, television, magazine, newspaper, etc. offers connected with that experience." Gradually, public curiosity died away.



More than two years later, in the February 28, 1955, issue of *Life*, a review of a new Broadway drama, "The Desperate Hours," described the play as a "reënacted" account of the ordeal of the Hill family. Neither the word "fictionalized" nor any word suggesting fictionalization appeared in the piece. The review was part of what *Life* called a "True Crime" story, and it was accompanied by photographs of the Hills' former home, in Whitemarsh. Members of the cast of the play, which was then having a pre-New York tryout in Philadelphia, were transported by *Life* to what it called the "actual" house and were photographed there in episodes from the play. Some of the large photographs depicted a series of vivid scenes of violence—scenes of a kind that the Hills had repeatedly said had not occurred during the actual incident.

Because of the *Life* story, the incident once again became a central part of the Hills' life. The original curiosity and speculative questioning flared up, with increased vigor, in their new community. A few days after the article appeared, Mr. Hill called upon a Harvard classmate, Randolph H. Guthrie—who was my senior law partner—and asked him to take legal action. The case was assigned to me for investigation and trial. Our first step, of course, was simply to ask *Life* to print a retraction of the story. *Life* refused. We filed suit.

Extensive pretrial discovery took place. It revealed that the *Life* article and the ensuing reëmergence of the Hill family into the public eye were essentially the result of a coincidence: the pre-Broadway tryout of "The Desperate Hours" was in Philadelphia, and thus near a spot—the former Hill home—where a superficially similar incident had occurred. A chance remark about this coincidence in a brief corridor conversation between *Life's* entertainment editor, Tom Prideaux, and a colleague stimulated the idea of a review with an unusual "news" angle—something that to *Life*, as a photonews magazine, was of particular interest. The idea was described by one of *Life's* editorial people as a "good gimmick." The trial evidence, however, showed that the relationship between the Hill incident and "The Desperate Hours" was extremely thin. The theme of the play had been drawn in a general way from a large number of hostage cases, of which the Hill incident was only one, and the plot was fundamentally different from the actual Hill case.

The novel "The Desperate Hours," by Joseph Hayes, and the play and motion picture that were adapted from it tell the story of a two-day reign of terror by three escaped convicts who invade a home in suburban Indianapolis and hold a family hostage while the leader of the convicts waits for a woman friend to bring him money and attempts to execute a complex scheme to murder a deputy sheriff against whom he has a bitter grudge. Familiar elements of pulp fiction—the brutality of sadistic criminals, the terror of ordinary persons held in bondage outside the law, sordid sexual implications, sudden eruptions of violence, a family rising to heroism—are smoothly combined to give "The Desperate Hours" its dramatic force. The *Times'* review of the book, "Nightmare at the Hilliards'," observed that the "story-line is a familiar one (what happens when a trio of mad-dog convicts hole up in an average home after a jail break)," but that Hayes had "milked the last drop of

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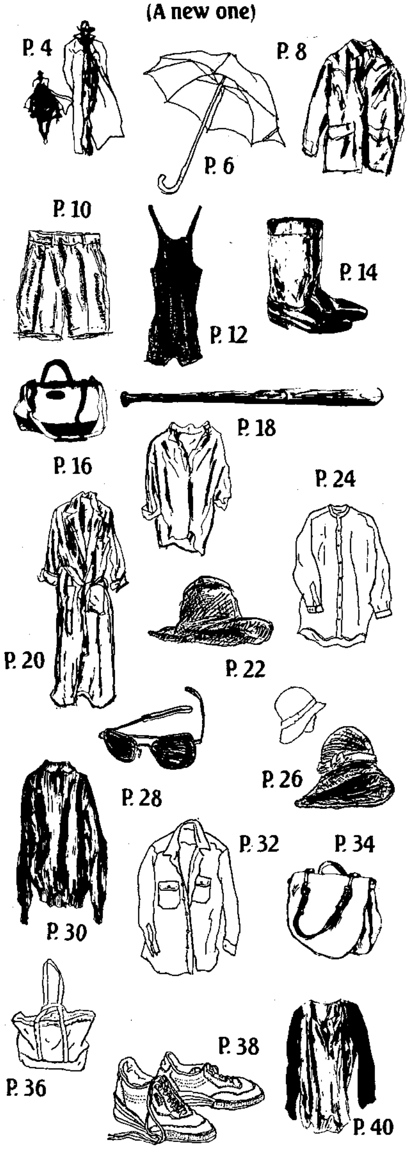

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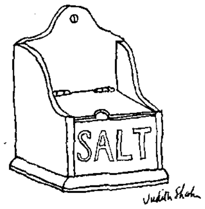
horror from his macabre situation.”

In conventional crime-fiction style, the tone of the play is set at the outset by the gang leader's warning to the mother when he enters the house: “Take it easy, lady. . . . You scream, the kid owns that bike out there'll come home an' find you *in a pool of blood.*” From start to end, the convicts have contempt for the family and their home. The convict leader, Glen Griffin, tells Dan Hilliard that Hilliard reminds him of his own “little punk” of a father. The family is repeatedly cursed and abused. The father is beaten into unconsciousness; his young son is viciously manhandled; the father is forced to hit him as punishment for the boy's defiance of the convicts; an elderly trash collector is brutally murdered; the mother is pushed into episodes of mounting panic. Robish, the dull, hulking lifer, drunkenly menaces the daughter: “Lift your arms, baby. I'm gonna search you personal.” The mother and son are to be taken away by the convicts and used as human shields. The family fights back. The son tries to get a message out to the police; the daughter clashes with the convicts, biting the wrist of one of them to get his gun away; the daughter's boyfriend is shot in a rescue attempt; the father ultimately counters violence with violence.



A central theme of the novel and play is the subjection of the father and daughter to the will of the convicts. They are forced to leave the house to help the convicts with their criminal plans to the extent of being virtual accessories in a plot to murder the deputy sheriff. As his family is abused, his son attacked, his daughter threatened, his home turned into a shambles of verbal filth and horror, the father is driven to the point of almost committing murder. A final act of imagination and daring by the father forces the convicts out of the house and saves the family. The gang leader, in a state of shock and under the delusion that he and his brother are once again teen-agers defying their hated father, runs from the house, brandishing an empty gun, and is shot down on the front porch by the deputy sheriff. As the play ends, the father stands on a stairway as the other members of the family return, one by one, to what the play's script describes as the “havoc” that was their home.

Obviously, as Joseph Hayes testified at the trial, “The Desperate Hours” was not in any sense the story or a reënactment of the Hills' experience. The principal elements of “The Desperate Hours,” and the elements that *made it a sensational* and commercially successful melodrama, are bloody violence, drunkenness, profanity, sex, and heroism. These are precisely the elements that were absent from the Hills' actual experience. The Hills' calm acceptance of their difficult and frightening situation and the *surprisingly civil behavior* of the convicts were the antithesis of the drama of terror and violence which Hayes created and which became “The Desperate Hours”—so much so that the civility in the Hill incident was the focus of *Time* magazine's original news account of the actual episode, which bore the title “House Party.”

Hayes had made these facts clear in a news article that appeared in the *Times* in January, 1955. “Instead of researching any of the specific ‘cases’ ” of hostage-taking, he wrote, “I found it best to let my imagination play with the idea.” *Life's* writers and editors read this article and other, similar pieces that Hayes had written elsewhere, at the time the Hill feature was in preparation.

Pretrial discovery also revealed that *Life's* editors had decided that *Life's* “True Crime” format required a highly explicit connection between the Hill incident and the play under review in order for the article to make sense. Accordingly, a series of drafts of the article's text showed a gradual tightening of the relationship. In the first draft, the connection was a generalized one. Then *Life's* editorial process transformed it. The final, published version categorically described “The Desperate Hours” as a re-creation of the Hill incident. “Americans all over the country” who “read about the desperate ordeal of the James Hill family,” said *Life* boldly, “can see the story reënacted in Hayes' Broadway play based on the book.”

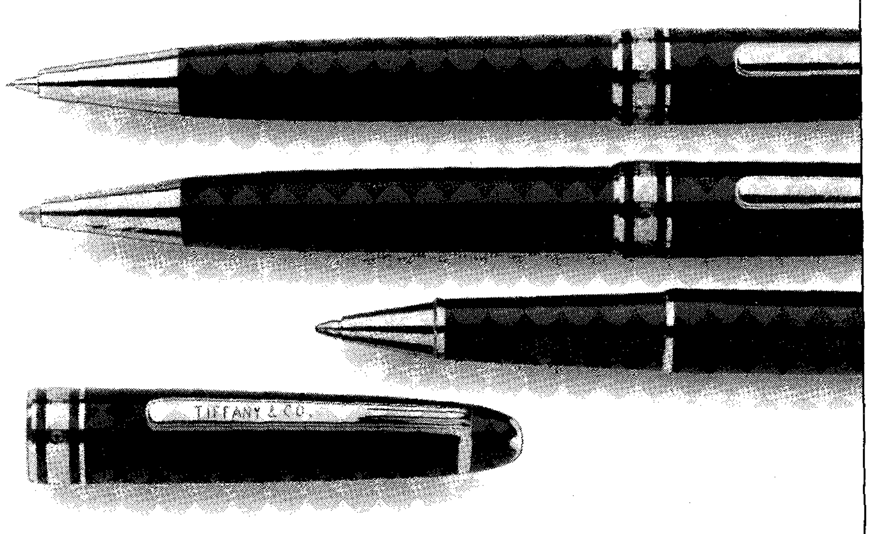
The core of *Life's* response to the Hills' claims was that, notwithstanding disputes concerning its accuracy, the article was protected by the First Amendment. To this the Hills responded that deliberate falsities (*Life's* saying that there was a close factual link between the play and the Hill incident, and the portrayal of the Hills in a false light) constituted the article's main assertions. They argued that in spite of the realistic format the article was not news but fabrication. The falsities were a wrongful and actionable invasion of the Hills' privacy for purposes of commercial exploitation rather than a constitutionally protected report or comment on newsworthy matters.

After a two-week trial in 1962, the jury found in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Hill and made a large award of damages. (At the insistence of the Hills, no claim was made on behalf of the five Hill children, so that they would not be exposed to the litigation.) The decision establishing the liability of Time, Inc., was affirmed by a 4–1 vote in the New York State Appellate Division and then a 5–2 vote in the New York State Court of Appeals.

RICHARD NIXON's preparation of his Supreme Court argument in the Hill case began in 1965, shortly after the Court granted Time, Inc.'s, application for an appeal. Just the previous year, in the landmark case of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, the Supreme Court had decided that a public official suing for libel was obliged to prove that the offending material was published with knowledge of falsity or with reckless disregard of the truth.

Sullivan grew out of the civil-rights struggle of the early nineteen-sixties and the deadly hatred it engendered in many Southern whites for Northern liberalism and its agents. Sullivan himself, an elected city commissioner of Montgomery, Alabama, whose duties included supervision of the police department, brought suit in the Alabama state courts charging that he had been libelled by a full-page advertisement in the *Times* which depicted, in dramatic terms, alleged violations of the rights of local black citizens by the Montgomery police. The advertisement had been placed by the Committee to Defend Martin Luther King and the Struggle for Freedom in the South, a militant civil-rights organization.

The advertisement was vouched for by a responsible person and signed by many well-known figures, and it seemed accurate on its face. The *Times* therefore published it without making a separate check on its accuracy. No-



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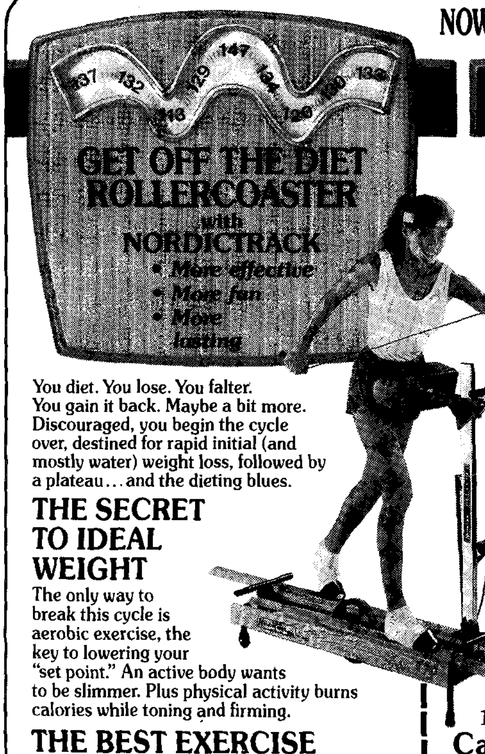

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where in the ad was any charge made against Sullivan by name. Yet the Alabama Supreme Court held that the impersonal statements in the ad were libellous per se—that is, without any need for the plaintiff to prove he had suffered damage—and upheld a then-huge jury verdict for the plaintiff of five hundred thousand dollars.

The Supreme Court reversed the decision on broad constitutional grounds, saying that the challenged advertisement was well within the zone protected by the First Amendment and that political speech of this sort must be protected even if it contains errors, or else political debate cannot be truly free. Therefore, the Court said in Sullivan, a public official cannot collect libel damages for falsehoods relating to his official conduct "unless he proves that the statement was made with 'actual malice'—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not."

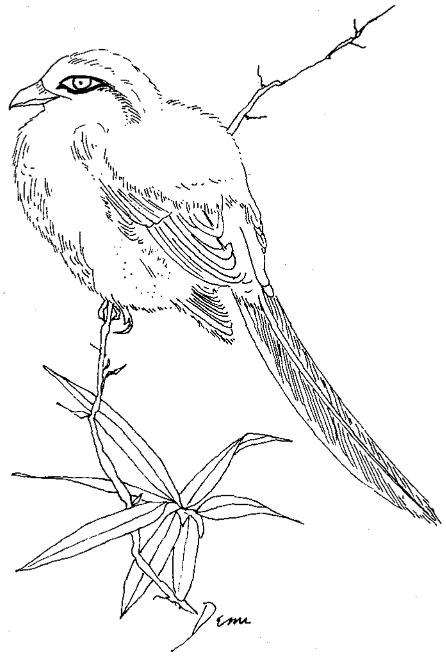
In the wake of Sullivan, fresh aspects of First Amendment law were being debated in the courts. The Hill case involved a first look by the Supreme Court at competing claims of individual privacy and institutional press freedom in the post-Sullivan world.

The legal stakes were substantial, and for Nixon, who was preparing to seek the 1968 Presidential nomination, the political and personal stakes were just as high. He could not afford to stumble before his old political adversaries or be seen as simply continuing his war against the press by new means, in a new forum. The only possible answer to these concerns was, as Nixon saw it, meticulous preparation, and I consequently had the opportunity during 1965 and 1966 to see how Nixon prepared himself for a professional "crisis" such as periodically marked his public career.

He began by reading and virtually committing to memory not only the trial record and the state-court decisions in the Hill case but copious quantities of additional background material, including federal and state case law, law-review articles, and philosophical writings on libel and privacy. He read his way through the First Amendment analyses of various law professors and philosophers, including Alexander Meiklejohn, Thomas Emerson, William Prosser, and Edward Bloustein. Among Nixon's readings was the Meiklejohn Lecture, on the subject of the First Amendment, delivered at Brown University by Supreme Court Justice William Brennan in 1965. The famous Nixon yellow pads accumulated, filled with summaries, questions, and preliminary lines of oral argument. As his grasp of the issues tightened, requests came to me for memoranda on fine points that needed elaboration. He scribbled endlessly on drafts and galleys of Supreme Court briefs. As the day of argument approached, there were almost continuous "skull sessions"—question-and-answer sessions with his law-firm colleagues which simulated a court argument. He worked particularly hard at grinding his points down to their essentials, using trial exhibits—especially blowups of photographs and drafts of the offending text—to give his argument its maximum impact. His preparation was almost obsessive; he left nothing to chance. His behavior was not only a matter of professional pride but a sign of his determination not to let his recent defeats drive him from the political arena.

Much of the preparatory work for the argument took place on the margins of Nixon's political and personal life—at lunches and dinners, or during trips to clients' corporate board meetings. A leisurely luncheon with his old friend Edward Teller, for instance, at the Recess Club, on Broad Street, gave him an opportunity not only to discuss strategic nuclear theory but to formulate some of his ideas on privacy.

Nixon particularly valued a companion on airplanes, to protect him from being badgered by well-wishers. Before burying himself in his notes and yellow pads at the start of a flight, he instructed me to answer his questions but otherwise leave him alone. One trip on which I performed my mixed functions of debate coach and security guard took us to Palm Beach. Nixon was scheduled to speak in Florida to members of the board of a company called Investors Diversified Services. The evening before the speech, we went to the home of Warner-Lambert's Elmer Bobst, who lived nearby, for drinks.



We went out for a pleasant dinner at a country club with Bobst and his Lebanese wife, Dodo. Then Nixon and I were driven to the vicinity of Miami, where he was to speak the next day. It had been arranged for us to spend the night at a new house in a real-estate development, but Nixon took one look at the place and his well-honed political instincts and suspicions told him that in the morning the developers would expect to get pictures of him in the house, in order to use his name and photograph for publicity purposes. He ordered the driver to take us back to the Bobst house, about forty miles away.

When we arrived, after midnight, the gates were locked. A high wall surrounded the estate. What now? Nixon told the driver to come back for him at 7:30 A.M. and then said, "Come on, Garment. It's over the wall we go." So over we went, two New York lawyers, briefcases and all. We were able to get into a pool house, which had twin beds, so we went to bed like kids at summer camp.

That night, Nixon talked until we fell asleep. He told me that his greatest interest was foreign policy; he talked about world affairs at length, and said he felt that his life had to be dedicated to the great purposes he had in this field. This man, so fiercely determined to stay in the political arena—for which he was in many ways so ill-suited—told me that he felt himself driven to do so not by the rivalries or ideological commitments of domestic politics but by his pacifist mother's idealism and the abstract, intellectual attractions of foreign affairs. That was the night's theme. Nixon declared that he would give anything or make any sacrifice to be able to utilize his talents and his experience in foreign affairs.

Making money, belonging to exclusive clubs, and playing golf were not his idea of a worthwhile life, he said. Up to then, he had lived "in the arena," and that was where he wanted to be, even if it meant "a much shorter life."

The next morning, I got some confirmation of this view of Nixon. When I woke up, Nixon had left to make his speech. Bobst appeared unsurprised to find me on his premises; Nixon had apparently alerted him to my presence earlier that morning. Sitting by the pool, Bobst and I had a long conversation, mostly about his life and his hopes for Nixon. Bobst, a thoughtful, kindly, public-spirited man who spoke in a basso-profundo voice and looked a bit like Mr. Magoo, was a minister's son. He was known as a stickler for ethics in corporate life, and had played an important role in funding cancer research. His basic views were those of an authentic conservative and a businessman. He was convinced that Nixon would be President, and he told me that he and Nixon had often talked about what Nixon would do in the White House.

Bobst was deeply interested in China, and he spoke to me at some length about that country's history, future, power, beauty, and importance. He also told me that he and Nixon felt that "the most important thing" to be done in world affairs was to "bring China into the world." I gathered that this subject had often been discussed by Nixon and Bobst but that, while they agreed on it, they disagreed on what to do about Vietnam. Bobst thought that it was a disaster that the United States had to get out of quickly, whereas Nixon insisted that the United States' position in Vietnam was that of "a cork in the bottle," and that pulling the cork out could have unknown and possibly catastrophic consequences. As Bobst talked, however, I saw that the real issue between them was whether to get out quickly or slowly. According to Bobst, Nixon accepted the view that Vietnam could not be "won" and the United States would eventually have to withdraw. The pace of withdrawal and the hope that an independent South Vietnam could be preserved were the only real subjects of debate.

Later, on the flight back to New York, Nixon returned to his yellow pads. I did the eating and drinking, and read part of a novel. There were

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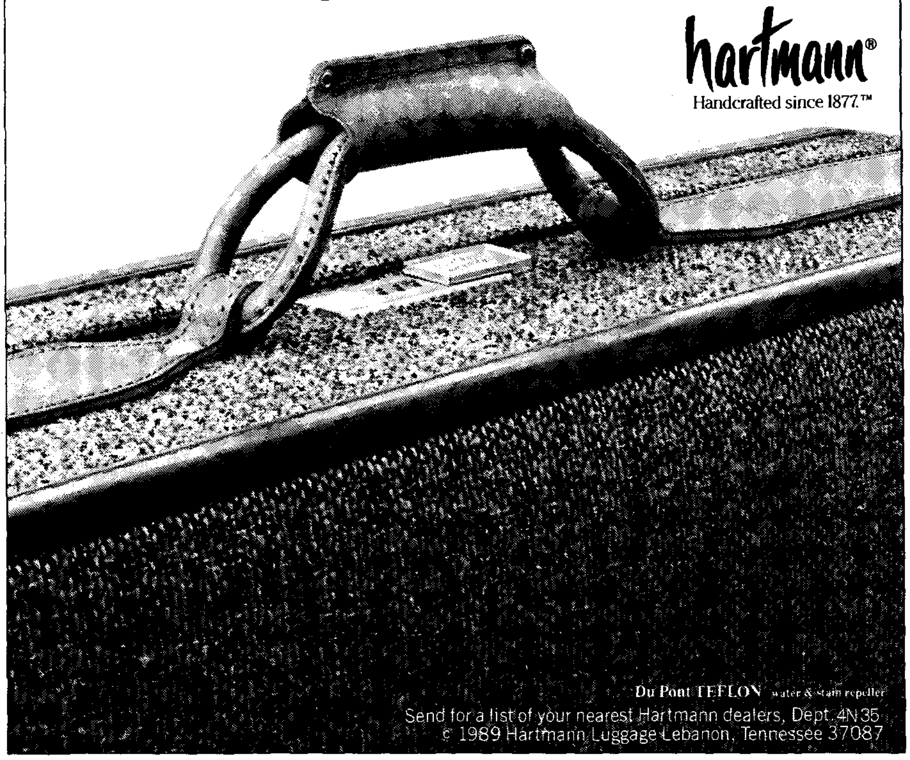

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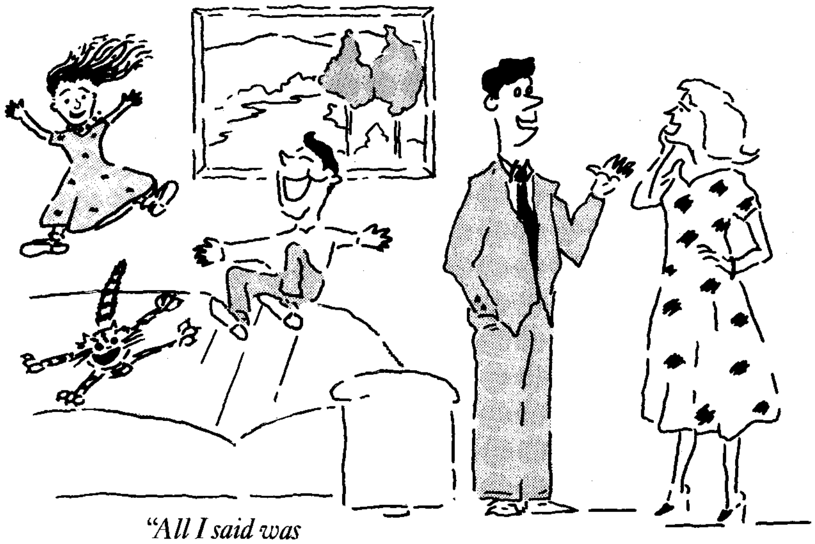

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no questions. There was no more camp talk. China and Vietnam faded away.

NIXON's process of preparation continued until the morning of April 27, 1966, when I anxiously summoned him from the lawyers' lounge in the Supreme Court just before the Court was scheduled to convene. He was still flipping through his yellow pads. When I tried to move him along, he laid a restraining hand on me and said, "Never rush into a public place." We strode slowly to our counsel seats, as if to the strains of "Hail to the Chief"; of course, only he heard them.

At precisely ten o'clock, the nine Justices appeared silently from the red-velvet-draped background, moved to the bench, and took their seats quickly. Chief Justice Warren called the first case, an antitrust case in which the government was trying to force the Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to give up another beer company it had acquired some years before. Then, shortly after noon, he called the appeal in Time, Inc., v. Hill.

Arguing for Time, Inc., Harold Medina, of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, focussed his oral argument on two main points. First, the *Life* article's "falsity" was of an incidental and innocent nature. The article, he said, was basically an accurate depiction of the connection between the Hill family's captivity and the story of "The Desperate Hours." It was therefore constitutionally protected as comment on news. Medina's oral argument dealt principally with this issue, and thus with the similarities between the Hill incident and the play.

Medina also argued that the New York privacy statute involved in the case was overbroad on its face, because it penalized publication even of newsworthy material if the publication was primarily "for the purposes of trade." This argument was drawn from an obiter dictum—an observation by a judge that is not a necessary part of the court's decision—from a single judge, Benjamin Rabin, in a lower-court concurring opinion. Judge Rabin's statement was murky but could be read as suggesting that even truthful and newsworthy material might be actionable if it was intended solely for commercial purposes. If this was the case, Medina argued, the New York statute would be unconstitutional.

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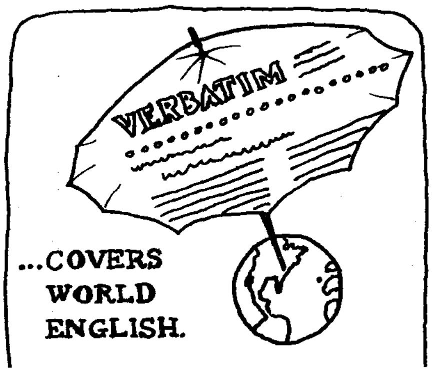

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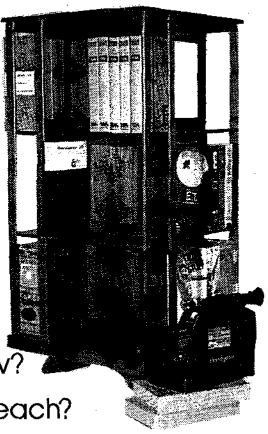

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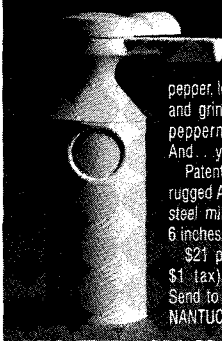

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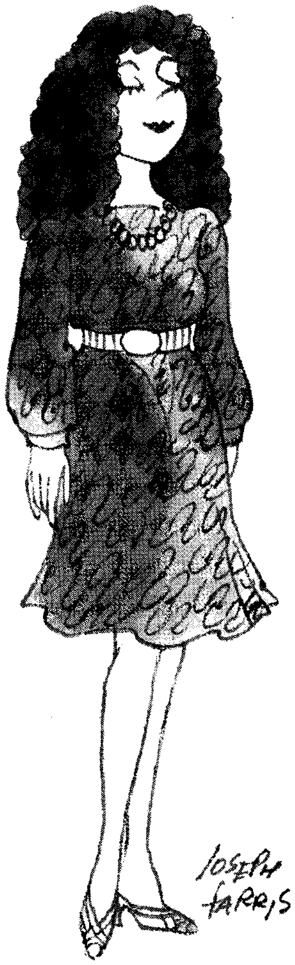
Nixon's oral argument emphasized the point that Judge Rabin's lone statement was only an incidental remark, not an integral part of court reasoning in the case. The law of New York, Nixon argued, had been settled otherwise by sixty years of decisions stating that a truthful news account was constitutionally protected. Nixon's main effort, apart from this argument, was to demonstrate that the method by which the text and photographs of the *Life* article had evolved proved that the magazine had created a fictionalized description of "The Desperate Hours" as a "reënacted" account of the Hill incident—in other words, a deliberate fabrication and an admitted "gimmick," designed to justify the use of the former Hill home as the "True Crime" site of a photo-news review of the play. This, in Nixon's submission, satisfied the constitutional test for liability, including the then only two-year-old formulation in New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, even though the original trial of the Hill case had taken place before Sullivan was decided and therefore had not met the Sullivan arguments head-on.

The atmosphere of the Court during the argument provided surprises and intimations. Both lawyers quickly displayed a comprehensive grasp of High Court forensics. Medina, a senior litigation partner at Cravath, had been around the track many times; the surprise was Nixon. In this, his first argument in an appellate court, he sounded like a polished professional of the bar—his footing confident, his language lawyerlike, his organization of material sure and clear. He had true "bottom," responding to dozens of tough questions, and the Court clearly relished the performance. John MacKenzie, who was then covering the Court for the Washington *Post*, wrote that in Nixon's presentation the Court and spectators "heard one of the better oral arguments of the year." At their luncheon after the argument, the Justices, according to "Super Chief," Bernard Schwartz's judicial biography of Earl Warren, expressed surprise that Nixon had done so well. Bruce Allen Murphy, in his book "Fortas: The Rise and Ruin of a Supreme Court Justice," notes that among comments circulating around Washington at the time was that of Justice Abe Fortas, who said that Nixon made "one of the best arguments that he had heard since he had been on the Court," and that, with work, he could be "one of the great advocates of our times."

The questioning and comments in the Court were ambiguous and tentative, yet furnished some interesting clues. The Chief Justice and Justice Fortas were almost outspokenly on Nixon's side. Chief Justice Warren asked the question that enabled Nixon to address what we thought was the central issue of the case:

MR. CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN: Suppose that *Life* magazine, instead of doing this the way it did, said that this play of Mr. Hayes' is *reminiscent* [italics added] of the Hill incident. . . . Would you say . . . *Life* could do that without violating your law?



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MR. NIXON: Mr. Chief Justice, cruel as it might be . . . I believe that would not be a violation under New York law.

Justice Potter Stewart also seemed favorable, though with considerably less force. Justice Black, in keeping with his long-standing position that any restraint on press freedom, including libel and privacy claims, was unconstitutional, was clearly negative, indicating as much in a persistent line of questioning about whether New York State's privacy statute put impermissible limits on freedom of speech. Justice Douglas, who shared Black's absolute view of First Amendment press protection, was silent. Justice Byron White was openly troubled by Medina's argument on statutory overbreadth and by other technical issues, and wondered aloud whether the New York law might be read as unconstitutionally permitting a suit based on a truthful and newsworthy publication if it was shown to be for purely commercial purposes. The preliminary disposition of Justices John Harlan and Tom Clark was unclear. Justice Brennan's comments were neutral and brief.

Nixon and I came away from the argument feeling that we had scratched out a narrow majority. A sufficient number of Justices seemed to feel that the case involved a real wrong by the *Life* editorial staff and that significant harm had been done to nonpublic people who prized their privacy. The forceful statements by Warren and Fortas were particularly surprising and encouraging. Nixon later commented that these two were political men and so knew firsthand how fierce and lacerating the press could be when it fastened on a target. They would know that for private persons unwanted and false public exposure could be, in Nixon's words, "as traumatic as a physical blow."

We returned to New York at the end of a day that had started a little after dawn and, for Nixon, who worked on the Washington–New York plane, continued until we parted at LaGuardia. I went home, drank a couple of vodkas, and fell into an exhausted sleep.

ARRIVING at work at about ten the next morning, I found on my desk a five-page, single-spaced memorandum addressed to me from Nixon. This document is the most instructive example of Richard Nixon's tenacity and work habits that I've read in all the time I've known him, including the Presidential and post-Presidential years. It was prepared shortly after we had parted at the airport. Upon arriving at his Fifth Avenue apartment, overlooking Central Park and a few floors below the apartment of Nelson Rockefeller, Nixon had dictated a tape of detailed self-critical comments on his own argument and an assessment of points, suggested by the Court's questioning, that he would now handle differently, and the tape had been transcribed by Nixon's secretary, Rose Mary Woods, early the following morning. There was no reason to believe that the case would be reargued (a rare occurrence); it was over as far as we were concerned, and the memorandum was a pure exercise in post-argument analysis, an act of intellectual self-criticism.

To: LEONARD GARMENT
April 28, 1966
FROM: RICHARD M. NIXON

Now that the case is over, here are some of the points I believe deserved more emphasis in the oral argument. I only wish there were some way we could ethically transmit some of these thoughts to the clerks who will be helping the justices write their brief!

Rabin Opinion

One vulnerable point is that Medina was able to leave the impression that by reason of the Rabin opinion, New York leaves hanging over defendants the prospect of liability solely on the basis of "sensational news stories which increase circulation." We know that this is not what Rabin meant and as a matter of fact I could have pointed out that Medina in his briefs had left open the possibility of liability where "purely private facts were raked up which outraged community sensitivities," etc.

I think I should have precisely nailed the point that this was dictum and that I should have gone further and given an illustration of the case—perhaps the picture of the person with the deformity—used without relationship to any news story. [This was a reference to Barber v. Time, Inc., a case in which *Time* magazine published, in its Medicine section, an unauthorized photograph of a woman with a rare disease.]

The Facts

I think it would have been most effective after completing my analysis of the LIFE pictures to turn to Justice Fortas and to have directly replied to the question he asked Medina as to whether there had been some "rather ugly incidents" in the play. Medina as you recall answered that question in the negative. I could have then briefly recounted in a most effective way the murder of the trash man, the killing of two of the convicts, the wounding of the boy friend, Hank's "grabbing" Cindy, even though he may not have "pawed" her, the beating of Hilliard which left him unconscious, Hilliard's being forced to beat his son, and the constant use of profanity in its ugliest forms throughout the play.

Nixon, as the world learned from the Watergate tapes, was quite capable of using profanity in private. Public display was the place where he, with some consistency, drew the line. The memo went on:

LIFE's Responsibility

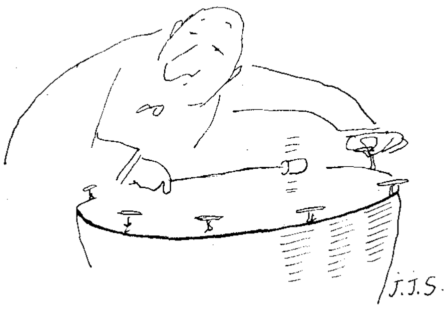
I should have read that dramatic interchange in the record where you asked Prideaux if he had read the green [editing] file and he answered, "yes." I could have then followed that up by asking the Judges to read the contents of the file which included Hayes' story as well as the current news events and then to reach their own judgments as to whether after reading that file and reading the play, any one of them would have proceeded to "assume" that the play was a reënactment of the Hill incident.

I think it would have also been most effective for Brennan's sake to have pointed out that this was most different from *New York Times* [v. Sullivan], where the publisher had not originated the story and where the facts which prove the falsity of the statements appeared in their general files rather than in the story file. Here the publisher definitely read the file which proved the falsity of his statements. In *New York Times* there was no proof that he had read the true statements.

The Importance of Falsity

While we did get across the point that it was necessary to plead falsity in order to meet the New York definition of "purposes of trade," I think we could have made points by attacking this issue from another angle.

This is [mistakenly being seen as] a First Amendment case. It is generally agreed that neither [knowingly] false statements nor commercial statements deserve First Amendment protection. We therefore could have pointed out that our case did not present a First Amendment problem, not only because the statements were "commercial" but also on the independent ground that they were false. In other words, if the Court was taken in by Black's monologue about all papers being published for profit, they could have still held that clearly apart from the "purposes of trade," i.e., the commercial aspect, the very fact that the statements were false should have been sufficient to deny them First Amendment protection.



J.J.S.

This point, of course, is made most effectively in the brief. But I think in view of the fact that Fortas zeroed in on this point, it might have been quite effective to emphasize it in the oral argument. The heart of the case, in other words, is that false statements invading privacy just like false statements injuring reputation in private libel cases should not have First Amendment protection, whether the falsehood was negligent or with malice.

I then could have quoted from Brennan's Meiklejohn Lecture in which he quoted Meiklejohn as follows: "When one injures another by tongue or pen his verbal attack has nothing to do with the business of governing unless it affects the qualifications of a candidate for public office." Brennan, I think, would have been most impressed by my pointing out that while this quote related to private libel (i.e. false statements damaging reputation), it was on all fours with regard to our case where false statements were used to invade privacy.

I think it would have been very effective to tell the court that we recognize that in this case of first impression the court would want in the first instance to take a precise, limited step and that our case provided a most classic example which could be found for that kind of step.

LIFE's Motive

I think it would have been helpful to give the Court an idea as to the true nature of the right of privacy and how it differs from defamation. I obliquely answered Medina's constantly reiterated contention that LIFE was not trying to hurt the Hills but actually because of its laudatory lies was doing them a favor. What I intended to point out if time permitted was that as distinguished from libel (where while it is not a necessary ingredient to the tort it often is present) intent to hurt the plaintiff through the use of falsehood is completely irrelevant in the tort of privacy. LIFE did not intend to hurt the Hills by its publication even though it did not show them the courtesy of asking consent before using their name. LIFE just *didn't care* about the Hills. In other words, LIFE was not trying to *hurt* the Hills; it was trying to use the Hills to *help* itself. This is the essential element in those privacy cases under the New York statutes where false statements are used.

Defendant's Admission on the Difference Between the Hill Incident and the Play

From a purely professional standpoint, my greatest regret is that at the conclusion of my analysis of the six photographs in the LIFE story, I did not turn to the Appellant's brief and read the statement "If this had been a documentary it would have been the shortest one-act play in history." In other words, LIFE by its own admission said that the play, which they contend was a reënactment, was over two-thirds fiction as far as the Hills were concerned.

Nixon's memo concluded with an analysis of the constitutional underpinnings of the right of privacy. Nixon found and predicted the problems in-

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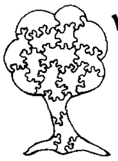

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herent in the Supreme Court's free-floating rationale for a general right of privacy, as it was stated in Griswold v. Connecticut (1965), the case invalidating a state ban on the prescription or use of contraceptives. In the course of striking down the Connecticut law, Justice Douglas, writing for the majority, created what had not existed before in constitutional jurisprudence—a constitutional right of privacy more general than anything specifically mentioned in the Bill of Rights. This right of privacy, said Justice Douglas, could not be found in any single constitutional amendment, but could be derived from the "penumbras" and "emanations," as he put it, that surrounded the separate clauses.

The muddled language of Griswold brought new confusion to the discussion of the issue of privacy. Griswold became the key authority for the Court's 1973 decision on abortion in Roe v. Wade, and Griswold's confusion, criticized by liberal and conservative scholars, has seriously undermined the legitimacy of Roe for the past sixteen years. More than twenty years after the Griswold decision, in 1987, the confirmation hearings on the nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court were filled with echoes of the problem Nixon saw so presciently.

Some of Griswold's effect on the privacy debate, though, was clear soon after the decision. During the Hill arguments before the Supreme Court, Medina, evidently not wanting to be thought an enemy of privacy, remarked, "Now, it just so happens there is this right of privacy. Whether you find it in the Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, or Fourteenth, I don't know. We recognize it and are for it." Whichever right of privacy Medina was talking about, it was certainly not the privacy right in the New York State statute at issue in the Hill case.

Nixon wrote in his midnight memo:

The Constitutional Nature of the Privacy Right

I think what would have been most helpful to the Court in writing the opinion would have been a brief statement clearing up Medina's fuzzy reference to a right of privacy being a constitutional right emanating from the Fourth, Fifth, Ninth and other Amendments (in other words, using the *Griswold* analogy). This kind of analysis, if followed to its conclusion, is both inaccurate and potentially dangerous from a constitutional standpoint. In *Griswold*, it was essential to find that there was a "constitutional right to privacy in marriage" since the issue there was the

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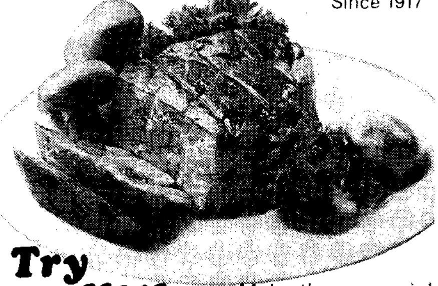

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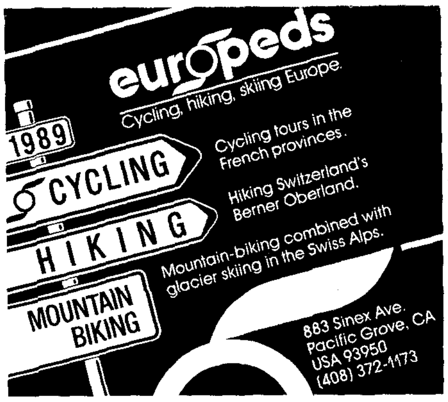
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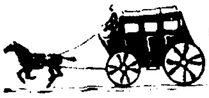

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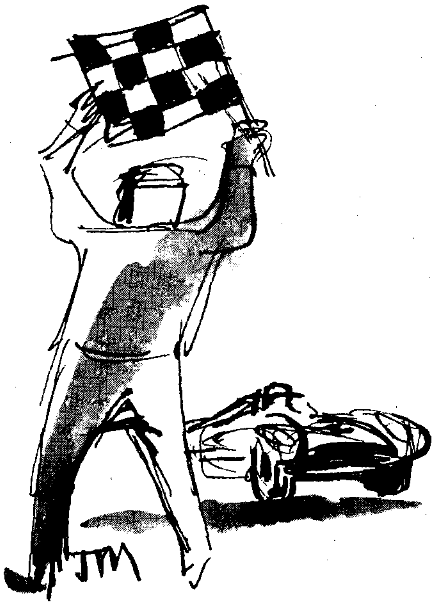
> power of the *state* to impair that right. Unless it had been found that the right of privacy in marriage had constitutional status, the Connecticut statute could not have been declared unconstitutional.
>
> Here the question is not the power of the state to infringe on a right but the power of the state to recognize and implement a right.
>
> I then intended in my opening statement to pursue the subject by pointing out that there was no "constitutional right to reputation" and that privacy by analogy should be treated in the same way. The dangers of the other analysis are obvious. First, let us take the state of Wisconsin which had been the subject of the beer argument earlier in the day. Wisconsin is one of the four states which [do] not recognize the right of privacy either by statute or common law. In the event a state court in Wisconsin denied recovery to a plaintiff in a privacy action, that would have been "action by the state" under the doctrine of *Shelley v. Kraemer* and the plaintiff could have appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that his constitutional right of privacy had been infringed by the state court's action in refusing to recognize it. A parallel danger, perhaps presenting even greater problems as far as the Court is concerned, is that if we should contend that there is a constitutional right to privacy emanating from the Ninth Amendment, the Court would then have the problem in every case to determine whether the right of privacy under the Ninth Amendment or the right of free expression under the First Amendment should prevail where the two come in conflict. After all, the Ninth Amendment states in explicit language that the spelling out of rights in the 8 amendments does not "disparage" other rights which are retained by the people and the state. I think this analysis would have been helpful to the Court; I have not seen it in any of the Law Review articles; and also it might eventually have ended up in an opinion, assuming an opinion is written which goes to the heart of the subject.
>
> I then, of course, would have gone on and pointed out that the right of privacy should be treated like the right to reputation in libel cases as being one of those areas where the state has the power, under the Ninth and Tenth Amendments, to give redress to private citizens where they are injured by other private citizens.
>
> While this analysis would tend to downgrade the right of privacy for which we were contending in our case (below even the position Medina in his rather vague and muddy way was implicitly recognizing) it would have given the "definers" on the Court a hard-rock base of reasoning for recognizing the privacy tort in a very definite, limited, constitutionally defensible way.

The memo revealed two things that were on Nixon's mind that night. Both of them had apparently nagged at his perfectionist soul on our return trip to New York. First, he believed he had missed opportunities to highlight factual arguments that would have helped place the Hill case farther outside the zone of constitutional protection defined in Sullivan. More important, he regretted his failure to give fuller and more precise expression to his intuition that Justice Douglas's weak reasoning in Griswold was going to get the Court into deep and dangerous constitutional waters.

His objective in the argument he wished he had made would have been to point out that the Court already had a serious problem in its future because of the privacy right created by Griswold and should not compound it by treading still further on state libel and privacy laws. He knew that by making this argument he would demote the concept of privacy from the high status that Griswold had given it—an ironic task for James Hill's lawyer. He thought, though, that if he had laid greater stress on this point the Court might have been more hesitant to impair the vitality of the New York State privacy law governing the Hill case.

May and most of June passed without word from the Court. On June 20th, the last day of the term, we had disappointing news: An order had come down restoring the case to the docket for reargument in the fall and specifying the questions to be addressed, most of them dealing with the coverage of the New York statute, the effect of the Rabin concurring opinion, and the definition of "fictionalization" as it related to First Amendment requirements. These questions reflected the doubts voiced by Justice White during the oral argument.

Reargument on October 18 and 19, 1966, was another smooth, professional performance by Medina and Nixon, but the atmosphere was now less dramatic, more routine. Nixon had interrupted his cross-country campaigning for Republican candidates in the 1966 midterm elections—a crucial phase of his burgeoning Presidential effort—and had set aside three weeks to focus intensively on the altered array of arguments. I felt that Nixon was even better and more relaxed this time. The Court was active in its questions. But the attitudes and the apparent lineup of opinion had clearly changed—and from our point of view, as it turned out, for the worse.



Justice White was now firmly fixed on his concern about the constitutional problems on the face of the New York statute; Justice Brennan's questions were shaped within Sullivan-case contours; and Justice Black engaged Nixon in a fierce ten-minute colloquy in which neither yielded an inch of ground:

Mr. Nixon: The article ["Fiction out of Fact," by Joseph Hayes] is significant . . . as to the question of whether "The Desperate Hours," the article on "The Desperate Hours" in *Time* magazine and the book and the play were reënactments of the Hill incident. . . .

Mr. Justice Black: . . . it showed where he got his inspiration?

Mr. Nixon: The question, Mr. Justice Black, is not a question of inspiration. The question is whether the *Life* article is false or true in stating that the Hill incident was a reënactment, not only in terms of the one word but—

Mr. Justice Black: That word "reënactment"—you could use many other words. If it would have said "reminiscent," it would have been all right?

Mr. Nixon: I would beg to qualify that by stating that in answer to the Chief Justice's question on "reminiscent"—his question was quite explicit, his question was in the event that they had used the word "reminiscent" and then had described the Hill incident as it occurred, would there have been liability, and my answer was no. But that is not what happened here. . . .

It has been our argument and our contention throughout this case that "The Desperate Hours"—the heart of "The Desperate Hours"—is a story of violence and bloodshed; that the heart of the Hill incident was the fact that it was one that was distinguished by a lack of violence and bloodshed. And here we have it in the author's own words.

Now, the second point that Mr. Justice Black raised, however, I think also should be commented upon. He referred, quite properly, to the fact that Mr. Hayes had been present at the time that the pictures were taken in the house.

When those pictures were taken in the house, however, it is significant to note what went on in terms of whether the representatives of the defendant discussed with Mr. Hayes the basic question as to whether the article, which was eventually to be written, or at that point "The Desperate Hours" about which pictures were to be taken, whether "The Desperate Hours" was a reënactment.

On that score I refer the Court to page 124 of the record [and] to these questions:

"Question. Very briefly, Mr. Hayes, will you tell the jury whether or not 'The Desperate Hours' is the story of or reënactment of the *Life* episode?

"Answer. It is not a story of—it is not a reënactment of that episode.

"Question." This is the significant one. "Did anybody from *Life* magazine ever ask you whether it was?

"Answer. No, they did not.

"Question. Did you ever tell anyone from *Life* magazine that it was?

"Answer. I did not.

"Question. And you never told anyone of *Life* magazine about any similarities?

"Answer. I did not."

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: Did he not testify in another place, yes, he had? When asked whether he told Prideaux whether there had been a reënactment, Hayes replied, "I told them there had been an incident in Philadelphia?"

MR. NIXON: Exactly. As a matter of fact, he told Prideaux that and—

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: And arranged to get the house?

MR. NIXON: Exactly. And further in this testimony, it will be pointed out that Mr. Hayes, in answer to questions, indicated that the reason that this house was selected was because the play was opening in Philadelphia, and that he could have used any house in Detroit or in California or in New York, or in any other place.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: Yet in Philadelphia they picked out this house—it

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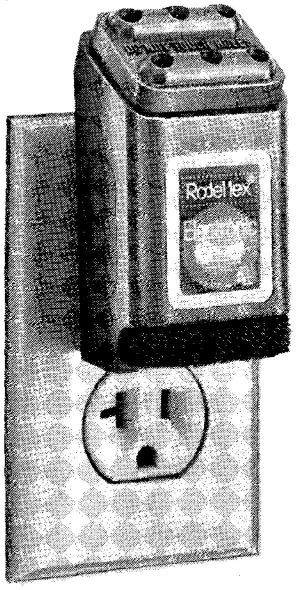

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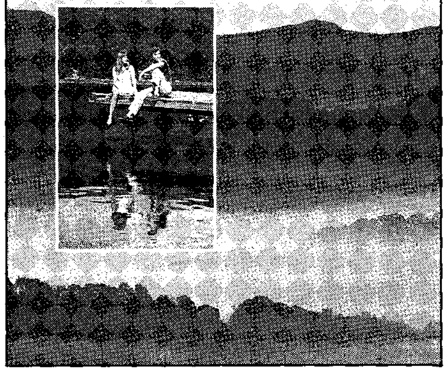

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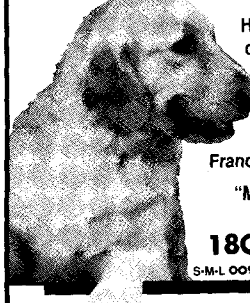

was some distance from Philadelphia —and used it?

MR. NIXON: The play was opening in Philadelphia, sir. That was the point. The play was opening in Philadelphia, not in New York.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: How did they happen to select the one the Hills had lived in?

MR. NIXON: Because that is where the hostage incident in Philadelphia had occurred. But my point is that as far as the selection of the house was concerned, that it was selected because the play was opening in Philadelphia; and [Hayes] testified that had the play opened in another city where a hostage incident had occurred, that he could have used—and he, of course, would have been delighted in order to get publicity for the play, he could have used any other house. . . .

If I could go further, the point to be made is, during this process, the three-month period in which the article was being written, and during the day in which the pictures were being filmed at the house, in which Mr. Hayes was present, not once did the representatives of the defendant question him as to whether those scenes occurred in that house. . . .

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: Why should he ask him that question? They both understood it had occurred there, and they went there for that reason.

MR. NIXON: The reason, sir, that they should have questioned him was that—and this is the heart of this case; the heart of this case is that the violent episodes pictured in six pictures in *Life* magazine did not occur to the Hills, and *Life* magazine stated, by pictures and by words, that they did.

This is the question that *Life* magazine, the defendant in this case, has not been able to answer, and it has not been able to answer it because it had knowledge; even before they went to the house, may I say, it had knowledge that began from an article in its file—in its file which Prideaux, the picture editor, had read. They had knowledge that as far as this particular incident was concerned, it was one of several that had been read about Mr. Hill, and that the final product was different *from any one of them.*

The point that we are making in this case is that the *Life* article is false, false in stating by picture, by every editorial device—with no qualification whatever—that the Hill incident was reën-

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acted in "The Desperate Hours"; that "The Desperate Hours" family is the Hill family; that the violence that occurred in "The Desperate Hours"—the father beating the son; the violence in respect to the murder of the trashman; the participation, for example, of the father in a plot—unwillingly, of course—for the purpose of murdering the deputy sheriff; the wounding of a boyfriend—as a matter of fact, there was no boyfriend. All of these incidents, all of them that were in "The Desperate Hours" and made it the hit that it was, did not occur to the Hills.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: That was a blending of fiction with fact.

MR. NIXON: It was stating fiction *was* [italics added] fact. It was more than that; it was fictionalizing the Hills. It was using the Hills as commercial props for the purpose of selling more magazines. It was creating a story, rather than reporting a story. And that is the heart of the tort under the New York law. If it had stated—and Mr. Chief Justice Warren very precisely hit this point in his question, if it had stated that this was reminiscent of this item, and then had described the Hill incident as it occurred, then *Life* magazine would not have been liable. But I should also point out, *Life* magazine would not have had a story.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: Why wouldn't it?

MR. NIXON: Why, it wouldn't have had the story because it wouldn't have been newsworthy.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: They could certainly have referred to other things in this play?

MR. NIXON: Let us go, then, to why? Why *Life* magazine—when I refer to "*Life* magazine," I am referring, of course, to an institution, twenty-four senior editors, forty-one other managing editors, and two hundred and eight—

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: You don't think they are all liable?

MR. NIXON: But what I am suggesting is, I am referring to any one of the individuals who may have worked on the article; but in this particular instance, *Life* magazine, as far as checking on this item, did not do so. And they did not do so because *Life* magazine knew what the truth was. The reason—

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: Maybe they didn't do so because any reasonable person would have thought; as I read this record—

MR. NIXON: Yes, sir.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: From what this man said, the author, that he did found it on the Hill incident. Any reasonable man would have reached that conclusion, particularly when they took him down to the house and made the pictures.

MR. NIXON: And reasonable men can disagree. I would say that any reasonable man reading the Hayes article, "Fiction out of Fact," which Prideaux did, and which stated specifically that "The Desperate Hours" was different from any hostage incident, then that certainly put him on notice that "The Desperate Hours" was not a reenactment. And certainly it would indicate that the editors of *Life* should check to see whether or not editorially they should strike out the words "somewhat fictionalized," or they should strike out the words "this is the Hills' former home"; whether or not they should change the article to be "The Story of the Hills" rather than the story of the play. In other words, the head being "True Crime" rather than "The Desperate Hours."

Understand, this is editorial changing and altering the facts substantially for the purpose of making the article, and I quote from *Life's* own editorial staff, "more newsy."

It was [described by *Life*] as a gimmick, an editorial gimmick. And the question is: Are private persons, involuntarily drawn into the vortex of a public issue, as counsel for the appellant has indicated—are private persons by this Court to be allowed, in effect, to be used as gimmicks for commercial purposes in a falsified situation in which, I would suggest here, an editorial organization, the largest in the world, with more resources to question the facts than any other, used them in a fictionalized situation?

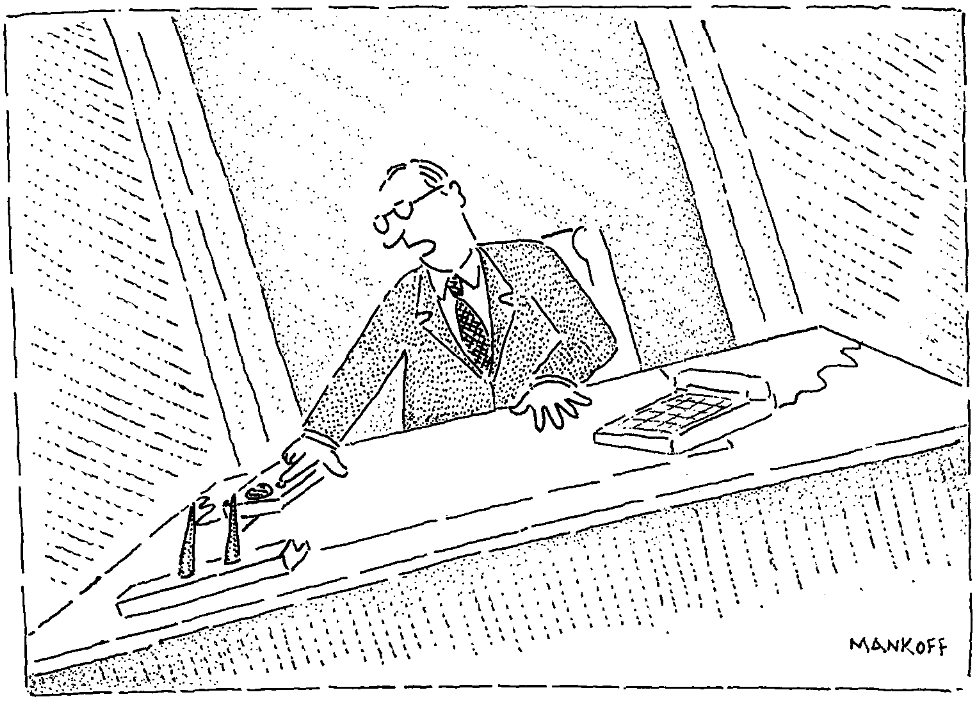
MR. JUSTICE BLACK: The commercial purpose you refer to is selling magazines? . . . Selling magazines for profit?

MR. NIXON: Magazines are sold for profit.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: Is there anything wrong with that?

MR. NIXON: Not at all.

Justice Black finally desisted, but he was obviously beyond persuasion. As the questions and comments by the Court proceeded, it seemed clear that



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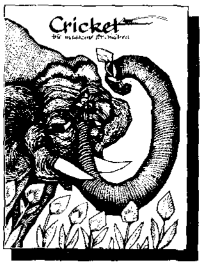

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only the Chief Justice and Justice Fortas were holding fast to their sympathies for the Hills' claim.

THE decision of the Supreme Court came down on January 9, 1967, reversing the New York State Court of Appeals and remanding the case for further proceedings in New York in accordance with the Court's opinion. The vote was 5–4, with five Justices writing separate opinions.

Justice Brennan wrote the opinion for the majority, holding that the trial court's charge did not instruct the jury with constitutional clarity under the now operative rule of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, which, like Supreme Court decisions in civil matters generally, applied to all cases not yet finally decided and which required a finding that the publication was made with legal malice—that is, with knowledge of falsity or with reckless indifference to truth or falsity. Justices Black and Douglas, in a concurring opinion, repeated their "absolute" First Amendment view that knowing or reckless falsity on the part of the press was constitutionally protected. Justices White and Stewart formed the rest of the majority. Justice Harlan dissented, asserting his belief that a lesser standard than legal malice—namely, negligence—was an adequate constitutional basis for state protection of private individuals from invasions of privacy and from libel.

The principal dissent was written by Justice Fortas, joined by the Chief Justice and Justice Clark. The dissent argued that the trial court's charge, while not a "textbook model," nevertheless satisfied the standard of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan.

When I learned of the decision, through a telephone call from the Clerk of the Court, I called Nixon, at his apartment. He listened, asked one or two questions about the authorship of the opinions, and then said, "I always knew I wouldn't be permitted to win a big appeal against the press. Now, Len, get this absolutely clear: I never want to hear about the Hill case again." Without a pause, he turned to some business involving the 1968 campaign.

Ever since hearing in June of 1966 that we would have to reargue the Hill case, Nixon had suspected that for some reason a major change had occurred in the Court's basic predisposi-

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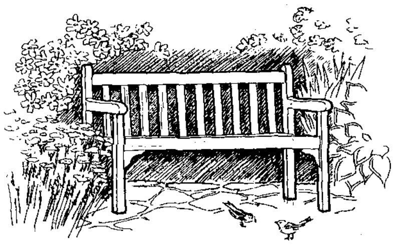

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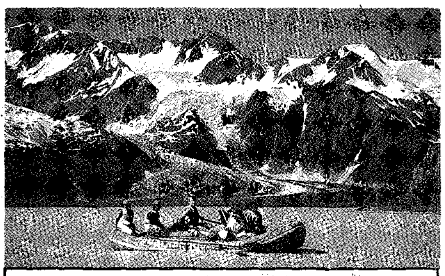

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tion. I shared Nixon's view, and after the decision I was convinced that something inexplicable had indeed happened between the original argument and the reargument. Over time, though, I gradually overcame my puzzlement and disappointment, and accepted the result as yet another proof that the distant and magisterial action of the Supreme Court may not always satisfy the losing counsel as working fairly in a particular case. I did not totally discount the possibility that Nixon had been correct in fearing that this was an ideological battle his opponents simply would not let him win.

And that was that for the Hill case for twenty years. During those years, I had the lukewarm comfort of seeing libel law turn around in Gertz v. Robert Welch, Inc. (1974), in which the Supreme Court—in an opinion by a Nixon appointee, Justice Lewis Powell—held that the rule in New York Times Co. v. Sullivan was applicable to public officials and public figures but not to private individuals. Ironically, the ultimate effect of Hill had been to sensitize the legal community to the arguments that private, as opposed to public, persons could make in such cases. The distinction had grown more sharply focussed in law-review articles and case commentary in the years between Hill and Gertz.

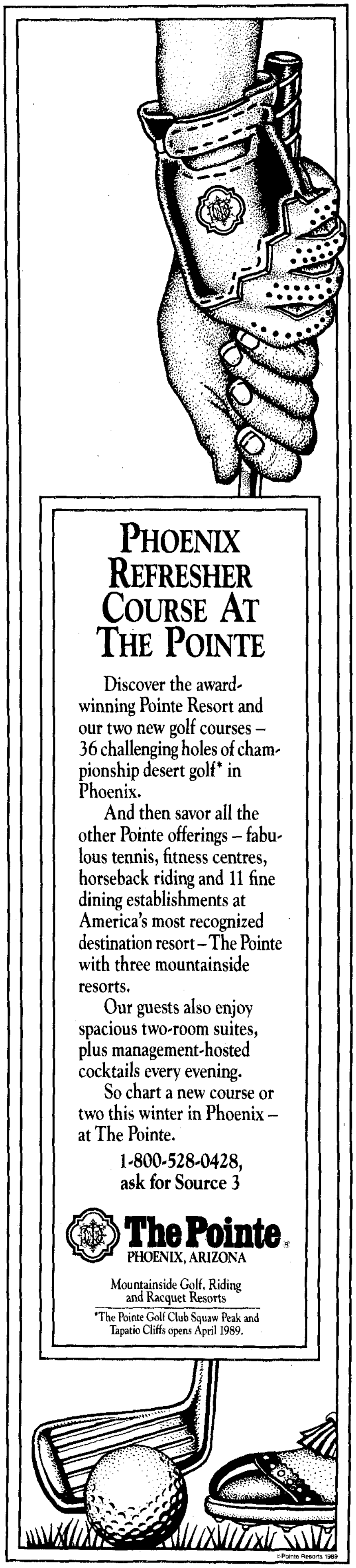
In Gertz, Justice Powell put it clearly: "States should retain substantial latitude in their efforts to enforce a legal remedy for defamatory falsehood injurious to the reputation of a private individual." He was equally clear about the rationale: "The communications media are entitled to act on the assumption that public officials and public figures have voluntarily exposed themselves to increased risk of injury from defamatory falsehood concerning them. No such assumption is justified with respect to a private individual. . . . He has relinquished no part of his interest in the protection of his own good name, and consequently he has a more compelling call on the courts for redress of injury inflicted by defamatory falsehood. Thus, private individuals are not only more vulnerable to injury than public officials and public figures; they are also more deserving of recovery." Under Gertz, the Hill family would have won in the Supreme Court.

Then, in 1985, came Professor Schwartz's "The Unpublished Opinions of the Warren Court," with its behind-the-scenes internal memoranda and draft opinions of the Supreme Court after the first argument of the Hill case. And when the Anthony Lewis review of the book was published in the *Times* Nixon broke his vow, asking me to read the Schwartz book and see what had happened in "that case."

AT the first private conference of the Supreme Court on April 29, 1966, two days after the original oral argument, the vote was 6–3 to affirm the judgment for the Hills. All the Justices but Black, Douglas, and White agreed with Chief Justice Warren's position that there was no First Amendment problem, because the *Life* article was a "fictionalization of these people's experience and false." The Chief Justice assigned the drafting of the Court's opinion in the Hill case to Justice Fortas, and Fortas wrote a sixteen-page document that made its points in language that verged on excoriation—imprudently so, it turned out.

Few in Washington who knew Abe Fortas on the day he was appointed to the bench would have marked him as an enemy of the press. He came from a lower-middle-class Jewish family in Memphis, Tennessee, a brilliant boy and talented violinist with a huge capacity for high-quality work. His performance gained him a scholarship to Yale Law School, where be became editor-in-chief of the Yale Law Journal. His career included a stint as a Yale law professor and years as one of Roosevelt's New Dealers, at the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the Securities and Exchange Commission. After the Second World War, he set up law practice with the famed Thurman Arnold. At Arnold & Fortas, later to become Arnold, Fortas & Porter, Abe Fortas flourished financially and politically. He was prominent in the anti-McCarthy forces in Washington in the early nineteen-fifties and argued a number of civil-rights cases pro bono. The most famous was Gideon v. Wainwright (1963), in which the Supreme Court constitutionally guaranteed the right to counsel for indigent defendants in state criminal cases of a serious nature.

Fortas also became the quintessential Washington insider, adviser, and confidant. His most important client in this respect was Senate Majority Leader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Lyndon Johnson. In 1965, Johnson appointed Fortas to the Supreme Court —over Fortas's very real objections, and at a press conference called without Fortas's knowledge or consent. Thus was Fortas launched on a judicial career.

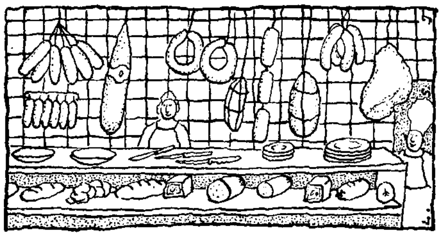
Fortas's attitude toward the press had grown hostile over the years, partly because of his bruising encounters with it on behalf of his friend Lyndon Johnson. Fortas was also truly stirred by the injustice he saw being done to the Hills. To him, Nixon's presence in the Hill case was incidental; whatever political baggage Nixon was carrying, he also happened to be bearing the right message. And Fortas, being a pragmatist, no doubt admired Nixon's skilled performance under pressure.

In his draft opinion for the Court in the Hill case, Justice Fortas said, "The facts of this case are unavoidably distressing. Needless, heedless, wanton and deliberate injury of the sort inflicted by *Life's* picture story is not an essential instrument of responsible journalism. . . . The prerogatives of the press—essential to our liberty—do not preclude reasonable care and avoidance of casual infliction of injury. . . . They do not confer a license for pointless assault." Next, he condemned the *Life* article as "a fictionalized version of the Hill incident, deliberately or heedlessly distorted beyond semblance of reality." Finally, he wrote a passionate defense of privacy, a defense which, according to Professor Schwartz, was "as broad a statement of that right as any ever made by a member of the highest court."

Even as a newcomer to the Court, joining it in 1965, Abe Fortas was a strong, confident figure. His first year was a great personal success. According to Murphy's biography of Fortas, it got "glowing" reviews: the *Times* law reporter Fred Graham called the freshman Justice "a promising member of 'the club' " and a man who was fast becoming "a power on the Supreme Court"; *Newsweek* called him "rookie of the year"; and *U. S. News & World Report* predicted that he could be "counted among those who will set the tone and style of the Court in the future."

One member of the Court, Hugo Black, violently disagreed. Black, who had worn the liberal mantle on the Court since his appointment by Roosevelt, in 1937, disliked everything about Fortas, and saw him, as Murphy explains, as a "pretender to the throne of leadership" on the Court. Black therefore welcomed the broad scope and the intensity of the Fortas draft opinion in Hill. These weaknesses presented an opportunity to cut Fortas down to size; but for this task Black needed time. During the circulation of draft opinions, Fortas, because of comments by his colleagues, found it necessary to make changes tempering the language of his first draft opinion for the Court and seeking to answer, in particular, Justice White's challenge to the constitutionality of the New York statute. By adroit maneuvering, Justice Black took advantage of these changes. In what Murphy calls a "petulant" note to Justice Fortas, he insisted that because of Fortas's alterations he needed extra time—more than the current term allowed—to rewrite the response he was preparing. Black's hostility, together with White's more specific doubts, persuaded Fortas, as the author of the majority opinion, to agree to reargument, and it was scheduled for the fall term. Meanwhile, Black continued his campaign against Justice Fortas and his draft opinion. To his Court colleagues he said that Fortas's was "the worst First Amendment opinion he had seen in a dozen years." He added, according to Murphy, that "it would take him all summer to write his dissent," which "would be the greatest dissent of his life."

Justice Black's product, an internal memorandum sixteen pages long, was distributed to the Court the day before reargument; it was a blockbuster denunciation of Justice Fortas and his position. It was, as promised, one of the most forceful statements ever made by Black of his judicial philosophy. He attacked the general idea of the "weighing" approach, which when applied to First Amendment issues dictates that in each case the worth to society of freedom of expression must be weighed against the worth of the individual rights and values threatened by a particular use of that freedom. Then he attacked the weighing approach as applied to the right of privacy in particular, and castigated Justice Fortas's opinion in terms like these: "After mature reflection I am unable to recall any prior case in this Court that offers a greater threat to freedom of speech and press than this one does, either in the tone and temper of the Court's opinion or in its resulting holding and judgment."



An example of Justice Black's ferocity of argument was a contention that Fortas was urging a "general, unconditional, unequivocal 'right to privacy' or 'to be let alone,' " under which, Black argued, "burglars, rapists, robbers, murderers and other law violators would be completely immune from all governmental investigations, arrests, trials and punishments."

Timed for the eve of reargument, Black's intense lobbying and his pre-reargument memorandum had the intended effect. The Court's questioning moved in a direction charted by him and by Justice White. In the first post-reargument vote, on October 21st, the Court switched from 6–3 for affirmance to 7–2 for reversal, with only the Chief Justice still strongly supporting Fortas. Before the case was finally decided, Justices Harlan and Clark returned to the Fortas side, producing a tie vote of 4–4, and that was resolved, finally, by Justice Stewart's vote to reverse. This deciding fifth vote to reverse was obtained by Brennan's addition of a paragraph expressly leaving open the rules to apply in libel actions by private individuals. Stewart had earlier expressed concern for the reputation and feelings of private individuals in a concurring opinion in Rosenblatt v. Baer (1966). He wrote to Brennan the day after he read this addition, saying he was now glad to join in Brennan's opinion.

The irony of this struggle is that after all the speculation about how the Court would respond to Richard Nixon, the personal animus that determined the course of the Hill case was not antagonism toward Nixon by any member of the Court. The two Justices who had always detested Nixon's politics—Warren and Fortas—were unshakable defenders of his position in the Hill case. The central clash in Hill was actually between Hugo Black and Abe Fortas.

Schwartz observes that Justice Black's intense antipathy to Fortas was rather mysterious. It was apparent almost from the day Fortas joined the Court and intensified sharply from that point forward. In Fortas, Black surely saw a philosophical heir to his ancient adversary Felix Frankfurter, the proponent of the doctrine of balancing competing constitutional interests—a philosophy that was deeply offensive to the absolutist soul of Hugo Black. What is clear is that in the Hill case Abe Fortas's old-style liberal, pluralist notion of press freedom as a value to be weighed against other values gave way to Black's idea of press rights, which was much larger and more uncompromising in its claims. In time, the Court would come around to Fortas's view.

EARLY one morning in 1970, a year or so after I joined President Nixon's White House staff, my secretary informed me that Abe Fortas was on the line. He asked to see me that day, explaining that his visit related to the arts, for which I had White House staff responsibility. (As a onetime jazz saxophone and clarinet player, I had a historical sympathy for performing artists, and this weakness had prompted me to volunteer for this White House assignment.) He said that it had nothing to do with law or politics.

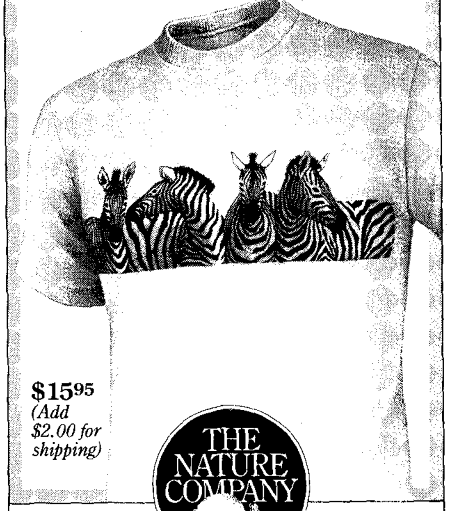
Fortas had by then resigned from the Court, and the currents of controversy which surrounded that judicial brouhaha had subsided. In 1968, after President Johnson had announced his intention not to run for reëlection and thus made himself a lame duck, he tried to appoint Justice Fortas to the post of Chief Justice. The nomination was blocked, shortly before the 1968 Presidential election, by revelations that while Fortas was on the Court he had received a private honorarium and had given Johnson much political advice. Then, in May, 1969, a *Life* article revealed that Fortas had accepted a substantial fee from financier Louis Wolfson, who was then being investigated by the S.E.C. This article started the chain of events that forced Fortas off the Court altogether. To the end of his days—he died in April, 1982—Fortas maintained to friends and colleagues that the *Life* article had been Time, Inc.,'s punishment of him for his role in the Hill case.

At the time Fortas came to see me, I had never met him and didn't know about this feeling of his, but I did feel a strong personal tie to him because of his powerful support in the Hill matter. His mission, he explained humorously and deftly, was to see if some way could be found to permit musicians to deadhead cellos and other large musical instruments on airplanes that had excess space. (He had remained an accomplished violinist, and he made the point that he could hold his fiddle on his lap and was therefore not self-interested.) Would I help out? "Sure," I said, "but don't hold your breath while the Civil Aeronautics Board decides whether to waive its rules." As we chatted, I mentioned the Hill case. This produced a surprising outburst from Fortas. In all his time on the Court, he told me, no case had affected him so much, or so deeply offended his sense of fairness and equity. "It was a bad result, and terribly unfair to the Hill family," he said. "I offer you my apologies for not being more effective."

In my remaining years in Washington, Fortas and I became something between acquaintances and friends. He could be a shrewd and merry adviser (or a cold and difficult man, if he chose), and from time to time I called upon him for private advice. I could see why President Johnson couldn't break his habit of turning to Fortas as his counsellor of first or last resort, even when Fortas ascended to the supposedly cloistered life of a Supreme Court Justice.

His last piece of substantive advice to me was pure Fortas. The day before President Ford's first press conference, on August 28, 1974, I lunched with John Osborne, the *New Republic's* wise old White House watcher, and called the CBS News stalwart Eric Sevareid, another Washington friend. I was then assistant to President Ford, one of the handful of Nixon staffers who were allowed to remain in the Ford White House and thus escape much of the Watergate taint, and I asked both Osborne and Sevareid whether Ford should pardon Richard Nixon. Both felt that a pardon should be granted. In the late afternoon, I called on Abe Fortas at his Georgetown home and put the question to him. Was it the right thing to do? Was it feasible? Should I weigh in personally and try to make the case to President Ford?

By all means, he said. This was the



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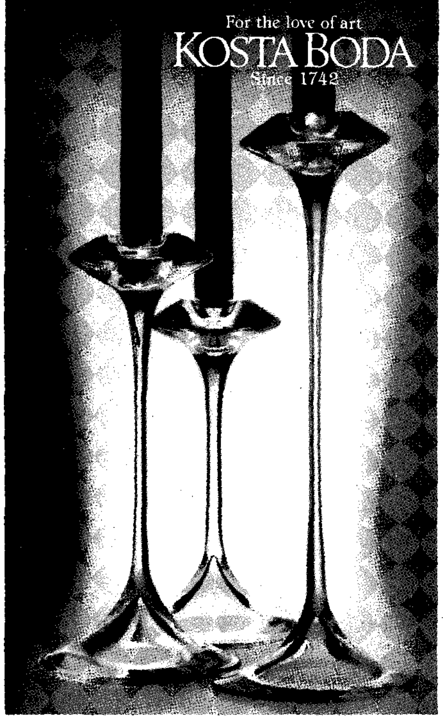

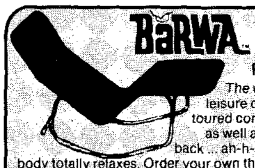

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time for President Ford to act, quickly and decisively. The convulsion of a trial of Richard Nixon was the last thing that the country—shaken deeply, as it was, by Watergate and a Presidential resignation—needed at this time. This is "Ecclesiastes time," he said—a time for repair and reconciliation, and not "the horror" of a long state trial of the former President.

Fortas's judgment made up my mind. At the suggestion of General Alexander Haig, the White House Chief of Staff, I wrote a memorandum that night to Haig and to Philip Buchen, the President's counsel, and handed a copy to each of them in the White House at eight the next morning. At ten-thirty, after meeting with President Ford and taking counsel from others—their identities are still unknown to me—Haig called, and said, "It's all set." The announcement of the pardon came on September 8th.

In later months, when I read Fortas's various public condemnations of Richard Nixon, I had occasion to reflect on the uses of Fortas's complex political style, which even then was becoming an anachronism. In that respect, Fortas and Nixon were very much alike. Both were public men with extraordinary gifts, and both were bundles of contradictions. Both would praise each other in private while attacking each other in public—or vice versa. During the 1968 fight over Fortas's nomination for Chief Justice, Nixon, as Murphy tells it, encouraged other Republicans to attack, but would not attack Fortas himself or make Fortas an explicit issue in the 1968 Presidential campaign. Fortas, meanwhile, was free with his praise of Nixon's skills as an advocate when speaking to lawyers, who viewed such talk as a mark of professionalism and sophistication. Not so in public, where Fortas would follow convention and bury Nixon rather than praise him. For both, it was a matter of audience. And this method of conducting political business contributed to each man's undoing.

In December of 1974, when I was leaving the Ford Administration to return to New York and practice law, Fortas took me to lunch. He was at his charming best. As we finished up, he said, "You know, I have a tiny law firm but an interesting practice over in Georgetown, lots of freedom to do as

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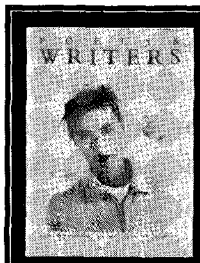

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much or as little as I want. Would you like to become my partner?" I told him I was honored, pleased, and tempted, but I had had enough of Washington and was determined to go back home. "You will return," he said, grinning elfishly. "Washington is just too much fun." (I did return, in 1980.)

THE Hill case left me with a permanent collection of what-ifs.

Would the great expansion of press protection in the Sullivan case have occurred if it hadn't been for the chilling nature of the restraint imposed by the Southern court and jury that decided the case against that symbol of northern liberalism, the *Times*, as the civil-rights revolution moved thousands of blacks and their supporters into the streets and the courts?

Might the Hill decision have been affirmed if *Time's* appeal to the Supreme Court had not followed so quickly on the heels of Sullivan and the surrounding pro-press enthusiasm of the public and the courts?

Would the Hill case have engendered an earlier and more constructive exploration of appropriate distinctions between the protection of private and public figures from press comment, as Justice Harlan suggested, if the case had not been distorted by a bitter personal vendetta by one Justice toward another?

What might have happened if Watergate had not apotheosized the investigative journalist and made the idea of restraint, self-imposed or court-imposed, anathema to dominant journalistic opinion?

By now, there is no denying that the relationship between the press and other American institutions is seriously awry, with far too much contempt and self-justification emanating from all sides. Post-Watergate norms of journalistic behavior have generated widespread popular resentment, and court decisions and jury verdicts have been reflecting that new sentiment.

Richard M. Clurman, a former editorial executive for Time, Inc., and one of the nation's most balanced observers of press and privacy issues, comments on this issue in his important new book "Beyond Malice: The Media's Years of Reckoning":

> Public support can be counted on only if journalists themselves and their bosses recognize that as much as their role has changed, so must many of their practices. They cannot proclaim policies and values in the public interest that are at odds with their own behavior and performance. They need to understand that beyond malice in its constitutional meaning are patterns of media behavior that are unacceptable. They cannot produce an information product as if it were any other profit-oriented commodity. If others are to be prevented from restraining them, they must temper their new and growing modern power with more awareness, self-restraint and initiative in the interests of the public.

Chief Justice Warren, Justice Fortas, and Justice Harlan, in their response to the Hill facts, intuitively anticipated just such developments as have occurred. They saw the case as one of nontechnical justice—two ordinary American parents touched by near-tragedy and trying to shield themselves and their five young children from the cheapening effects of unwanted and distorted publicity. These Justices did not think that protecting the Hills entailed any new categorical press restraint or that it required any great jurisdictional analysis. Justice Harlan, in particular, emphasized not only the constitutional difference between public and private persons but the "severe risk of irremediable harm" that such publicity could bring upon "individuals involuntarily exposed to it and powerless to protect themselves against it." And, indeed, at the trial there had been testimony that the *Life* article had caused Mrs. Hill lasting emotional injury. Two eminent psychiatrists had explained the causal dynamics of the trauma inflicted on her. Both said she had come through the original hostage incident well but had fallen apart when the *Life* article brought back her memories transformed into her worst nightmares and presented them to the world as reality. Both said she was and would for an indefinite time remain a psychological tinderbox. In August, 1971, Mrs. Hill took her life.

James Hill has given me permission to discuss these matters in this article. I am not asserting that the false and unwanted publicity of the *Life* article caused this tragedy. Suicide is among the darkest of human acts, the result of multiple influences. It is not unfair, however, to say that troubled persons, clinging to their psychological integrity in an invasive world, suffer with special acuteness when they are forced into the spotlight of negative community attention. In many cases, their

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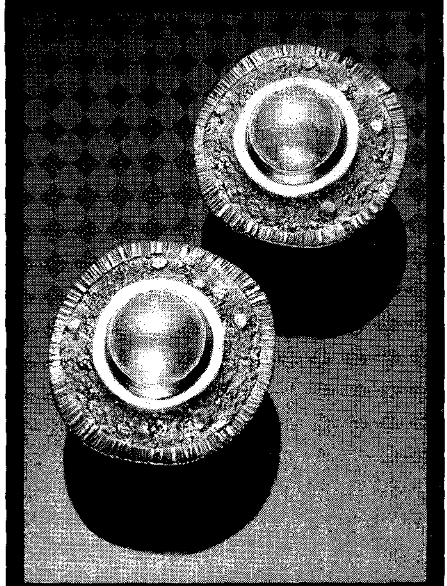

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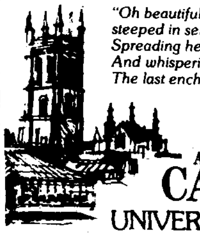

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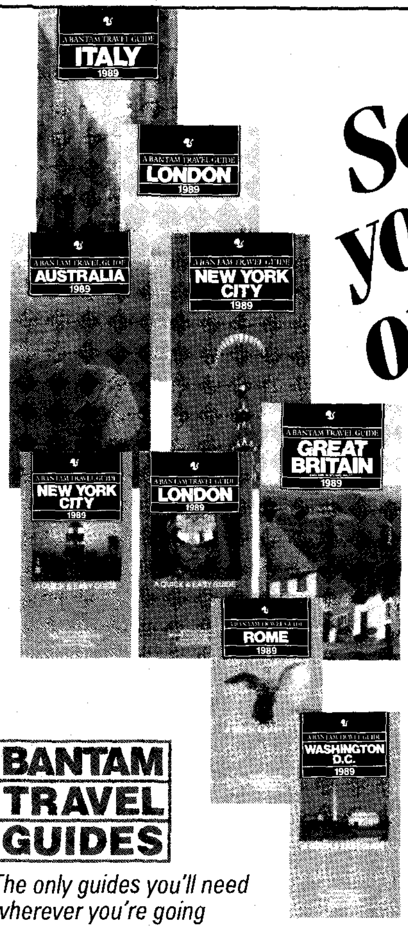

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ordeal brings more than just transitory embarrassment or a general sense of resentment at a trespass. This sort of reasoning rubbed a fundamentalist interpreter of the Constitution like Hugo Black the wrong way—just as Abe Fortas, the much-admired and complex hybrid of lawyer and political adviser, provoked in Justice Black an unending resentment.

The combination of Sullivan and Hill with the superheated environment of the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies had large political consequences. There were journalists who came to believe that the First Amendment's writ ran without limit; many citizens thought otherwise. The resentment engendered by what was viewed as the arrogance of the press may have played a role in forming, through these years, the country's increasingly conservative disposition. It may be that, just as Hill had the ironic effect of bringing about more attention to private persons' rights against the press, the generation of journalists formed by the events of the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies had a part, albeit unwittingly, in the election of Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush. And, partisan considerations aside, the press now finds itself in a hostile environment that threatens the liberty Hugo Black thought he was securing. It is time to start finding our way back.

—Leonard Garment

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O.K. if she smokes?

THE THEATRE

News from Czechoslovakia

VÁCLAV HAVEL, as you probably know, is a heroic Czechoslovakian dramatist, always in revolt against the Communist authorities in his country; he is at the moment serving an eight-month prison sentence for some trivial act that inconvenienced the regime. In 1968, his satiric comedy "The Memorandum," under Joseph Papp's direction, made one of the funniest and most exhilarating evenings in the history of the Public. The target of the satire was bureaucracy, the style Middle European absurdist. Mr. Havel has, as the saying goes, suffered enough, without being exposed to grouchy reviews, but I must inform you that his endless "Temptation" as produced—or, more exactly, overproduced—under Jiri Zizka's direction, made one of the most hateful, trying evenings in the history of the Public. "Temptation" tells the story of one Dr. Foustka, a scientist who works in yet another bureaucracy—a laboratory in an institute—and dabbles in necromancy, and who is tempted by a repulsive old horror called Fistula into further experiments in magic and trickery, thus bringing about his downfall. The idea, as you can see, is a good one. The Faust legend is certainly apt; it's the execution that does it in. Picking out the thread of story through the pandemonium onstage takes some doing by the audience. The absurdities are mercilessly compounded, and the passages of abstract thought lose all coherence and pertinence. But the good actors, among them David Strathairn, in the leading role, and Bill Moor, as the head of the institute, are entirely at the service of the play. Taking their curtain calls at the end of almost three hours, they looked as drained as we felt. Marie Winn provided the clear translation. The witty costumes were designed by Hiroshi Iwasaki and the entertaining, stylish settings by Jerry Rojo.

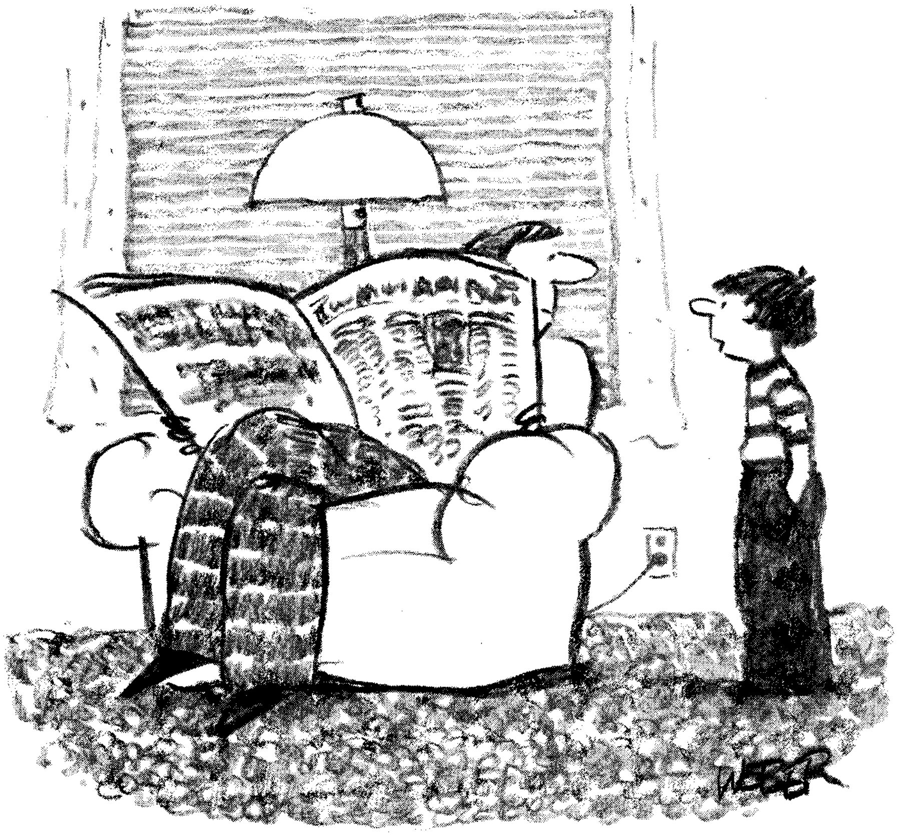
PAUL ZINDEL'S "Amulets Against the Dragon Forces," at Circle Rep, is a numbing bore—not the restful, asinine kind, like "Chu Chem," for example, but a bore that freezes the brain, clogs the ears, and clouds the vision. I am therefore not your ideal reporter on the show, which tells (I think) the story of an adolescent boy, the son of a practical nurse, who takes him along when she accompanies a dying old woman to her house on Staten Island. In residence there is the patient's son, who is a homosexual ruffian, with a weedy young man, recently booked as his partner—only a temp, as we find out when the house fills with other weedy young men, beer bottles in hand, for a party. The boy almost becomes embroiled with W.Y.M. No. 1, or maybe he does. And then and then and then. The old woman moans and screams behind a couple of scrims; she also bites when cuddled. The nurse is negotiating for a house of her own, and she either gets one or doesn't. The action is suffused with words, none of them particularly eloquent, and the minor characters tend to slide out of the mind.

The actors, a number of whom seem to have speech impediments, do their best to persuade us that we are seeing a play, but, even under B. Rodney Marriot's direction, that is not quite enough. Matt McGrath manages to salvage something in the role of the boy. The amulets of the title are puppets that he plays a kind of solitaire with. The appropriately drab, tacky settings were designed by David Potts and lighted by Dennis Parichy.

BY the way, I had the good fortune to revisit "Our Town" starring Don Ameche—a replacement, and an inspired choice—on the evening before it closed. Making an impersonal appearance, Mr. Ameche as the Stage Manager was unobtrusive and masterly, and, incidentally, he was a truly believable citizen of Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, in 1901. His was the best performance in the role, I think, since Frank Craven created it, fifty years ago. —EDITH OLIVER

Mother and Son

THERE are plays produced before their time because the world has not yet caught up with the spirit or ideas they evoke, and there are plays produced before their time because they have been rushed into production. "The Forbidden City," at the Public Theatre, is one of the latter. Written by Bill Gunn, who died last week, and



"Push me, Dad. Mozart was pushed."

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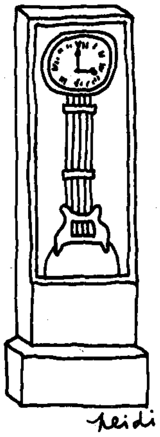
directed by Joseph Papp himself, "The Forbidden City" is so manifestly a work in progress that it's difficult to know how to review it without either doing the author an injustice or imposing on the reader. Unquestionably, the play is full of good things—fine scenes, great speeches, a central conflict between a mother and son which has immortal longings: it yearns to present itself as a metaphor for the driving force in black family life, the compelling but perhaps dangerous values with which black men and women send their children out to deal with a white world. Miss Molly, the domineering matriarch, played by Gloria Foster, is a fascinating character: you can neither countenance anything she does nor dismiss anything she says. And clearly her son, Nick, Jr. (Akili Prince)—who at sixteen still wets his bed, carries around a Teddy bear, and can't even assert his right to stay up past eleven—is being done some damage. The trouble is that "The Forbidden City" hasn't got much of a structure. There's not even anything on which one might hang specific insights about where it goes haywire.

Readers of theatrical notices, no less than audiences, like to hear a story. What makes "The Forbidden City" so difficult to describe—beyond saying that it concerns the Hoffenburgs, a black family living on the Philadelphia Main Line in 1936, and requires eleven actors and an elaborate two-level set—is that virtually nothing happens in it. The play consists almost entirely of monologues—glorious set pieces, some of them—un-unified by any dramatic action. And it's hard to encapsulate the situation, because so little is explained. We never find out why the Hoffenburgs are living on the Main Line, in the sort of house that nobody lived in in 1936, in a style that hardly anybody could afford to maintain. The suggestion is planted that Mr. Hoffenburg may be engaged in criminal activity (a ringing telephone summons him and his poker-playing friends out in the middle of a game one night), but what sort of crime or how serious it may be is never made clear. The conflict between mother and son ranges about freely, unattached to any event or endeavor that might serve as a moral vantage point. It's even difficult to pinpoint who the central character is meant to be. The first act seems concerned largely with Nick, Jr., and how Miss Molly wants both to see him assert himself and to "keep him in short pants" (literally and figuratively). Yet Nick, Jr., is all but absent from the second act, which focusses on his father's discovery that Miss Molly has been having an affair with a white man. Then, in the final scene, Nick, Jr., resurfaces in the person of The Artist, announcing in a revelatory speech that he has won a poetry prize and, moreover, has been leading a double life all this long while, living as a white woman's kept boy, servicing her friends, and hanging about with musician types in bars.



"The Forbidden City" has many of the earmarks of unfinished writing: characters who seem to fall off the face of the earth or whose presence is not justified; embarrassing or melodramatic interludes (a dead brother keeps popping up, speaking in verse, and in the final scene the father inadvertently murders his son); a dominant motif (equating Miss Molly with the sea) that seems studied and, in any case, is never realized dramatically; pretentious or pseudo-poetic speeches; an insufficiently thought-out title—or perhaps it's just insufficiently explained. Too many characters in the play can quote the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar verbatim, and the choice of any sobriquet as familiar as "Miss Molly" seems ill advised—particularly for a character as complex and weighty as the one played by Miss Foster. What Mr. Gunn's Miss Molly represents, among other things, is an attitude toward the white world which commands attention—first, because its rhetoric is so compelling; second, because it is born of experience and observation. Whether the eloquent things Miss Molly says are more dangerous than true, or more accurate than dangerous; whether the validity of a given truth should be weighed against its ability to do harm—these are questions that "The Forbidden City" never resolves. What a pity that this gifted writer didn't have the chance to put the play in a drawer for six months and then consider it again.

—Mimi Kramer

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Like Mad

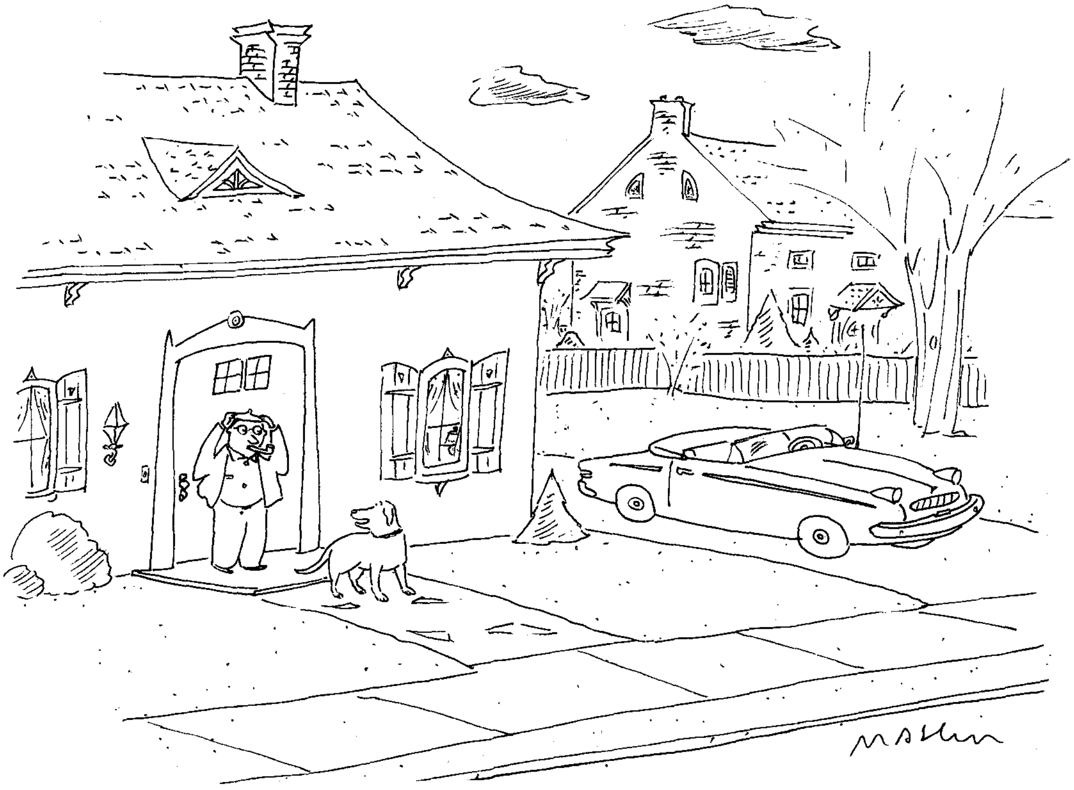
SPEED freaks will sometimes respond to what you're about to say; they'll answer a question before it's out of your mouth, and keep on riffing a few jumps ahead of you. The air seems electrified by some brilliant form of madness. In "The Dream Team," Michael Keaton's Billy is intuitive in that wired, double-quick way, and without stimulants. His perceptivity is on overdrive. The mercurial Billy, formerly a writer, is a wisecracking violent lunatic. Tossing out zingers because he can't keep them in, he does a running satirical commentary on what's going on in the New Jersey mental hospital he's in, and on what's in the minds of the three other psychotics in his group. He's bored with them; their phobias and compulsions are old jokes to him. But he's touchy. If one of them says something he resents, he explodes and smashes things; kicking is his specialty.

Michael Keaton takes his role—the hero of a screw-loose farce—and makes it funnier than the director, Howard Zieff, and the writers, Jon Connolly and David Loucka, are likely to have envisioned, by making it totally plausible. In picture after picture ("Night Shift," "Touch and Go," "Beetlejuice," "Clean and Sober"), Keaton's acting feels uncensored—freehand. Wearing jeans, a T-shirt, and Nikes, Billy is ready for anything; he bursts into a room like a storm. His velocity is part of his problem.

"The Dream Team" has a pip of a comic idea (it's indebted to an incident in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest"). Dr. Weitzman (Dennis Boutsikaris), the therapist for the group, decides that the men could benefit from a break in their routine, and arranges to take them, by van, to a game in Yankee Stadium. At a pit stop, he witnesses a murder, is knocked unconscious by the killers, and is hauled away in an ambulance. The four, stranded in New York City, draw on their reserves of sanity (and their weird recesses of dementia) to save the Doctor from the killers and take care of each other. The flaw in the idea is that the quadruple therapeutic story line, which is almost surreally upbeat, makes the picture seem less quirky than it is.

In the New York streets, the four stay close to the van, and if they leave they return to it—it's their connection to the hospital, where they felt safe. Hyperactive Billy becomes the organizer, the whip. He's a fantasist, and his grip on reality loosens now and then, but he's got a sense of responsibility. Man Mountain Peter Boyle is also in the group. He's Jack, a onetime topflight advertising man who went berserk and has become an exhibitionist with religious delusions. (He thinks he's Jesus.) Boyle has some of his best moments onscreen since he was the hulking monster singing "Puttin' on the Ritz" in "Young Frankenstein." On the way to the city, Dr. Weitzman turns on the car radio and Jack suddenly breaks free of his mania and bounces to the rhythms of "Hit the Road, Jack." The scene is too short, but it's a tribute to the restorative powers of shared enjoyment. Billy can't believe the change in the others: for a few seconds, the usual bickering of the group stops. Jack has a terrific moment at the opposite extreme (i.e., pure lunacy) when he joins in the clapping to gospel music at a black people's storefront church: the maniac feels vindicated—he thinks that he's the source of their joy. Through much of the picture, Jack keeps flipping from sane to crazy, and when he visits his swank agency and renews his old antagonisms, sane and crazy merge.

Zieff's directing is less ingenious with Christopher Lloyd as another member of the group—Henry, a former postal employee, who truckles to authority figures. Maybe the role is just too close to other parts Lloyd has played; maybe the finicky Henry is simply too miserably unhinged to be entertaining. (He's pesky rather than funny.) And the fourth—fat, infantile Albert (Stephen Furst)—isn't up to the film's level of invention; he belongs to the world of sitcom. He transcends it in at least one scene, though: when he's arrested, he blushes with pride



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that the police are taking his picture.

Zieff has a knack for mellow slapstick (as he shows in a hospital-corridor scene where big Jack plays Jesus the healer), and although he often falls into standard cornball staging, he'll come up with surprising changes in tone, like the scene in an Army-Navy store where the aging shopkeeper (Jack Duffy), a veteran of the urban madhouse, calmly adjusts to the men's insanity. Zieff has a relaxed touch with the blithe, bearded Dr. Weitzman, and he gives Lorraine Bracco, as Billy's onetime girlfriend, a chance to build a character who might love Billy for his manic fantasy life. And when Zieff falters, there's Keaton demonstrating what a star can do for a picture. In a restaurant scene, he's like James Cagney—doing something bad while his face tells us how thoroughly he's enjoying it. The film isn't the knockout it might have been if it had a few big wild routines. And, yes, it's sentimental. But the sentimentality isn't overplayed, and Keaton's fast rap cauterizes much of it. He's a cross between a mouth and a moonbeam.

CALEB DESCHANEL'S Fridayless "Crusoe" is a variation on the famous story. This version centers on Aidan Quinn as a Tidewater Virginia slave trader whose eagerness for profits leads him, in 1808, to charter a ship in the dangerous autumn months. On board, Crusoe boots the ship's dog, Scamp—a scrawny, predominantly Airedale mutt—off his bunk. But when a storm casts the ship against dark rock formations off an island and only Crusoe and Scamp are swept onshore alive, the dog becomes his companion. Having Scamp nearby helps him stay rational and hopeful as he salvages provisions and tools from the wrecked ship, and this new, tender relationship with Scamp is the prototype of what happens to the slaver when he encounters natives.

He discovers that cannibals use his island for burial rites and human sacrifices, and, horrified at witnessing a murder ritual, he fires a shot, which enables the next scheduled victim to escape and take refuge with him. Crusoe is a little batty with joy at having this fellow for a servant, a pet, and a companion for a few hours, and is shattered at losing him. When Crusoe is caught in a trap and again when he's sinking in a bog, a native warrior (Adé Sapara) frees him; they become friends as equals—until the warrior is caught by white men and dragged on board their ship. It's up to Crusoe to save his black friend from slavery.

This is a movie about how an immature, unfeeling moneygrubber discovers reverence for life. In terms of its ideas, it's a late-sixties fable made in the late eighties. The narrative is genuinely childish, in a hippie way. It's laid out in a series of short scenes (marked by blackouts or simple cuts) that show the changes in Crusoe and the passage of time. Time passes plainly, artlessly. Deschanel, who was the cinematographer for Carroll Ballard's 1979 "The Black Stallion" (as well as for "The Right Stuff" and other pictures), has directed only once before—"The Escape Artist," in 1982. He has an instinct for image magic, but he doesn't know how to make narrative magic happen, and he doesn't want to know. His lack of skill is frank and deliberate—he's like somebody with a vocabulary of two hundred simple words. Yet his emotionality and his feeling for atmosphere can carry a viewer along. He has a style; it comes out of the meekness in the way he works.

Maybe the film's ambience is affecting partly because Aidan Quinn's Crusoe is a hippie Christ figure—a young man finding the way to be gentle. Quinn is an intense, romantic actor, with a touch of the amnesiac about him—especially in his choked, slurry voice. We're used to hearing stage-English diction in movies that are set in the nineteenth century, and he sounds like a careless and apathetic modern actor. It takes a while to adapt to the idea that a man who's essentially talking to himself might not clip his words, and might sound as if he were sleepwalking. That dazed voice can get to you; it has an eerie way of suggesting a lost child. Quinn makes it work in roles as different as the hate-filled psycho in "Stakeout," the AIDS victim in the TV film "An Early Frost," and the accuser Chris in the American Playhouse "All My Sons." Slim and curly-topped, with fixated blue eyes, he isn't hardened; he's a boyish presence on the screen—open, receptive, a New Age Montgomery Clift. He's the right actor for Deschanel's conception.

Deschanel isn't concerned about Quinn's talking like a modern man, because he doesn't really expect you to believe in the period. He's hoping you'll take the movie as a child's illustrated book, and accept the period as a convention for the fable. His style—it's like finger painting—represents a revulsion against professionalism. He's like Werner Herzog, but without metaphysics. And without metaphysics hippie craftsmanship is a lot more palatable.

The Robinson Crusoe story has been reimagined so that it's not a wilderness test of survival—it's a stripped-down search for values, an enforced spiritual retreat. Based on a script by Walon Green, this "Crusoe" is spare and evocative; it tends toward wordlessness and suggests a haiku movie. Essentially, it's all images of entrapment and freedom—it's about Crusoe's learning to be a free man. We see the black warrior's beautifully rounded muscles and powerful frame; we perceive his physical superiority to Crusoe, who's skin and bones. Crusoe perceives it, too. And as they work together to build a little sailboat for the warrior it's clear that Crusoe admires the warrior's intelligence and resourcefulness. Each of them sings a song from his past life, and then, in perhaps the film's most idealized moment, they swap songs. If you were in a cynical frame of mind, you might proclaim this the Brotherhood moment—and, of course, it is. (The movie is a revised "Tempest," in which Prospero and Caliban find out they're brothers.) But Deschanel is so sweetly softheaded—so uncorrupted—that even this scene isn't inflated.

I love Luis Buñuel's 1952 "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," with the rich-voiced Dan O'Herlihy calling out his loneliness. Deschanel's "Crusoe" doesn't have the poetry of that film, or the delirium and passionate sexual longing. But its innocence is likable. The images recall Ballard's "The Black Stallion," with a more matter-of-fact sense of wonder. During the storm at sea, there are cuts to the frightened geese and goats who are penned up below deck. After the shipwreck, when Crusoe first opens his eyes onshore a crab walks by his face and we see it as he does—huge. He looks at anything that moves autonomously: a snail, a chameleon, a centipede. He tries to eat them but gives up on the centipede and tosses it to Scamp. Ballard's scenes complete an action and achieve a fullness, an exaltation; Deschanel cuts away without anything much happening, yet each homely detail has a trace of awe. "Crusoe" is a movie made by a child—or, at least, a child at core. I can't say that it's great, but it's touching. I kept watching with pleasure.

THE satirical black comedy "Heathers" is set in Westerburg High in Sherwood, Ohio. I assume that's for Sherwood Anderson, whose "Winesburg, Ohio" stories the movie evokes. It evokes a bunch of movies, too: "Lord Love a Duck," "Carrie," "Massacre at Central High," "River's Edge," the John Hughes pictures, and maybe the W. C. Fields "Million Dollar Legs," where all the girls were named Angela. Here Westerburg High's three rich beauties—the élite group who do their damnedest to make life hell for those less gilded—are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate in bitchery, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides to her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather." And a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), shows up at the school and does a Jack Nicholson-devil impression. This cocksure demon may have materialized out of what Veronica has written: he goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true.

"Heathers" arrived with a very smart promotion, rave reviews, and the widespread suggestion that it would be a rallying cry for youth but was so diabolically audacious it would antagonize adults. It doesn't live up to the advance word. Yes, it's a collection of barbs and sick jokes, but it's not fun, and it lacks a punch line. The script, by the first-time screenwriter Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some ingenious slapstick situations; despite some harshly obscene (invented) Valley Girl slang, it suggests that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann, doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Lehmann uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect; he's razzing the material, hoping for irony.

The premise of the movie is that Westerburg High (which stands in for all our high schools) is run by the Heathers because they're the most popular girls in the school: the other girls

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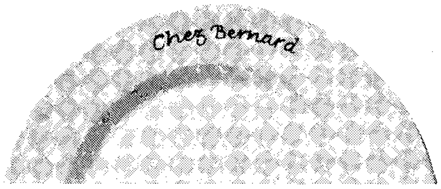

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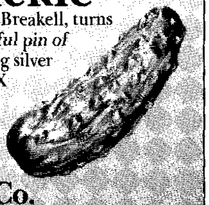

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want to be them, and the boys want to be the jocks who get to date them. And so the Heathers' cruel snobbery is seen as proof of the worm in the American apple: cliques and castes undermine democratic values. The movie is about how terrible this rule by social popularity is and how it makes the other students perceive themselves as miserable failures. But, from what we see, the Heathers aren't popular—they're just rich bitches. And, from what we know, high school has many different groups—no one clique runs the whole shebang.

The script has its wacko inspirations: Veronica and J.D. disguise the murders they commit as suicides, and the media, the teachers, the parents, and the students deliver plasticized sentiments about "the tragedy of teen-age suicide." And the middle of the movie—a slapstick sequence in which two football heroes are killed and their deaths are arranged to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact—has a good rowdy nastiness. One boy's father assumes the guilt for not having understood his son's tendencies; the writer has a malicious talent for pinning down psychological cant. But the movie doesn't stay a black comedy.

In her heart Veronica doesn't believe the killings are justified. She's in on them, yet she isn't quite in on them. The picture doesn't know how to end, so she has to save the school. This turnaround finishes off the satirical possibilities. By then, you may miss the tall, blond Heather Chandler (Kim Walker), who pelted her victims with vicious one-liners. (Walker has a glittering teen-age bravado, especially when she drinks her death potion.) Winona Ryder is lovely-looking, but her role is too wobbly and "real" for the mock outrages that surround it. The pieces of the picture don't fit together. The writer and the director pull back from their sadistic gaudiness (which might be more entertaining if it didn't seem self-congratulatory). Veronica represents their we-don't-really-mean-it side—we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. Where's the sting? —PAULINE KAEL

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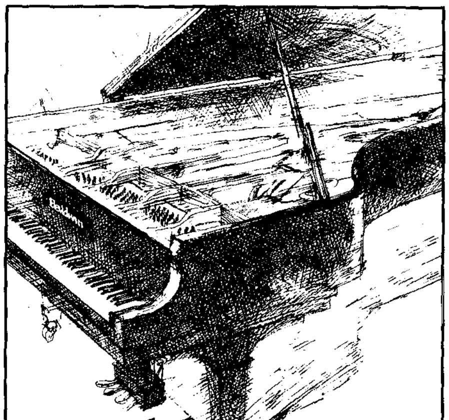

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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IT has been a good spring for opera. Gluck's "Telemaco," a moving and beautiful work, seldom heard, was given its first American performances, in concert form, by the Pro Arte Chorale, conducted by Bart Folse: one in the John Harms Center for the Arts, in Englewood, New Jersey, and another in Alice Tully Hall. "Telemaco" is one of three pieces that Gluck composed in 1765 for the second-wedding celebrations of the future Joseph II. The serenata "Il Parnaso Confuso," to a Metastasio text, was done at Schönbrunn on January 24th; four of the groom's sisters played the characters—Apollo and three Muses—while his brother the future Leopold II presided at the harpsichord. "Telemaco" appeared at the Burgtheater on January 30th, and the next day the ballet "Semiramis" was done there, on a double bill with Racine's "Bajazet." In 1987, Roger Norrington revived all three, to open the BBC's Gluck bicentenary commemoration. Between them, they span a wide range. "Il Parnaso" is exquisitely fashioned in an elaborate, conventional manner. Archduchesses knew how to sing; only the youngest of them, aged thirteen, was allotted a simple aria. "Semiramis," a dance drama, contains numbers as terse and startling as any in Gluck's "Don Juan" ballet of 1761. And "Telemaco"? An opera seria composed three years after the "reform" opera "Orfeo," it has long been a puzzle to historians. Most commentators—who had not heard it, since from 1765 to 1986 it remained unperformed—regarded it as a regrettable throwback. (Patricia Howard is an exception; in "Gluck and the Birth of Modern Opera" she calls the piece "in many ways Gluck's most highly coloured opera" and Circe "his most exotic and fully drawn heroine.") Berlioz admired it. In an 1834 *Gazette Musicale* he wrote, "With what transport I was seized upon discovering that marvellous elegy in which the melody fights the chords and the orchestral sounds" (Asteria's "Ah l'ho presente ognor"). And, in 1835, "I am not rich, but I would give two hundred francs to hear the vibrant voice of Rubini sing for me this aria" (Ulysses' "Ah! non chiamarmi ingrato"). "Telemaco," very different from "Orfeo," represents a less drastic approach to reform—one that Gluck did not pursue (in "Alceste," three years later, he resumed the "Orfeo" line), although it had led him toward great inventions that reappear in the "Iphigénie" operas. "Telemaco" is a farewell to the enchantments of opera seria. Reform calls, as duty called to Ruggiero, and the stern call must be obeyed: but with a loving, lingering regret—kin to Ruggiero's "Verdi prati" in Handel's "Alcina"—for delights and seductions long enjoyed, now to be renounced. Even as Ruggiero sings "All thy beauties soon must fade," he does so in music of unfading beauty; Alcina's lovely island lives on in his phrases. "Telemaco" speaks to anyone torn—in life or in art—between escapism and earnestness.

The libretto, by Marco Coltellini, is often described as a reworking of the "Telemaco" that Sigismondo Capeci wrote for Alessandro Scarlatti in 1718. It is not. Scarlatti's is one of the many operas, based on Fénelon's "Télémaque," that are set on Calypso's island, whither Telemachus comes in search of his father. He falls in love with a nymph of the island, and Calypso falls in love with him. Gluck's opera is set on Circe's island, where Ulysses and his men (who do not figure in the Calypso versions) are still held in thrall. (A quartet of joyful embarkation is suddenly interrupted by a mysterious, sotto-voce chorus as Ulysses' companions, transmuted into trees, beg their captain not to return to Ithaca leaving them behind in vegetable state.) Again, Telemachus falls in love with a local nymph, Asteria, who proves at the end to be a long-lost daughter of Idomeneus; otherwise, an Armida-and-Rinaldo or Alcina-and-Ruggiero plight is played out in the Homeric context. There is a most Gluckian scene in which Telemachus has a vision of Penelope's death. (Circe has stage-managed the nightmare in an endeavor to keep Ulysses and Telemachus on the island.) The final chorus is a diminuendo departure, prefiguring the "Corriamo" chorus of "Idomeneo," and then the score stops short, out of key, on an accompanied recitative in which the abandoned Circe cries destruction on Ithaca,

Wm Hamilton

"I'll say this much for her—she's always been a good provider."

Greece, the entire world. (A contemporary account suggests that the customary closing ballet—but one not newly composed—did follow; Mr. Folse supplied the closing sequence of "Orfeo.")

An age that has rediscovered opera seria and has learned to love unreformed or but partly reformed opera—that does not expect Handel to be Gluck, or Gluck to be Mozart, or early Verdi to be late Verdi—is ready for "Telemaco," with its leisurely, winding (but emotionally interesting) plot and its mingling of ravishing arias with tensely dramatic episodes. The Pro Arte performances were pleasing. Carmen Pelton was a fiery Circe. Julianne Baird was a poignant Asteria. Derek Lee Ragin was confident in the title role (composed for the castrato Guadagni, the first Orfeo). Frederick Urrey made a brave, accurate stab at Ulysses' exciting bravura. Melanie Helton's Merion (Telemachus' companion, Asteria's brother) was touching and true. Mr. Folse's conducting was loving but rather heavy; he tended to throw his body into every single beat, and that impeded the flow of Gluck's music. The recitatives (abridged, but still copious) were often sung out, too slowly, not speech-sung as dramatic dialogue; the chords that accompany them were often laggard. The Pro Arte Chorale was sure but undramatic; it seemed not to have imagined what sort of sound—hushed, urgent, rustling—sailors-turned-into-trees might make. Perhaps it is unfair to contrast the performance with Mr. Norrington's, which was accompanied by his lithe, intrepid London Classical Players. Mr. Folse had the La Stravaganza Classical Orchestra, a pickup band that contained some excellent players but was not a virtuoso ensemble responsive as much to the singers as to the anachronism of a "conductor." Perhaps the contrast will help to point a way toward the freer, lighter, bolder approach to eighteenth-century music that Europeans—and Americans working in Europe—have discovered. In Mr. Norrington's "Telemaco," two American singers—Judith Nelson as Asteria and John Aler as Ulysses—gave the liveliest performances I have ever heard from them.

Handel's "Orlando" (1733), another "magical" opera seria in which the supernatural becomes a potent stage metaphor for situations that spectators recognize—and one that *is* based on (though much altered from) a Capeci libretto for Scarlatti—has not lacked American productions. In 1981, Peter Sellars staged it in Cambridge, where it ran for forty performances. (Handel himself achieved only ten.) In 1983, Nicholas McGegan staged a thoroughgoing "period reconstruction" in St. Louis. Carnegie Hall put on an "Orlando" in 1984; stage productions in Chicago and San Francisco followed. No single presentation of a great opera reveals all its greatness; an Academy of Ancient Music "Orlando" in Avery Fisher Hall last month added something. It was, like Carnegie's, a "semi-staging" with entrances and exits, and more dramatic than Carnegie's in that the singers knew their roles and did not use scores. They had plenty of space to move in. The band was seated at the back of the platform in a two-row shallow ellipse reflecting an eighteenth-century pit plan, a harpsichord and a double-bass at either end. I have never known Fisher Hall sound so good. Christopher Hogwood sat at the center, intervening little, not "conducting," doing just enough to coördinate a fresh, spontaneous execution of a carefully prepared performance. (New York was the second stop on an Academy "Orlando" tour of North America.) Excellent cast: Lynne Dawson (lacking only a trill to be a capital Angelica), Emma Kirkby (a captivating Dorinda), Catherine Robbin (touching in Medoro's "Verdi allori," a companion piece to "Verdi prati"), David Thomas (a forward, focussed Zoroastro), and James Bowman (right back on form, in the title role). Exuberant, accurate horns, fleet, tangy oboes, bewitching viole d'amore in the obbligato arias. A first-rate essay on "Orlando," by Anthony Hicks, in the program book.

Mannes College mounted a winning double bill of Donizetti's "Rita" and Rossini's "L'Occasione Fa il Ladro," two scores in which freshness of invention is wedded to mastery of technique. "L'Occasione" is early Rossini, written in Venice in 1812, when its composer was twenty. "Rita" is late Donizetti, written in Paris in 1841, when its composer was forty-three, as something to do while he waited for a "Maria Padilla" libretto to arrive from Milan. Across decades, the eight-number formula for one-act comic operas holds firm: a surefire recipe that allows for individual variations. "Rita" has only three characters, not the usual six. The plots are ingenious (though that of "Rita," which turns on the advisability of beating one's wife from time to time, to let her know who is master, may rouse qualms today). Grace, charm, romance, and high spirits mingle. The melodic invention is unfailing, the scoring light and exquisite. Neither Rossini nor Donizetti puts a finger wrong.

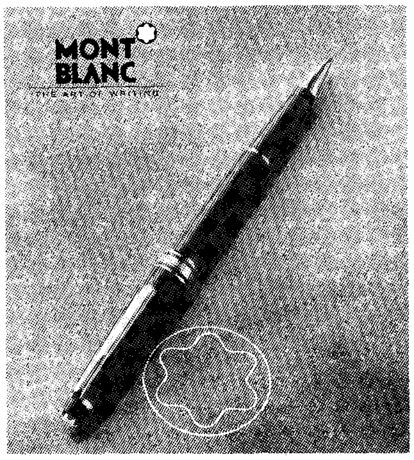
The Mannes "Occasione," directed by Paul Echols, was more natural and so more enjoyable than an overelaborated Ponnelle production in Pesaro two years ago. A simple set, by Peter Davidson, allowed Rita's pretty *alberguccio*, of which she is so proud, to be the *albergo di campagna* in which "L'Occasione" opens (and then a change to a *salone* was easily managed). The little spoken role of Bortolo, servant at Rita's hostelry, was dropped. (Perhaps it had simply been written in by the editor of the first "Rita" I saw, at the Piccola Scala in 1957, when it was played by Giuseppe Nessi, Toscanini's Bardolph.) "Rita," composed in French, was sung in the Italian translation that Donizetti sent to Naples; "L'Occasione" had the advantage of being done in English. Mr. Echols had taught his students that charm and gentleness accomplish more than force. From talented casts three singers were outstanding: the Kenyan soprano Ciru James, the heroine of "L'Occasione," bright, sweet, and true; the tenor Mark Cortale, a nimble Beppe in "Rita"; and Rodrick Dixon, the hero of "L'Occasione," whom nature seems to have fashioned as an instrument for the production of firm, beautiful tenor tone. Lohengrin is surely on Mr. Dixon's horizon. May his progress toward it be slow, unforced, with much lingering on the way in operas by Handel, Gluck, Mozart, and Rossini. Valéry Ryvkin conducted reduced orchestrations that stirred the Mannes players to refined accompaniment. A happy evening.

THE Opera Ensemble of New York presented a contemporary double bill: Hugo Weisgall's much performed two-character opera "The Stronger" (1952) and the companion piece it has now acquired, "Will You Marry Me?," which was composed in 1987 to an Opera Ensemble commission. (Strictly, this was a triple bill: the evening began with a performance of Weisgall's 1976 song cycle "The Golden Peacock," given in the set of "The Stronger.") In "The Stronger," which is based on Strindberg, only one of the characters sings. "Will You Marry Me?," which was receiving its first performance, has a libretto by Charles Kondek, adapted from Alfred Sutro's play "A Marriage Has Been Arranged." It has two characters, identified only as SHE and HE, soprano and baritone. The setting, according to the score, is a terrace overlooking Long Island Sound, on a summer evening in the early twenties. The production shifted things to the rooftop garden of a New York hotel, "on a summer evening near midnight" in the thirties, and since the director was the librettist he can hardly be accused of unwarranted tampering. HE, a rough self-made millionaire, bluntly, without romance, proposes marriage; he needs a companion. SHE—whose parents are pushing her to marry millions—turns him down. Each has a narrative aria about a past affair. Each admires the other's honesty. They rather like one another, and—happy ending!—decide that they may be able to make a go of it after all.

Weisgall is an urbane, sensitive, and thorough composer. "The Stronger" plays in a cocktail lounge; cocktail-lounge music, never quite *en clair*, threads its way through the soprano's Expressionist monologue. Offstage in "Will You Marry Me?" a dance is in progress; popular dance forms, cunningly and expressively distorted, underpin the couple's conversation. Both of these mordant, intelligent comedies depend on attention at once to words and music. The Opera Ensemble performances, though well designed (by Russell Metheny) and efficiently staged, did them less than justice: too many of the words were inaudible. The sopranos seemed in need of the old, standard counsel: Forget about *singing*, think only of getting across the words and their meaning. David Trombley alone, as the HE of "Will You Marry Me?," was consistently comprehensible. Donald Johnston, conducting, allowed his chamber ensemble to make too much noise; he had not persuaded the instrumentalists that if they, so close to the singers, could not catch what was coming from the stage, then they were playing too loud. The performances were given in the auditorium of P.S. 6, on East Eighty-first Street, which is pitless; the balance should have been self-righting.

"Will You Marry Me?" demands little in the way of staging: a single seat might be enough. It lends itself to platform presentation. Twelve players are called for (four more than in "The Stronger"): two clarinets doubling on saxes; bassoon, horn, and trumpet; string quintet; piano and percussion. The piece lives not in action but in the lively interplay of two personalities, their lines, and the instrumental lines. One of our crack chamber ensembles—Speculum, Parnassus—should take it up, as dramatic chamber music, with two witty and verbally incisive singers.

THE second production of the Brooklyn Academy's opera venture was a revival, in the Majestic Theatre, of Peter Sellars' Weill-Bach bill: the "Mahagonny Songspiel" followed by movements of several Bach cantatas grouped as "Conversations with Fear and Hope After Death." Not exactly an opera, but an evening of imagery, moving in both senses of the word, where music took visual form while it sounded, and ear and eye were held spellbound by the shapes that voices, instruments, and bodies were tracing. It was a paradigm for Sellars' opera productions: a key to open the approach, for doubters, to ways in which he can invest music and its meanings with—sometimes deliberately contrapuntal—visual and physical attributes. Links between Brecht, who wrote the "Mahagonny" lyrics, and Luther's Bible and between Weill's and Bach's heightened diatonicism needed no stressing. The Bach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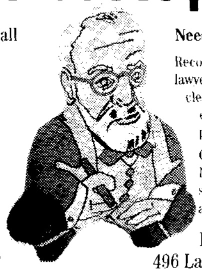
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movements were rescored for Weill's ensemble: clarinets for oboi d'amore, vibraphone for recorders, a saxophone obbligato winding through "Wie furchtsam wankten meine Schritte," from Cantata No. 33. Not an evening to "explain" but one to respond to, to be grateful for: a sequence of precisely composed, piercing visions.

The company consisted of Lorraine Hunt, Mary Westbrook-Geha, Frank Kelley, Sanford Sylvan, James Maddalena, and John Osborn. The lighting was by James Ingalls. Fine-grained instrumentalists from the Orchestra of St. Luke's were conducted by Craig Smith, whose phrasing is slightly too soft in outline, overtender, for my taste but was well suited to—played its part in creating—the poetic, shining dream.

—Andrew Porter

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Notice posted in the Mayfair Garden Apartments, in New Delhi*]

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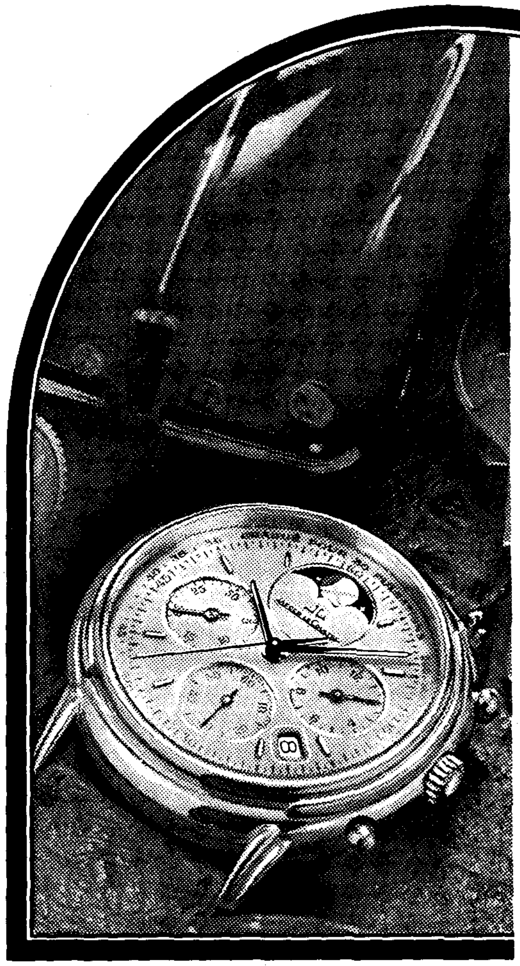

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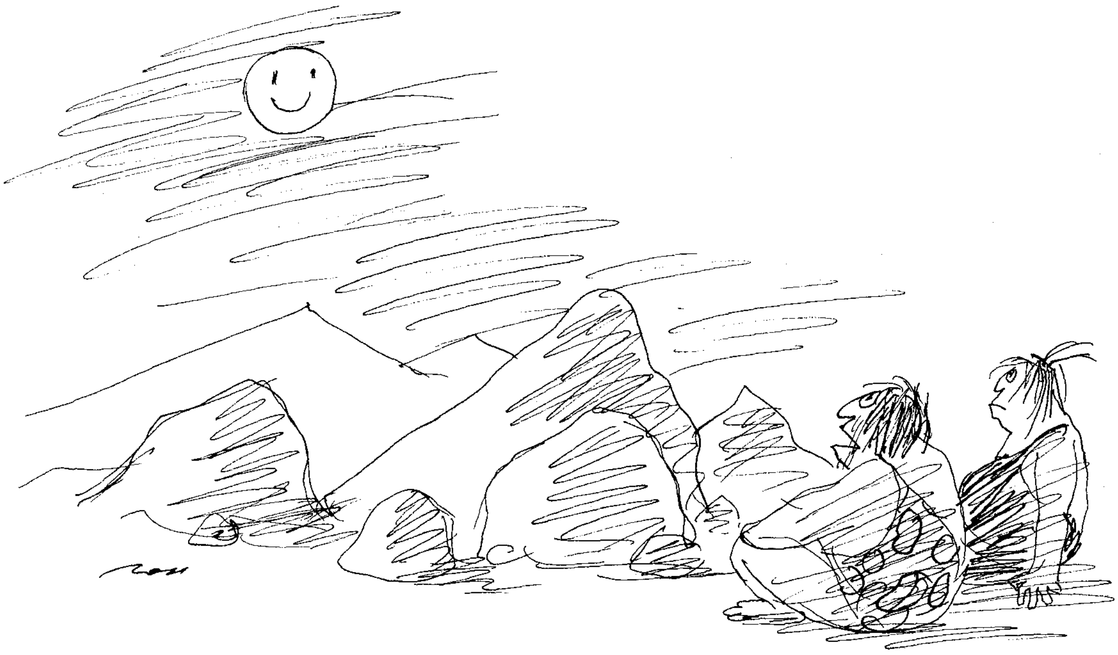
AROUND CITY HALL

INTEGRITY

BY coincidence, two memorable sets of hearings dealing with the processes of local government were held here during the first week of this month. On April 4th and 5th, the State Commission on Government Integrity, which was appointed by Governor Mario Cuomo, heard Mayor Edward Koch and several high-level members of his administration answer charges, made by previous witnesses before the commission, that a City Hall program known as the Mayor's Talent Bank, which had been set up in large measure to help blacks, Hispanics, and women find jobs in city government, had been turned into a boiler-room patronage-dispensing operation, directed out of the basement of City Hall, and had been a special boon to white males who were in favor with local Democratic clubhouse bosses. On April 4th and 6th, the New York City Charter Revision Commission, which was appointed by the Mayor, held its first public hearings, in response to the United States Supreme Court's ruling, on March 22nd, that the Board of Estimate, which has been described as "the center of gravity" of local government, was unconstitutional: the center would not hold. The need for the Charter Revision Commission meetings, and many more meetings in weeks to come, was urgent, since the High Court would hardly allow an unconstitutional government to go on for long. Clearly, a restructuring would have to be devised with what the commission chairman, Frederick Schwarz, called "deliberate speed"—preferably in time to be voted on in the November election. The Schwarz commission's deliberations, so momentous to the city's political future, will be held in the feverish atmosphere of a municipal election year that will see either the election of a new mayor or the reelection of Mayor Koch to a fourth term. It is the commission on integrity, which is often referred to as the Feerick Commission, in honor of its chairman, the Fordham Law School dean, John Feerick, that is likely to have the greater influence on that outcome. It was after that commission's hearings in January revealed the sleazy patronage operations of the Mayor's Talent Bank that Koch's low poll ratings—only about a quarter of New Yorkers say they would vote for him if he ran again—began to take on the aspect of a permanent election-year condition.

It was Koch's misfortune that this month's Feerick Commission hearings were held at a time when the recurrent question in Washington was what Ronald Reagan had known about the Oliver North operations, the answer being that he had clearly known a great deal more than he himself or anyone around him had let on. It was also not helpful that recent testimony in the North trial concerned the wild hours, in November, 1986, when North, Fawn Hall, and company shredded incriminating documents in the White House basement before the Justice Department could get its hands on them. In February of that year, employees of the Talent Bank had spent a wild day in a similar shredding-type operation—directed, according to Feerick Commission testimony, from the basement of City Hall—having got the idea that subpoena-servers were going to arrive any minute. Still, the judgment was that the President would not have to testify under oath about what he had known, whereas this month the Mayor was invited to do so. For part of his first term, Koch was under the impression that the mayor of New York was also the chief magistrate of the city. On one occasion, in a spasm of moral fervor, he held a hearing at City Hall in which he conducted a judicial review of the actions of a state legislator who had offended him by his testimony before the City Council. Later, it was pointed out to him that the magistrate's role has not appeared in the mayor's job description for generations. Now, before the Feerick Commission, it was the onetime acting chief magistrate who was in the dock.

A decade ago, it would have seemed improbable that the powers—or, indeed, the very existence—of the Board of Estimate would be challenged, possibly because it had been around so long, like a rather weird but historic monument. Its present composition dates back to 1901. The eight members include the three officials elected on a citywide basis: the mayor, the comptroller, and the president of the City Council, a vice-president-like official who has nothing to do with the City Council other than to preside over its meetings and cast a vote in case of a

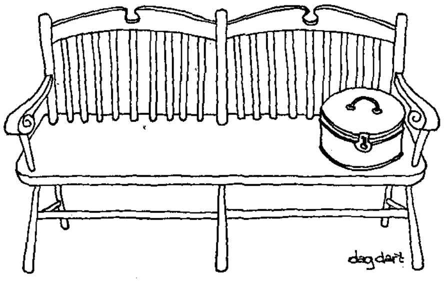


"Couldn't be a man. Must be a god!"

tie. These three have two votes each, while the five other members, the borough presidents, have one each. What most New Yorkers know about the Board is news stories that, the morning after each biweekly meeting, begin, "Last night, the city's powerful Board of Estimate voted . . ." And very powerful it has been. Although the city charter defines the City Council—which has thirty-five members, elected by districts according to the one-person, one-vote principle—as "the legislative body of the city," the Board was allowed, as a result of charter revisions over the decades, to take over the awarding of franchises, the selling and leasing of city property, the awarding of most city contracts, judgments involving zoning and tax abatement, and an abundance of other decisions that have profoundly changed some New Yorkers' lives. The City Council shares with the Board the power of approval of the budget—more than twenty-five billion dollars this year—and it also has other responsibilities, such as that of being an investigative body, with subpoena powers, but it rarely uses them. Council bills are generally prepared with heavy involvement from the mayor's office, even, on occasion, those renaming a local street or park—the kind of legislation for which the Council is best known. Questions were raised about the disparities in borough voting on the Board—the fact that the borough president of Staten Island, which had three hundred and fifty thousand residents, got one vote and so did the borough president of Brooklyn, which had two million two hundred thousand residents. The populations of the other boroughs were a million nine hundred thousand (Queens); a million four hundred thousand (Manhattan); and a million two (the Bronx). In 1981, Richard Emery, then a staff lawyer with the New York Civil Liberties Union, found three Brooklyn women who agreed to become part of a suit complaining that, because of the imbalance represented by the Board's votes, they were being deprived of their constitutional rights.

It took eight years for the case to make its way through the courts, with the Koch administration—the Mayor being quite comfortable with the present arrangement—appealing at every opportunity. In the end, however, the Supreme Court's March 22nd decision against the city was unanimous. Justice Byron White, who wrote the opinion, seemed indignant that the city's lawyers would argue, as they did, that such a voting imbalance should be allowed to remain in place because the Board was a historic body. "We are not persuaded," he wrote, "by arguments that explain the debasement of citizens' constitutional right of equal franchise based on exigencies of history or convenience." The Washington *Post* story on the ruling began, "The Supreme Court dropped the political equivalent of a neutron bomb on New York's government today." The *Times* declared that "America's most tumultuous city must now reinvent itself." *Newsday's* editorial prediction, the day after the decision, was "This could prove to be a most extraordinary year in this city's political history." That opinion was somewhat surprising, because the paper's big front-page story that day had been an imminent arrest in a Long Island murder case, which was also the story on the front of the *News*. The *Times* gave the event a two-deck banner headline, and, to general astonishment, the *Post*, going with history over blood in the streets, made the same decision, filling its front page with "HIGH COURT ROCKS CITY." Few tears were shed for the apparently doomed Board of Estimate. A *News* editorial was headed "REST IN PEACE." *Newsday* called the Board "a discredited political organism," and a heartless *Post* cartoon showed Board members being ordered by the Supreme Court to walk the plank and then falling off the end of it, one by one. Nor was there any sympathy for the Board from Peter Vallone, the majority leader of the City Council, which, however the government is restructured, will undoubtedly have increased power. "This is the city catching up with a principle that was put on paper two hundred years ago," he said.

As it happens, New Yorkers will soon be reminded in a festive fashion of the way things were two hundred years ago: on April 30th, the bicentennial of the Inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States will be celebrated in this city, which in 1789 was the nation's capital. For the occasion, the new President wore a brown suit, which was said to mark his first official appearance out of his general's uniform. The Inauguration was held at Federal Hall, at Broad and Wall Streets, which was the seat of the federal government beginning in 1785. Since 1701, the building had been New York's City Hall. Washington's Inaugural Address was a bomb. Pennsylvania Senator William Maclay later wrote in his diary, "He was not first in everything." This month's bicentennial celebration will be held in a stately Greek Revival structure that was completed in 1842 on the site of the first Inauguration. George Bush, on his hundredth day in office, will deliver a televised address to the nation. No one knows what he will be wearing, but his speechwriters will no doubt try to make sure that his speech is not a bomb.



This year's commemoration is being presided over by the New York City Commission on the Bicentennial of the Constitution, which was appointed by the Mayor in 1986 and has raised more than a million dollars in private funds for the event. It will include not only hours of fireworks but concerts, a flotilla of ships on the Hudson River, a parade up Broadway, and a fifty-gun salute fired from the Battery by United States Army troops. The fusillade of fifty—one for each state—exceeds the ambitions of New York's Mayor. Last January, he went to Puerto Rico to celebrate the third inauguration of the commonwealth's governor—a trip that some suspected was related to this year's mayoral race, since the support of Hispanics will be critical to his effort to be elected to a fourth term. Some believe that he has virtually written off the black vote, now that Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins has announced that he will be a candidate. If he is elected, Dinkins would be the city's first black mayor. While Koch was in San Juan, he took note for future reference of some aspects of the inauguration there, including a twenty-one-gun salute. "I could do that," he commented later, although twenty-one-gun salutes are usually reserved for heads of state, and the belief that he will inevitably be the star of

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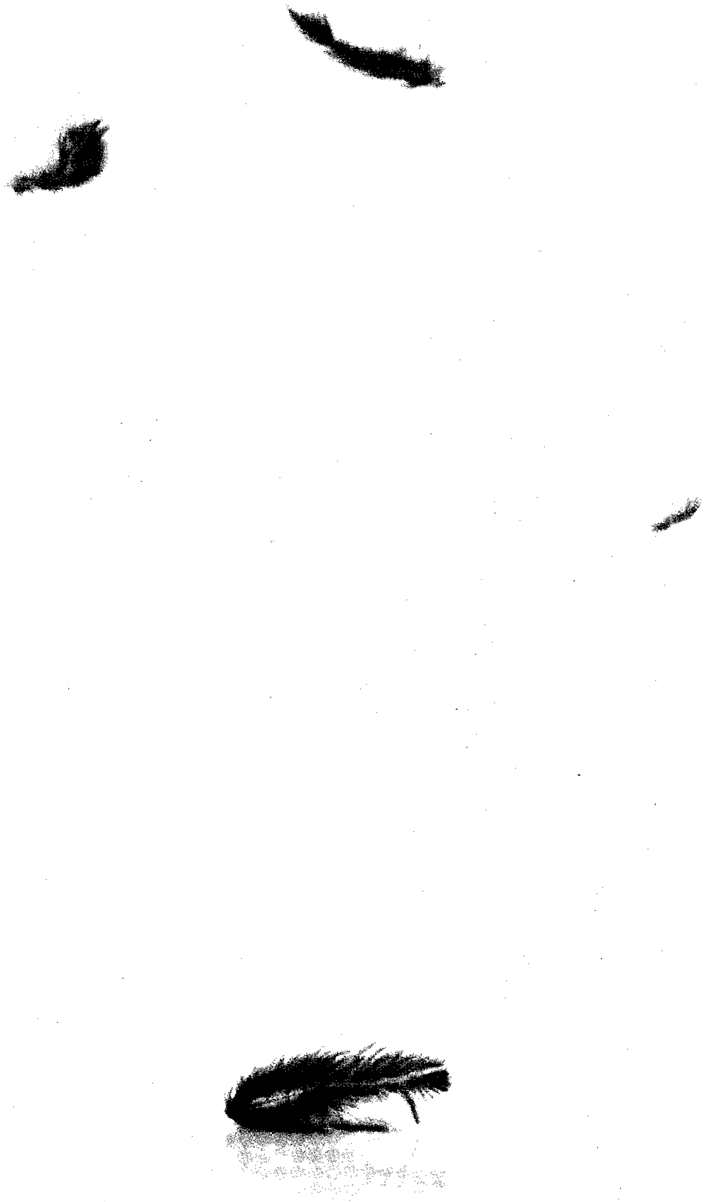

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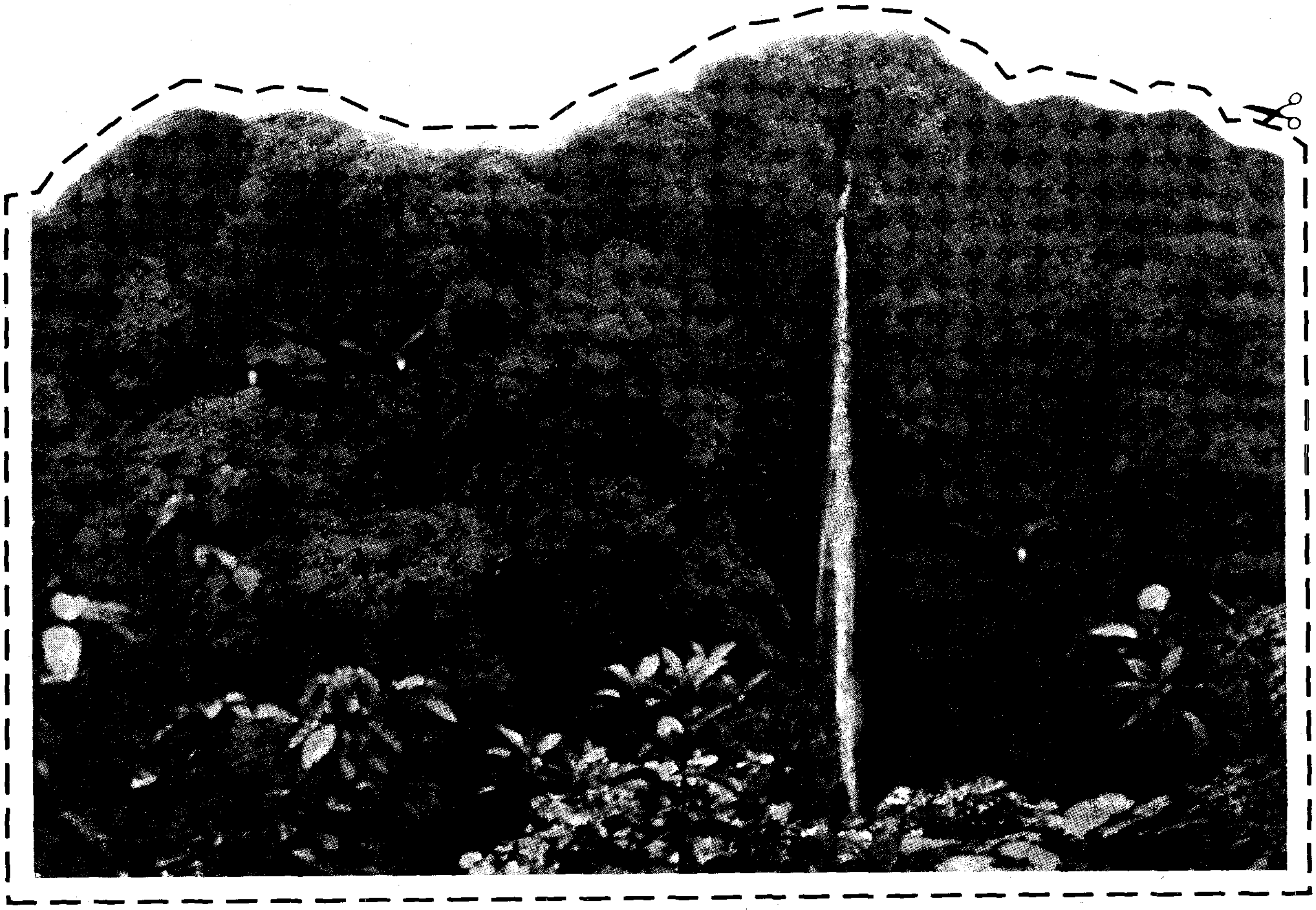

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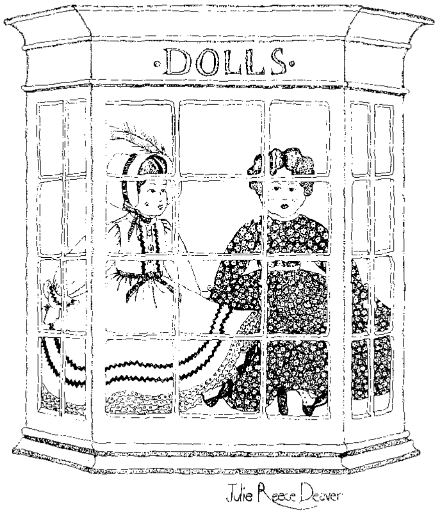
next January's mayoral inauguration is not universally held. In any case, this month's bicentennial event could not be more welcome to the Mayor, as a happy respite from all the local hearings and the release of discouraging poll results. During the event, his advisers may have a hard time persuading him not to wade into the crowds in search of votes, arms high in a V sign, both thumbs up, as he has been wont to do, even at unpropitious moments. Last month, courting more Hispanics, he bounded onstage at Madison Square Garden between numbers of a Latino concert celebrating another kind of inauguration—that of the first Spanish FM station here. "I am Eduardo!" he cried to the audience of twenty thousand, which is a lot of voters. (Earlier that day, it had been "I'm O'Koch!" in the St. Patrick's Day parade.) The crowd at the Garden booed him off the stage. Apparently believing that there must have been a mistake, he bounded back and was booed off again. At the bicentennial ceremony, he can almost certainly be persuaded not to associate himself ethnically with the inauguree. If anybody were to call out "I'm George!" it would appropriately be the President.

THE April 30th ceremony will include the formal opening at Federal Hall of the Museum of American Constitutional Government, since it was also during that spring of 1789 that the United States Constitution officially became the law of the land. Thus April 30th will commemorate in more than one way the consequences of the meeting at Yorktown in October, 1781, when the British general Charles Cornwallis surrendered while redcoat brass bands played "The World Turned Upside Down." One local official, State Senator John Marchi, of Staten Island, has no plans to attend. In 1969, Marchi shook up the local scene by defeating the incumbent mayor, John Lindsay, in the Republican primary. Though rejected by his own party, Lindsay, who had taken the precaution of running on the Liberal as well as the Republican line, went on to win that November—pulling off the feat of being elected mayor without the support of either major party. (A recollection of the events of 1969 may have inspired former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, who plans to run for mayor this year, to spend recent weeks persuading leaders of the Liberal Party that it would be a great coup all around if he should run on their line, too. He does not expect to lose the Republican primary, but in a city where the registration is more than five to one Democratic it's not easy for anyone to be elected mayor on the G.O.P. line alone. Thus there looms the possibility that the first Republican to be elected mayor of New York in twenty-four years will have made it to Gracie Mansion by dividing political sponsorship with a party whose name, lower-case, was severely trashed by his fellow-Republicans in the last Presidential campaign.) On the day of the Supreme Court decision, Marchi declared that he had no intention of allowing his home borough to be turned into a "colony." In view of recent developments, he said, "we would be better off under George III." So far, there are no plans to have a delegation from Staten Island learn the words and music to "The World Turned Upside Down."

"COURT SAYS ESTIMATE MUST GO; ISLAND STILL SAYS NO, NO, NO!" was a headline in the Staten Island *Advance* after the Supreme Court ruling, and the story below, quoting Tocqueville on "the tyranny of the majority," called the opinion "an infamous decision." Although Staten Islanders frequently complain that theirs is "the forgotten borough," the fact that it has had the same vote on the Board as Brooklyn, with more than six times its population, has kept memories sharply jogged during back-room political maneuvers. Lately when the Mayor has started gathering support for some Board action he favors, the increasing independence of other members, including Comptroller Harrison Goldin (an all but formally declared candidate in this year's mayoral election, who boasts that he has voted against Koch more often in Board matters than any other member has ever voted against a mayor in history) and the presidents of the four larger boroughs, has been a problem. Fortunately, Staten Island Borough President Ralph Lamberti has been a highly reliable ally. As a result, his borough has received benefits at the disposal of the city's chief executive which would not ordinarily accrue to an area with only five per cent of the city's population. Looking at a new world, in which there might be a good deal less of that, Lamberti announced that he was considering the establishment of a Secession Party. Marchi got some of his colleagues on a State Senate committee to report to the Senate at large a bill that would allow Staten Island to vote to secede from the city, but there are strong doubts that the legislation will pass the State Assembly. Discussions here lately of Staten Island's plight often end with a lengthy discourse by someone on constitutional law. Why was the one-person, one-vote rule allowed to bring down the Board of Estimate when unpopulous Wyoming, for instance, has two senators? When the explanation—that the provision allowing two senators to a state is in Article 1 of the Constitution—was given to Lamberti, in a television interview, he said he understood that some experts consider this to mean that the Constitution itself is unconstitutional, since it is in violation of the Equal Protection Clause of its own Fourteenth Amendment: a position raising the prospect that someone may schedule still another bicentennial commemoration, this one featuring a reënactment of the Founding Fathers in the dock.



Julie Reece Deaver

NEW YORKERS who attended the April 4th and 5th hearings of the Commission on Government Integrity were not surprised by one revelation: that statistics cited in the questioning of witnesses about the operations of the Talent Bank showed Staten Island coming away with far more of the jobs than some might consider its fair share. No one could say for sure whether this circumstance reflected calculated favoritism for the unforgotten borough, because of its invaluable Board of Estimate vote, or the fact that the head of the Talent Bank,

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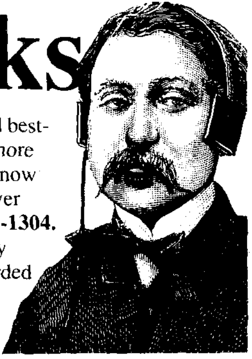

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Joseph DeVincenzo (never referred to at City Hall as anything but Joe D.), is a resident of that community. Whatever the reason, this approach held little promise for the fulfillment of affirmative-action goals: relatively pastoral Staten Island is much the whitest of the boroughs, only twelve per cent of its residents being minorities. At the April 4th hearing, there was testimony from present and former city employees. The next day, the main witnesses were John LoCicero, the Mayor's political adviser; First Deputy Mayor Stanley Brezenoff, to whom DeVincenzo reported; and the Mayor himself. Several times each day, commission members referred to a fact that clearly bothered them a lot: the Talent Bank had regularly attended to the interests of all the Democratic bosses except State Assemblyman Herman (Denny) Farrell, who is the only black among them, and thus Manhattan residents were to a serious degree excluded from the outreach efforts. The Koch people explained that Farrell was unfriendly to, or even "an enemy" of, the Mayor. However, records put in evidence showed that jobs had been found for long lists of candidates submitted by Howard Golden, who is the Brooklyn Democratic leader (as well as the borough president). The hostility between Koch and Golden is so intense that, except in moments of extreme ceremonial emergency, they do not speak. At the hearing, Koch said, "Howie Golden and I have not had a good relationship for twenty-five years." This contrasting treatment of borough bosses in the dispensing of public funds under the control of the Mayor probably had nothing to do with race: Koch simply dislikes Farrell more. Nevertheless, it encouraged the inaccurate impression that being black could mean being discriminated against by the Koch City Hall. Other indications that could lead to this unfortunate misperception cropped up in the hearings. On April 4th, evidence was presented concerning two laborer-level job categories for which the required qualifications were essentially identical. For one category, which paid twenty-one thousand dollars a year, eighty-two per cent of the jobs went to white males and less than ten per cent to black males. For the other category, which paid fourteen thousand dollars annually, seventy-six per cent were filled by black males and seventeen per cent by white males. ("PANEL SAYS PATRONAGE WAS DOLED OUT BY RACE" was the *Newsday* headline.) A former assistant to LoCicero, Jerry Skurnick, who was the liaison to the Talent Bank on day-to-day matters (and is now a political consultant to Koch's reëlection campaign), in his testimony kept stressing that from the start the Talent Bank had been not an affirmative-action operation but a political one. In a question to Skurnick, Bishop Emerson Moore, the first black to be named bishop in the New York Archdiocese, said he had the impression that the Talent Bank had been set up mainly to get jobs in city government for minorities and women. "Your impression is *wrong!*" Skurnick said. "Just because you say the Talent Bank was set up for affirmative action doesn't make it so!" His voice was so loud and angry that Chairman Feerick moved in to ask the court reporter to repeat the question, and that calmed things down. Moore, asked after the session why he thought the witness had taken such offense, said with a big smile, "Maybe it was because I'm Catholic."

The *Post* headline the morning after the Mayor testified was "KOCH PAL'S PENSION PLOT." During a commission hearing on January 11th, James Hein, the deputy head of the Talent Bank, had testified, under oath, that he had conducted what is now widely referred to as the shredding party on orders from Joe D. There was also testimony that, during that tumultuous day, Hein had talked on the phone with DeVincenzo, giving him, it seemed, a progress report. When DeVincenzo came before the commission, later that day and also under oath, he denied that he had had any involvement with the destruction of documents and contradicted other witnesses on a number of points. Afterward, several commissioners mentioned that perjury apparently had been committed by someone. It was thus hardly a secret that DeVincenzo might be facing the prospect of dealing with legal questions. There are a number of routine procedures that anyone who contemplates retiring from city government must go through. No one from the mayor's office or any other City Hall agency inquired of the city's retirement system whether the Talent Bank chief had made any move in that direction or asked to be notified if he did. In fact, within a few days of his testimony DeVincenzo had asked the head of the retirement system, a friend of his, to meet him in a diner at West Broadway and Chambers Street to discuss the matter. He explained that this way no one, including the folks at City Hall, would know what he was up to. On January 23rd, he formally put in his retirement papers. When a city officeholder does this, the Department of Investigation is supposed to be notified. Somehow, in Joe D.'s case such notification never reached the D.O.I. At a City Hall meeting on February 16th, the Mayor, Brezenoff, and other advisers concluded that DeVincenzo should resign—not because he had, so far as they knew, done anything wrong but because he seemed to be distraught and wasn't attending to his work. No one at that meeting, including Koch's legal experts, seemed to put credence in the testimony before the commission about DeVincenzo's alleged part in the destruction of records. When Brezenoff informed DeVincenzo that the Mayor would accept his resignation, the head of the Talent Bank surprised him with the news that he had put in for retirement three weeks earlier. There was still an opportunity to take some action that might keep him from getting his full pension. After a thirty-day waiting period, no future legal charges against him could prevent him from receiving it for the rest of his life. The requisite period ended February 23rd, without any action from City Hall. In May, 1988, after it was rumored that the commission planned to question DeVincenzo, one of the Mayor's aides had described him as merely a "paper shuffler." A highly paid one, it turned out. His annual salary was a hundred and four thousand five hundred dollars a year. The full pension that DeVincenzo was allowed to retire on, with the Mayor's blessing, at the age of forty-five was fifty-two thousand dollars a year. At the April 5th hearing, when Brezenoff was discussing with the commission the retirement and why it had been handled that way, someone at the back of the room said loudly, "Coverup!" Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau is now conducting a criminal investigation into the possibility of perjury, the destruction of official records, and other aspects of the Talent Bank.

After Koch's testimony, his staff pronounced his appearance before the commission a triumph. He conducted a

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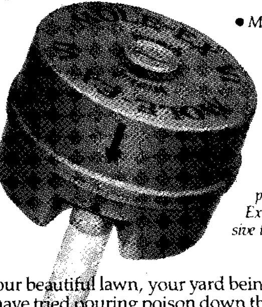

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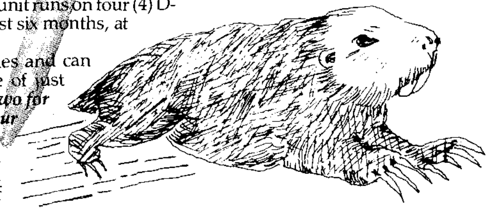

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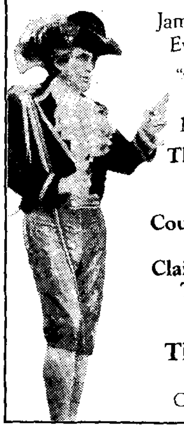

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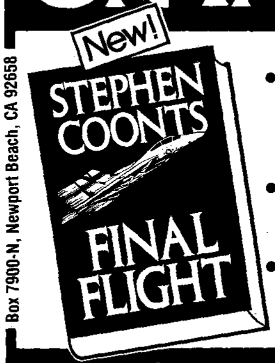

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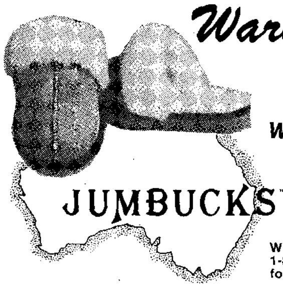

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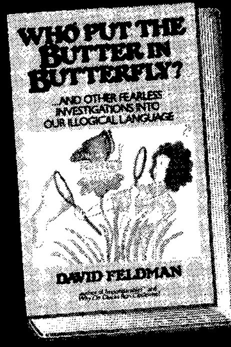
lengthy seminar on his achievements in helping blacks, Hispanics, and women, treating the hearing as if it were one of his press conferences. As for all the revelations about the abuses of the Talent Bank, he went back and forth between saying that they hadn't amounted to much and saying that he hadn't known anything about them. The small headline at the bottom of the front page of the *News* was "KOCH: I DID NOT WANT, DID NOT HAVE, DID NOT KNOW ABOUT A PATRONAGE SYSTEM," and the headline that occupied the rest of the page was "WHO, ME?"

BY the end of two hearings that same week, members of the Charter Revision Commission had reached one conclusion. The first response of many of those who had hoped that the Board of Estimate would be allowed to survive was that perhaps the flaws that had caused the Supreme Court to find it unconstitutional could be remedied by having a weighted voting system; Staten Island, for example, would have one-sixth the voting power of Brooklyn. The problem was that any new arrangement would have to be approved by the Justice Department to be sure that it was in accordance with the Voting Rights Act, which forbids government changes that weaken the voting power of minorities. Experts brought in by the commission had concluded that there was no way this could be done just by rejiggering the borough votes. Thus the commission must be prepared to start all over and arrange for the city's government to reinvent itself. Claire Shulman, the borough president of Queens, complained that if the role of borough president was abolished "the Mayor will become emperor." ("I have refused the crown three times," Koch said.) Some commission members kept saying that since their proposals would change local government far into the twenty-first century they should move slowly. For a plan to get on the November ballot, it would have to be ready to go to the voting-rights office of the Justice Department by July. To those who believed that this was too ambitious a schedule, one that the commission shouldn't even try to carry out, Schwarz said, "What we have to do now is write a constitution." And he told the doubters, "Remember, the original one in Philadelphia took only eighty-seven days."

—ANDY LOGAN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*see page 97

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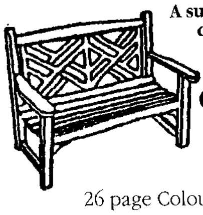

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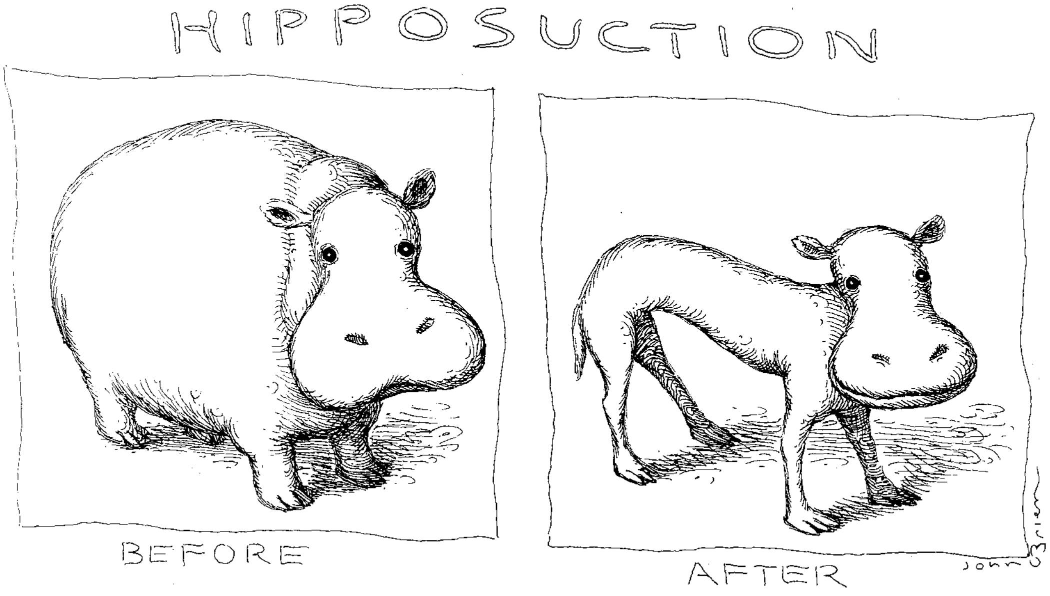
PUBLISHERS have been prodigal in their celebrations of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Histories, biographies, dictionaries of the dramatis personae, works of political science and theory, historical atlases, Revolutionary memoirs and documents, and reissues of fiction (Victor Hugo, Dickens, Anatole France) associated with the cataclysm of 1789-95 crowd bookstores from Moscow to Lisbon, from Montreal to Buenos Aires. In France itself, François Furet has dominated the plethora of revaluations and public debates. His magnificently illustrated encyclopedia of the Revolution, his philosophic reconsiderations of how best to "think the Revolution," his historical articles, essays, compendiums, both individual and collective (a whole team has gathered around him), have made of him the impresario of 1789-1989. But the tide of general books and monographs, of learned articles and essays also mounts in the United States and Great Britain. British historians like Richard Cobb have given a lifetime to the study of the Revolution in France. Discussion of agrarian economic issues is lively in the Soviet Union. Chinese and Japanese scholars are contributing. I have had word of a publication in progress in Fiji and of one at the Academy of the Mongolian Republic. Somewhere, no doubt, a cleric is at work on the substitution of Revolutionary images for royalist emblems on children's chamber pots after 1791.

The conflict between a popularizing generality and a more original and penetrating angle of incidence must have beset Simon Schama, a young professor of history at Harvard, throughout the writing of his compendious tome "Citizens" (Knopf; $29.95). The title promises a study of the transformation of the men and women who were "subjects" of the European and, most signally, French ancien régime into the *citoyens* called to avenging arms by the "Marseillaise"—that is to say, into the "citizens" of the modern nation-state. This initial design emerges only fitfully in Schama's book. The theme is a complex and, in part, theoretical one. What we get is a vivid, often breathless canter through the history of France and, at some moments, of neighboring, embattled sections of Europe from the seventeen-eighties to the execution of Robespierre and his principal Jacobin acolytes, in 1794. The book's subtitle, "A Chronicle of the French Revolution," is honest and accurate.

Like many before him, Professor Schama notes that the French Revolution engendered an irreconcilable paradox. Simultaneously, it bred both "a potent state" and "a community of free citizens." "The fiction of the Revolution was to imagine that each might be served without damaging the other and its history amounts to the realization of that impossibility," he says. In part, that fiction arose from the near precedent of the American Revolution, in which France had been so decisively implicated. The consequences of that involvement for French society and political sentiment were "profoundly subversive and irreversible." What French observers failed to see clearly was the singular balance between the central government and the independent states and regions in the new American polity. The French monarchy fell not through despotic excess but through the enfeeblement of centralized fiscal and administrative institutions. The crises of 1792-93 forged the "totalitarian democracy" of our own mass societies. Schama writes with sombre vehemence of the beginnings of a pre-modern police state and of modern techniques of ideological censorship. How were these to be reconciled with the rights of man, with the liberty of the private citizen so ecstatically heralded to France and the world in the inebriate dawn of July and August, 1789?

Schama dwells with ironic authority on the pre-Revolutionary situation. He tells of the deepening economic alarms in a country bled by dynastic wars, official rapacity, and sheer muddle. He recounts court scandals and the immense excitement caused by the first flights of hot-air balloons—an excitement that, as thrilled multitudes witnessed the flights, helped weaken class barriers. (This kind of journalistic-sociological suggestion is characteristic of Schama at his joyous best.) The aristocrats who applauded the radically subversive witticisms and the innuendos of rebellion in Beaumarchais's "Figaro" were, almost consciously, hailing their own imminent downfall. Schama is acute on the cult of Greek and Roman antiquity, on the literary-artistic exaltation of Attic democracy and Roman virtue, which was to provide the Revolution with much of its



idiom and iconography. He analyzes the strains of pre-romantic sentimentalism, which nurtured in the middle and upper classes a new perception of the *misère*, the daily suffering, of the underprivileged:

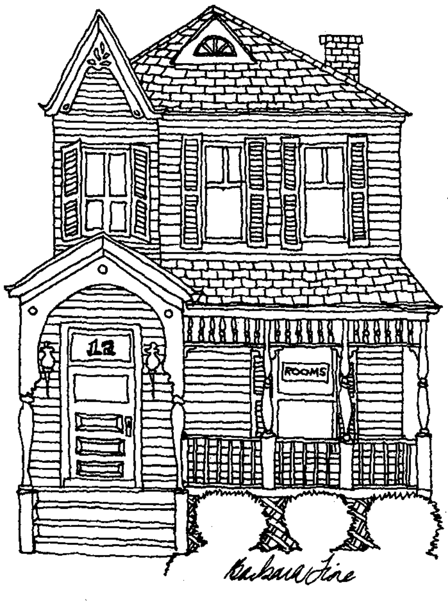
> And in realms beyond words—in open-air spectacles; in Rousseau's little opera, still playing in the 1780s; in the tear-soaked canvases of Greuze—the phalanxes of citizens were lining up. Indeed their individual and collective personalities were, by the mid-1780s, already constructed. They were devotees of Nature, tender-hearted, contemptuous of fashion, scornful of the ostentation of the mighty, passionate in their patriotism and enraged at the abuses of despotism. Above all they were apostles of public virtue who saw a France on the verge of being reborn as a republic of friends. And it was with their arms linked, their pens busily scratching letters and their lungs rehearsing speeches and songs, that this army of young citizens watched as their government fell apart.

A brilliant paragraph—synoptic, sweeping, astute in its collage of aesthetic and political, of public and private elements. Yet also a sloppy one. "Patriotism" in the seventeen-eighties was altogether different from that which was to spring from Revolutionary national conscription and the beginning of modern total warfare. "Enraged at the abuses of despotism" is a sheer ambiguity of hurried grammar. Who in the seventeen-eighties anticipated "a republic of friends"? What revolutionary songs were then being rehearsed?

The actual falling apart can be dated from the popular uprisings that blazed in Grenoble in June, 1788. Suddenly, the unreliability of royal troops and the potential alliance between bourgeois parliamentarians and the urban mob became plainly visible. Ineluctably, concessions by the monarchy, genuine steps toward fiscal reform, the abolition of some of the more onerous vestiges of feudalism, the relaxation of censorship and of ecclesiastical preëmptions swelled the nearing tempest. Schama's detailed reportage of its famous thunderclap in Paris does not aspire to novelty (what more can be said about the storming of the Bastille?), but it is telling in its choice of silhouettes, sounds, and scenario. Once again, we learn that, of the seven prisoners freed, four were forgers, one was a libertine, and two were lunatics soon to be reincarcerated. Yet the mythology, the tumult of imagery, the romance that were born of that hot and chaotic day pulse still through innumerable arteries of our political and social identity. "*Aux armes, citoyens!*" What text, what tune matches that anthem first sung by the armed columns of free men marching to Paris to save the Republic in the summer of 1792? "Nothing like the 'Marseillaise' has ever been written that comes so near to expressing the comradeship of citizens in arms and nothing ever will." Bravo, Schama! And if that sentence alone does not garner this inspired, prodigiously productive historian the Légion d'Honneur, I mistake the eagle eye of the cultural wing of the French diplomatic service.

The fall of the Bastille comes halfway through the book, and this leads to a fundamental unbalance. As the Revolution itself unfolds, the pace of Schama's gallop quickens ever more. The effects, heightened by over two hundred admirably chosen illustrations, to which the actual writing is often an extended caption, are at some points brilliantly cinematographic and at others blurred. Dramatic closeups—incidents, personages seen on this or that morning, at this or that hour, under this or that pictorial light and focus—alternate with panoramic gantry shots, very much in the style of Abel Gance's "Napoleon."

Like countless previous tellers of this great tale, Schama is fascinated by the volcanic, subtly riven figure of Mirabeau. Having, by force of rhetoric and heroic histrionics, done much to unleash the Revolution and to summon into being its first constituent assembly, Mirabeau sought to ride the tiger. He would save the weakened, grateful monarchy and be the peacemaker in a constitutional kingdom along British lines. The general reader will find few accounts more lucid and exciting than Schama's description of Mirabeau's intrigues, of his infatuations, of a politics so nimble and so fertile of illusions that it soon edged into corruption. Mirabeau's sudden death and Lafayette's eclipse, which effectively snapped the theoretical and pragmatic bonds between American moderation and the demonic potential of the French version of revolution, let slip the dogs of war and of retribution. As Carlyle emphasized in his own storm-lit history of revolution in France, a grim automatism took over. However unexpected, however spontaneous and chaotic in outward guise, the chain of events that led to the execution of Louis XVI and his Queen, to the internecine, factional purges of the moderate Girondins, to the bureaucracy of the *Terreur*, and, finally, to the destruction of Jacobinism and the sanguinary onset of reaction had a nearly deterministic, mechanical tenor. Modern historians are chary of fatality. It is to Michelet, to Carlyle, to the poets and novelists that we must look still if we are to reëxperience the full pressures of inevitability that overwhelmed men and women during the events of 1792-1795.



The spring of 1792 saw the beginning of those wars which were to carry the French Revolution and its Napoleonic epilogue across Europe. Here the modern classic is Cobb's study "The People's Armies." Schama simply does not have the time or space needed to analyze the scope of mass conscription, of amateur armies wholly innocent of the mercenary courtesies and professional constraints that had attenuated eighteenth-century warfare. The old courtesies vanished, as Goethe noted, on the battlefield of Valmy. Together with Sherman's march to Atlanta, the campaigns of the Revolutionary columns initiated modes of total war—of ideological conversion, of economic exploitation or ruin—which have darkly altered the course of history. At the same time—and this, too, is a complex theme that Schama has little occasion to treat—the *levée en masse* that called a nation to arms, to service in distant fields, interacted with scholastic reforms. War and the feats of engineering, of transport, and of procurement which underwrote its new scope proved to be profoundly educative. The modern persona of the technician, the first contours of the military-industrial complex were first glimpsed. It is no sophistry to claim that Lazare Carnot, the organizational "architect of victory," mattered more to the survival of the Revolution, and retains more impress on our lives today, than most of the eloquent tribunes, dreamers, and spillers of blood who throng Schama's pages. A terrible modernity was born in Carnot's committees and subcommittees on the chemistry of munitions.

The storming of the Tuileries, in August of 1792, and the incarceration of the royal family seemed to lay bare some nerve of blood lust in the often famished and frightened Paris populace. Its fright, moreover, was not empty. Europe stood in arms and was committed to strangling the Revolution in its fearsome cradle. Within France, civil war raged. The Vendée, the Rhône Valley, the Mediterranean coast rose against Paris or opened their doors to royalist and foreign troops. (It would take the gunner's eye of an obscure Corsican officer to recapture Toulon and expel its English and Spanish hosts.) Schama's depiction of the massacres in the Paris prisons in September, 1792, is superb. The grip of the historian and the pace and power of the stylist conjoin with the anger and the utter nausea of a liberal, humane sensibility:

> Obviously, the killing of at least fourteen hundred people in cold blood *was* the consequence of some sort of phobic condition brought on by the military crisis and the apocalyptic rhetoric of prison conspiracy. There was also an element of armed sanitation about it, the logical consummation of Mercier's jeremiads against the cloacal filth of the metropolis. The trash to be disposed of comprised all his specified sources of contamination: gilded aristocrats, venal priests, diseased whores and court lackeys. But the work of eliminating all these human infections was not some generalized, indiscriminate mass mobilization, as suggested by Caron. On the contrary, as François Bluche has argued in a courageous and perceptive account, the killings were the work of specific, identifiable human agencies. And there is no shortage whatsoever of sources describing those acts, which the historian can concentrate his attention on if he so chooses. To those who insist that to prosecute is not the historian's job, one may reply that neither is a selective forgetfulness practiced in the interest of scholarly decorum.

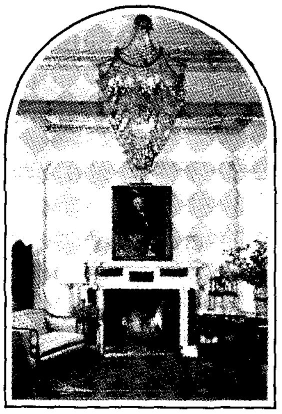
The century of Auschwitz and Pol Pot has massacred a thousand and ten-thousand times as many as the drunken, crazed thugs of September, 1792. But a peculiar horror endures. Wordsworth, laboring in apologia, spoke of the "reservoir of guilt" accumulated from the current of malpractices, injustice, humiliations in the ancien régime. Trotsky and Lenin cheerfully affirmed that one cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs. But Schama's smoldering narration cuts deeper. It suggests that these bestialities touched on some fundamental flaw within the revolutionary ideal itself—that there is, inescapably, in the very process of liberation a paradox of violation.

It was in September, 1792, that the French Revolution willed a change in human time. The life and death of Christ had, in Russia and the West, initiated a new calendar. Why should the emancipation of man not do as much? So from September 21, 1792, history was to begin anew, with the Year One. The months received their Revolutionary baptism and names. No other historical movement—not even the Bolshevik revolution—has dared to make time new. The edicts and experiments did not last. Napoleon saw to that. But the Revolutionary calendar remains a fantastic proposal. How can men and women be reborn free if they carry on their backs the legacy of those dates which witnessed their enslavement, their abjection, the hammering into dust of their hopes? Not only for Marxists, a sombre spell attaches yet to the 18th Brumaire and the days of Thermidor.

For those who were resetting the clocks of history, it was no great matter to kill a king. Schama's summation is aptly sardonic:

> The Rex Christianissimus, incarnation of the Sun, had become, by turns, the Restorer of French Liberty, the King of the French, the Pig of Varennes [the name of the hamlet in which the royal family was arrested during its attempted flight from France], the tyrant Capet and finally a nullity dissolving in the Paris soil. Those who disposed of him intended an irreversible demystification, something that would make the act of king-killing almost prosaic. Before long this process had gone so far that Sèvres demitasses could be bought with Duplessis' design of Sanson holding up Louis' head rendered on the side in dainty gold paint. Good republicans could sip their coffee demonstrating at the same time their human normality and their political singularity.

After the late summer and fall of



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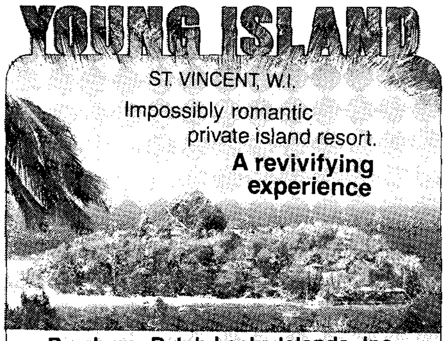

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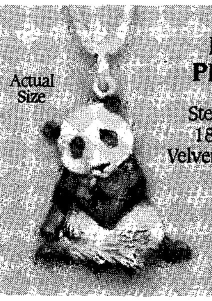

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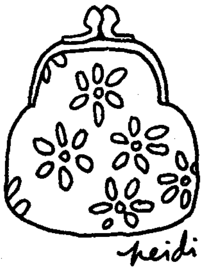
1792, Schama's "chronicle" becomes as hurried as events themselves. At each turn, a few graphic, anecdotally lit pages and illustrations must suffice to convey the rush of history. This *accelerando* does suggest the turbulent cadence that led to the brief hegemony and fall of Danton, to the Committee of Public Safety and its enforcement of draconian rule, which brought the arid genius of Robespierre to short-lived domination. It mirrors the breathless transit (some fifty days) from Robespierre's apotheosis—the pageant that attended his establishment of an Arcadian Cult of the Supreme Being for restoring and renovating the instrumentalities of religion—to Robespierre's ascent to the scaffold. But this pace also has grave drawbacks. Schama has to level, to simplify drastically, the fascinating social conflicts, the economic and class crises, that underlay these successive high dramas. He can glance only in passing at the formidable struggles outside Paris—at the wars in the Vendée, at the rebellion and subsequent devastation of Lyons, at the diverse, complicated responses of Britain and the other European powers to the spreading virus of revolution. He cannot, as other historians are doing, stop to inquire into the crystallization of a new bourgeoisie in the midst of the Terror, and into the period of savage reaction after Thermidor. Yet it was that bourgeoisie, at once liberal and frightened, at once positivist and obsessed by the facts and myths of historicity, that would be the principal heir to the French Revolution and would, until the irruption of world wars, be the creator and beneficiary of modernity.



Schama's vignettes of the actors in this drama are incisive but cursory. Saint-Just, the dark angel of utopian absolutism, is skimped. His writings are among the most revelatory and challenging produced by any revolution. By his late twenties, when he and Robespierre went to the guillotine, Saint-Just, whose very name bespeaks a destiny at once messianic and retributive, had written a program for a secular, immanent realm of perfection on earth which was to prove radically suggestive to Bolshevik revolutionaries no less than to the anarchic dreamers who cascaded through the streets and universities of the West in 1968 and 1969. Schama's epilogue consists of thumbnail sketches of characters and incidents after Thermidor. No attempt is made at a balance sheet, and, indeed, that may not be the task of a chronicle.

Counter-revolution, not only on the battlefield but in men's thoughts and feelings, was and is far more considerable than Schama's scintillating, panoptic survey suggests. Three fundamental dissents continue to provoke reflection. The first is that of Edmund Burke. Well before the Revolution turned bloody, Burke had seen in its willed, abstract origins and character an inevitable violation of the organic unfolding, of the biological-social gradualism, that should mark the coming into sane being of human laws, institutions, and communal practices. Great trees cannot grow from saplings or grafts of ideology planted by fiat in an arbitrarily chosen soil. Burke's "great music" (Yeats's phrase) sounded and sounds still against the coercive illusions of utopian violence, against the endeavor to better man by abstract dictate. Current upheavals in the Soviet and Marxist sphere restore to Burke's critique a clairvoyant cogency.

Goethe's finding is equally telling but of an altogether different order. In a series of little-known plays he sought to elucidate what he saw to be the French Revolution's abolition of privacy. With the Revolution, history, formerly the preserve of the privileged and the damned, overwhelmed domesticity and the timelessness of quotidian existence. Now the bayonets flashed above the garden hedge. Now the daily became the journalistic. Prophetically, Goethe discerned in the new tumult of events the triumph of the media, the turn of common sensibility to an incessant diet of mesmerizing novelty. Spellbound, titillated, threatened by the maelstrom of historical happenings, men and women would henceforth look outward, and the spaces of inwardness, of individualized silence and self-questioning, would shrink correspondingly. In Goethe's sense the *citoyen* (who was to be Professor Schama's theme) is a public creature, cut off from primordial roots of at-homeness within himself.

De Maistre's polemic against the French Revolution is the profoundest.

Its dark font is metaphysical and theological. If history is a direct, logically knit consequence of the Fall of Man, then any attempt to legislate for felicity, to establish on earth a humanistic Eden, is not only blasphemous but perfectly absurd. It can lead only to reciprocal devouring. And, as de Maistre clearly foretold, the Revolutionary titans consumed each other. As early as 1790-91, de Maistre predicted the restoration of the monarchy (which was to come in 1815). What matters far more, he foresaw, in uncanny detail, the "blood-dimmed tide" (Yeats again) that was to engulf the twentieth century. He saw in the totalizing organization of Jacobinism, in the new mass wars, in the near-annihilation of privacy which the French Republic of 1792-95 brought with it the henceforth unavoidable springs of global ideological conflict. De Maistre's coldly apocalyptic vision conjured out of the Terror—out of the spate of public executions, out of the definition of the ideological opponent as a traitor, as dangerous vermin—intimations of the massacres, the bureaucratic tyrannies, the murdering concentration camps and world wars that have, indeed, been our lot.

There are answers to each of these critiques. But the critiques are dynamic in the malaise, in the debates now palpable in France, and they cannot be passed over. Once this is said, admiration and pleasure are owing to Simon Schama's learned gusto, his shaping skills, the humaneness of his verdicts. Numerous journalistic strokes grate. Too many analyses begin with "a rather shabbily dressed, stout gentleman" standing on some dockside or in the embrasure of some strobe-lit window. Too many witticisms yield less than meets the eye. (Apropos of theatrical audiences, Schama asks, "Were *les enfants du paradis* related, then, to *les enfants de la patrie*?") As a whole, however, once the evident fact is accepted that Schama's work is not intended to provide new theoretical or scholarly material, "Citizens" is a formidable, often heartwarming achievement. It reminds us of an abiding truth. As Wordsworth said of 1789 and of the high winds of human emancipation and hope that swept across France and Europe in 1790, "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." We have known too much twilight since.

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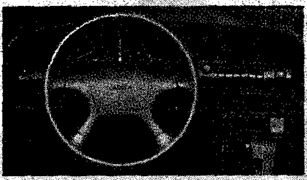

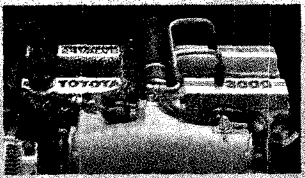

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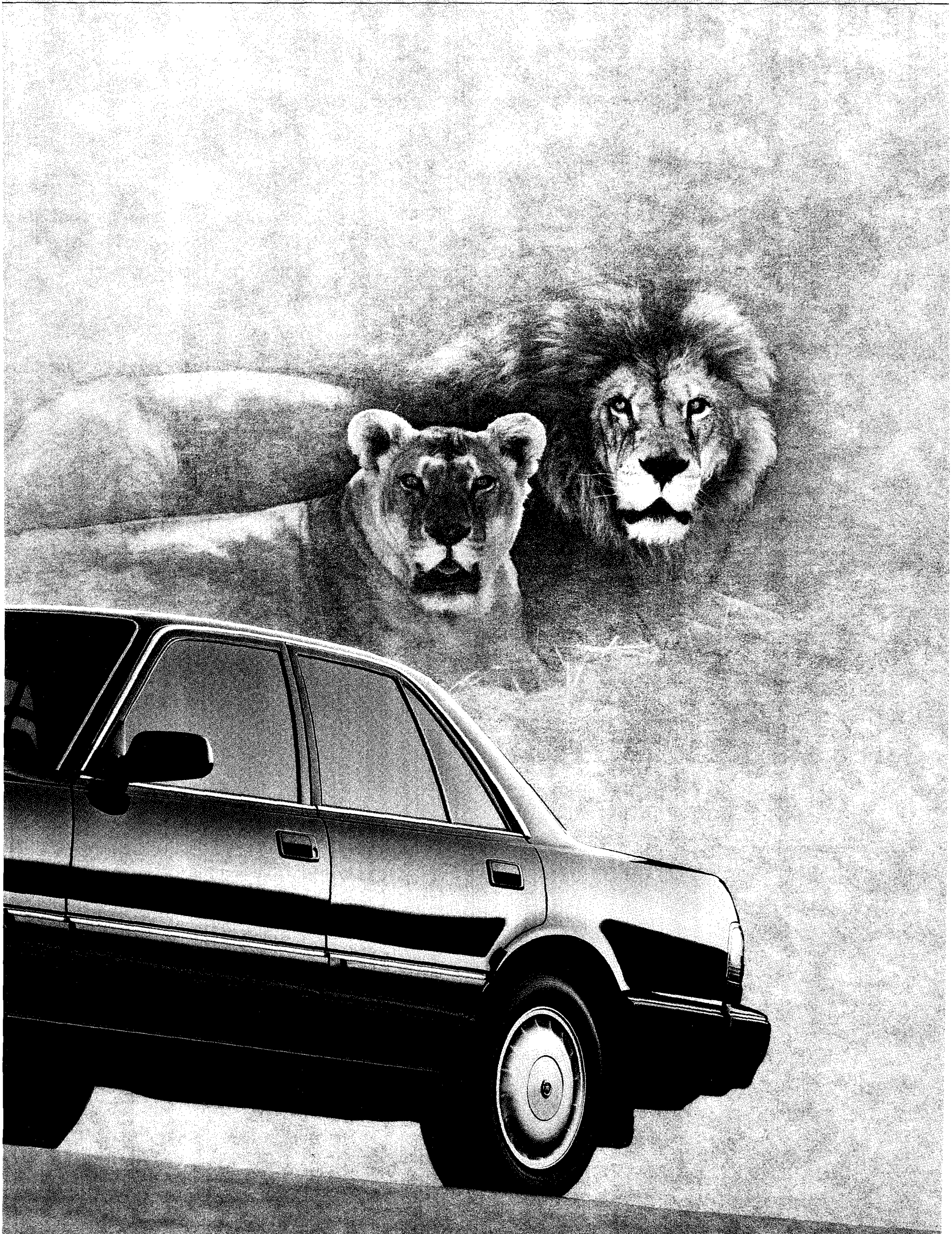

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